SPORT IN

BRITISH BURMAH, ASSAM,

AND THE

CASSYAH AND JYNTIAH HILLS.

VOL. II.

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SPORT IN
BRITISH BURMAH, ASSAM,
AND THE
CASSYAH AND JYNTIAH HILLS.

WITH NOTES OF SPORT IN THE HILLY DISTRICTS OF THE NORTHERN DIVISION, MADRAS PRESIDENCY,

INDICATING THE BEST LOCALITIES IN THOSE COUNTRIES FOR SPORT, WITH NATURAL HISTORY NOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PEOPLE, SCENERY, AND GAME, TOGETHER WITH MAPS TO GUIDE THE TRAVELLER OR SPORTSMAN, AND HINTS ON WEAPONS, FISHING-TACKLE, ETC., BEST SUITED FOR KILLING GAME MET WITH IN THOSE PROVINCES.

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL POLLOK,

MADRAS STAFF CORPS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

UPPER BURMAH.

Trip up the Irrawaddie.—Menloon Sagain.—Pagan Myo.—Ava, Umrapoorah.—Mandalay. — Mendoon. — Curious effects of an earthquake. — Quail shooting in the Islands.—Yay-nan-choung.

In 1856 four of us determined to visit the capital of Burmah. Since the war officers had been forbidden to go there, but lately one or two had ventured up there, and nothing had been said to them, so as our road work was stopped owing to the rains, we had ample leisure, and hiring a large boat, Furlong, Scott, Stephenson, and self set out. The Burmese boats sail before the wind at a great rate, and sometimes have yards 120 feet long, with a sail in proportion; the river is very straight, and only bends to the east within one day's sail of Ava. The boats hug the shore, and I have seen them pass a steamer before now; we made ours very comfortable. We reached Thayet Myo in a day and a half, halted there a day, and then starting afresh reached Menloon, the first Burmese station, on the second day. Here the Burmese have a custom-house, and all boats going up are examined. They were very civil to us, in fact more so than our own officials would have been. We had an interview with the governor, who was extremely polite,

and offered to get up a large beat for game if we would spend a few days there, but we thanked him and preferred going on. Portions of the Irrawaddie between Meaday and Menloon are beautiful; the river is studded with well-wooded islands, and in appearance is very different from the same stream lower down.

Beyond Menloon we landed here and there, to visit any large pagoda or poonghee houses we saw. Generally we were asked to take off our shoes before entering any of these places, as Colonel Phayre had done so when he went up on his embassy; but we told them our custom was to take off our hats, which we did, and which generally satisfied them. On reaching Yay-nan-choung, or "stinking water stream," where the petroleum wells are, we halted for a day and visited them; they are about three miles inland, so, starting early, we got there about seven, and spent an hour examining them and watching the extraction of the oil. Generally these wells are very deep, a few as much as 300 feet; the effluvia is most sickening, and when a well requires excavating, there are but two or three men capable of undertaking it, and they cannot remain down for more than a minute or two, and occasionally men lose their lives in going down. In the neighbourhood of the wells there is not a blade of grass—nothing grows within several hundred feet of the vicinity where this oil is found. This property, in former years, belonged to some dozen families, and they agreed to intermarry, so as to keep their interests intact, and this was acted up to for several generations; but the elders now complain that the young men and women are getting independent, and that the girls either marry outsiders, or that the young men bring strangers home as wives, and that the property is rapidly decreasing in value. It is a monopoly of the king's, and pays well. Why the wells in Assam, which are far finer, do not do so, I can't conceive, unless bad management is at the bottom of it. When the

wells in Assam were first tapped the petroleum jetted out several feet into the air, and was purer than that found in Burmah. In Burmah now they have obtained machinery, and are manufacturing candles, soap and kerosine oil, from this petroleum, and it can be sold at a rate much below that imported from America. This oil floats all over the waters round Yay-nan-choung, and emits a fetid smell, from which we were glad to escape. Just beyond this there are high cliffs, apparently of a chalky formation, from 100 to 150 feet above the river; the common blue-rock pigeon burrows into this in numbers, and as we sailed along we shot a good number, sometimes three and four at a shot, and the Burmese boatmen retrieved them for us; they were capital eating, as they live on grain. As soon as we cross our frontier the monsoon decreases, and above Menloon it ceases altogether, and about Mandalay rain occasionally falls at any time, there being no regular time for it. There is very little paddy grown, and that only by artificial irrigation. The king is in a great part dependent on our provinces for rice for his people. He has done the best he could by building heavy embankments and forming vast tanks; but the rainfall is not sufficient to fill them, to give any great out-turn of paddy. We could always starve Ava into submission. No doubt Lord Dalhousie was right when, in annexing Pegu, he said he took the kernel and left the husk; but it is a pity he did not take the whole country, and, drawing a straight line a little beyond Debrooghur, in Assam, and southward taking the Salween as our eastern boundary, have declared it all "British territory." It will have to be done some day, before we can consolidate our empire. We spent two days at Pagan Myo, many years ago the capital of Burmah. It was, I believe, taken by the Chinese, and again fell into our hands during Sir A. Campbell's advance on Ava in the war of 1824-26. It is now only a vast concourse of ruins of some of the most beautiful pagodas in Burmah. It

extends along the river bank for about nine miles, and is perhaps three or four miles broad. Most of the pagodas (which all contain either silver or golden images of Gaudama, and at times precious stones) have been looted, it is said, by the Hill-people, who are not Buddhists. I wandered amidst these ruins, gun in hand, and shot a couple of hares, a few jungle-fowl and partridge, and saw heaps of marks of wild pig, in ground where they could have been ridden easily enough; and I dare say when we have troops there some future day, pig-sticking will form one of the healthy amusements of the place. To the east of Pagan there are hills rising to a height probably of 2,000 to 3,000 feet, which are said to contain plenty of sambur. I did not hear of the existence of any tigers. I shot one morning some duck, and two of them fell a long way into the river; but some Burmans, who were going up in a small boat, without being asked retrieved them for us—a bit of civility they would not have been guilty of in our own province, where every Burman and nigger thinks he is bound to show his independence. We landed at Sagain, and walked over the heights, and particularly noted a bare granite dell on the opposite side, where the river narrows to a few hundred feet, where a few guns could prevent the ascent of the river by any fleet, as they could fire down vertically on them. Of late years the king has spent much money on his river defences, and has employed not only Europeans of other nationalities, but also renegade countrymen of ours in making torpedoes, guns, rifles, and ammunition. So though he has no army worthy of the name, he could make a better fight than he did in former wars. It was a great mistake sparing him in 1852-3, as it will only cost us many valuable lives and considerable treasure to annex his country, as we are bound to do ere very many years are over.

The old capital, Ava, is overgrown with jungle, and a good deal of the ramparts are down. The old pagodas remain, and

a portion of the old town is still inhabited, but it is a sad ruin.

Although there is little or no paddy grown in Upper Burmah, which is the staple article of food amongst all Eastern people, wheat, grain, and other cereals are not only grown, but thrive very well. Many of the Burmese pagodas show considerable skill in architecture. The Ananbo pagoda at Pagan Myo is in the shape of a Grecian cross, and Colonel Yule thinks that the ancient Burmese had the assistance of some Italians, who designed and erected these well-proportioned and graceful structures. A week might be spent very pleasantly at Pagan Myo inspecting the ruins.[1] When we arrived at Umrapoorah, the then capital, we were greatly indebted to Mr. Spears, an English merchant, who had long been resident there, for much kindness. He got us a house, and acted as our cicerone; the king sent us ponies to ride, and promised to see us in a few days when the stars should be propitious. We went about freely; there was not the slightest hindrance, and everybody was very civil to us. We saw the so-called white elephant, but as he had been *must* several weeks, he had not been washed, and had a coating of earth &c. over him, and he might have been green for all we could tell, but he was a magnificent brute. Stood about 10½ feet high, very handsomely made, and with the finest tusks I ever saw, fully seven feet long; they all but touched the ground, and his mahout said they had to saw a bit off each year. He ranks after the king, and has a splendid building all to himself. When dressed for state occasions his trappings must be worth lacs of rupees, as his head-piece is covered with magnificent jewels and precious stones of extraordinary size, consisting of rubies, emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, and

[1] The pagodas of Pagan Myo are so numerous that if a Burmese wishes to express an impossibility, he says, "such and such is as possible as for a man to count the pagodas at Pagan."

turquoises, any one of which is worth a fortune. Although we could not tell whether he was white or not, we noticed his eyes were pink, so I fancy he was an albino. The palace was not much to boast of, and in the stables were about four or five spotted ponies, of no value to any one except the owner of a circus. The idol which was brought over from Arrakan, and which took, it is said, 10,000 men to carry, we also saw. The people plaster it over with gold-leaf, and it must have many thousand pounds of gold over its person. It is a huge image of Gaudama sitting in the usual cross-legged manner, made of copper, in which doubtless a good deal of gold and silver was thrown when it was smelted and cast. The Chinese had a quarter to themselves, and their joss-house was well worth seeing, the images inside being very life-like and beautifully dressed. The whole of it had been brought piece-meal from China, *viâ* Bhamo, and must have cost a vast sum.

The king's palace formed a square inclosure, in the centre of Umrapoorah; round it were neatly built, in regular rows, the houses of his woongees, or Burmese ministers. The streets were broad, well laid out, and perfectly straight, the cross roads being at right angles to the others; they were neatly planted with trees, and many had gardens in front. There were a good many brick houses. The Muneepoories, who form the king's cavalry, had a quarter to themselves, and I saw many pretty women amongst them. There is a street set apart for each trade, so you see shops exactly alike along one street. The king has coin of his own, but they did not object to receive our rupees. We crossed over a bridge nearly a mile long to visit the site where Colonel Phayre was encamped when on his embassy. In Lower Pegu, in those days, we had not succeeded in growing English vegetables, except salad; even potatoes were very scarce, so my delight was great when I saw some cabbages growing in a garden. I immediately bought one for a rupee, and told my boy to get some more

the next day, and *he* bought twelve for the rupee! The poonghee houses, or monasteries, are splendid; that of the chief priest has the posts studded with precious stones. We spent a very pleasant week here. We were asked if we should like to see the king, and of course said yes; first one day was fixed, and at the last moment that was declared unpropitious; then another day would be appointed, and so on till we were sick of it, and we really did not care two pins about seeing his golden majesty, who after all is not much better dressed, or more majestic-looking, than an ordinary coolie. So we sent him word through his Kalawoon, or Minister of Foreign Affairs, that as the king was either too busy to see us or the fates adverse, we would take our leave and start on a certain day. We were begged to stay a little longer, but on the day appointed we got into our boat and were just starting, when the Kalawoon came down and presented us each with a silk putso of the royal pattern, for which we thanked him and started, and reached Prome in a week without any adventures. Many of the Burmese houses at Umrapoorah had vines growing in front of them, but I could not find out whether they bore fruit. Mr. Spears had a fine fig-tree covered with fruit.

In 1858 I was at Thayet Myo, and Butt of the Sappers proposed we should sail up to the Burmese capital in our own boat. The government in those days had supplied all the European corps and Sapper companies with large boats, and we had rigged ours up as a yacht; we got an awning made up, two sappers to manage the sails, two servants to cook, &c. Butt superintended the management of the boat; I was steersman. The people laughed at us for not taking a Burmese crew, and prophesied we would not reach half-way to Mandalay, the new capital. It was blowing great guns when we started, and the wind continued fair and strong the whole way. Our boat was a capital sailer; we did not stick to the bank like

the Burmese, but went boldly into mid-stream. Seeing us do this, several large Burmese boats, with a cheer, followed our example, and a close contest ensued. With a fair wind they, with their immense sails, fairly outsailed us, and passed us with many good-natured jokes, but directly there was the least bend they all went ashore, for having no keels they cannot sail on a wind, whilst we, close-hauled, passed them rapidly, laughing at them in our turn. It is no joke if one of these large boats gets on to a lee-shore if there is a strong breeze blowing, for it then takes them sometimes days to get off.

We stopped at Pagan Myo two days, and at several of the islands, and shot hares, jungle-fowl, partridges, corn-quail, and pigeons, and in one place a lot of goggle-eyed plover, and as they had been living on grain which grew there they were capital eating. We reached Mandalay without any assistance on the eleventh day. We sailed up a creek close to the town, though the people tried to induce us to pull up about a mile off. In 1857 the king had decreed that Umrapoorah was to be deserted and a new capital formed four miles further up the river. It had been laid out on the plan of Rangoon, only on a much grander scale. The streets were 100 feet broad, and all laid regularly out in parallel lines with the cross roads at right angles, the king's palace as usual in the centre. We looked Mr. Spears up, and though he offered to put us up, as we only intended remaining a few days, we preferred remaining in our own boat. We walked to Umrapoorah—where two years ago all had been beautiful to the sight, was now a mass of ruins and desolation. The inhabitants forcibly removed, the ramparts thrown down, the brick houses demolished, the others burnt. Nothing left but charred remains and rubbish, and numbers of dogs, who were dying of starvation. Why they did not follow their owners to Mandalay I can't conceive. Even the Chinese quarter was abandoned,

though their joss-house still remained; but that, too, we heard was to be demolished and removed to the new capital. Why this move took place I do not know. It seems to be a point of honour amongst Burmese kings to build, on accession to the throne, a new capital, but I believe the fear of our steamers had something to do with this move. The river at Umrapoorah ran close under its walls, but Mandalay was some two miles from the main channel, and the king vainly hoped he should be secure there from our guns in case of war; but with our present improved guns it would not take us more than a couple of hours to batter down the city and palace about his ears. There are large marble quarries about Mandalay, and a high hill overlooks it; a couple of guns planted there would speedily reduce the city to a ruin. Nothing was finished, but a great number of workpeople were scattered about excavating the ditch and throwing up the rampart and making bricks.

The officials could understand Butt's coming up, but what could have brought me a second time they could not make out, and evidently looked upon me as a spy. We remained here three days; saw the Hairy Family and some very clever jugglers, who did the Davenport trick long before that family was heard of. We wandered all over the place, and then crossed over to Mendoon, on the opposite bank, where there is the largest mass of brickwork in the world, and the second largest bell. The former was intended to be an immense pagoda; and a model alongside shows it was to have been 600 feet high when finished! But after it had been raised 200 feet the great earthquake of 1839 shattered it, and the Burmese looking on that as a bad omen abandoned the work; but there it is, just as it was left, even the scaffolding was still up! Close by it is the great bell with a diameter of 15 feet! The country is hilly, covered with jungle, and we could hear jungle-fowl and partridges calling all round,

and the people also said hares were plentiful; but no one is allowed to shoot within a radius of twenty miles of the king's palace, as the king has granted life to all within that distance, his subjects alone excepted, whose lives are not worth twopence. Their big gun—I forget its dimensions—which I had seen two years before at Umrapoorah, had also been removed to the new capital; but it looked sadly honeycombed, and I would rather not be the man to fire it! We saw about fifty elephants, all splendid tuskers, working at the teak rafts, and also examined the two inclosures near Umrapoorah, where they catch wild elephants by means of female decoy elephants. These also touched the walls of the city, but the people assured me as many as twenty or twenty-five elephants were frequently caught in them during the year.

The white elephant I had seen in my former trip was dead, and a young one reigned in his stead, but it was a miserable little brute, with very little white about it.

The Burmese when going down stream, to save themselves the trouble of rowing, throw over branches of trees and attach them with ropes to the prow of the boat; these catch the force of the stream and drag the boat along. I improved on this, made a huge kite with bamboos and mats, and weighting one side launched it overboard; it remained upright in the water, caught the full force of the stream, and dragged us down four or five miles an hour. The freshes had set in and the river was rapidly filling, the sandbanks disappearing. We thus went down merrily without any exertion on our parts till one afternoon, when a heavy sea came on, and we could make no progress at all. We took in our kite and tried the oars, but it was useless, the waves breaking over the boat; so we pulled ashore and fastened our boat to the bank, and waited for the storm to blow over. The moon rose brightly; it was full, but after a while a total eclipse took place, which we watched with much interest and noted in our journal.

About three in the morning the wind lulled, and we got off, and throwing the kite overboard went down rapidly. As we passed the different pagodas, notably those of Pagan Myo, we noticed that they were all more or less injured, particularly the *Thees*, or umbrellas which surmount their crest, either down altogether or out of the perpendicular, and we wondered at the cause. Near Yay-nan-choung the wind veered round to the north, and blew half a gale; so we took in the kite, hoisted the sails, and went down at a good fifteen miles an hour till dark, when the sails were furled and the kite brought into play. We expected to reach Menloon, the Burmese custom-house, early next morning. No one steered at night, the helm was lashed amidships, and we trusted to the current to take us past all obstructions. Once or twice on the journey we did get on to an island, but easily pushed off and resumed our journey. When we awoke at daylight we could not conceive where we were, and expected every moment to sight Menloon, but hour after hour passed without our reaching it; and as we passed a bend of the river, before us lay not Menloon, but our frontier station Meaday. We had gone eighty miles within twelve hours by means of the kite alone! We reached Thayet Myo about twelve, and there found all the pagodas a mass of ruins. We ascertained that the day of the total eclipse of the moon, about two in the afternoon, a severe earthquake had taken place, shattered the pagodas, and caused the stream of the Irrawaddie to run the contrary way for an hour or more! This fully accounted for our being unable to make any progress that day, for though we did not feel the earthquake, our progress was barred for several hours by its effects, and it was about three when we had to pull up, a good 150 miles distant from Thayet.

Thayet Myo is not a nice place to be stationed at. The rainfall is very trifling, and the heat therefore excessive. Cholera is very prevalent, and though there is good boating,

there is little else to do; there is no shooting worthy of the name in the neighbourhood. A road had been commenced connecting Meaday with Tounghoo, but it had not been finished in my day.

By riding to Menloon, fifty miles inland, and going thence to the foot of the Arrakan range, good shooting can be had.

The dacoits on our frontier used to be very bad, and thefts innumerable. Ponies were frequently abstracted and taken across the frontier. At one time there was a cordon of sentries with loaded muskets all round the station, but even then thefts were almost of nightly occurrence. The Burmese are very expert and daring robbers.

CHAPTER II.

COCOS, ANDAMANS, AND HAINGYEE.

Sail in lighter for Cocos, my sole companions being twenty-four murderers. —Description of the Coco Islands.—Fix the position for the lighthouse. Failure of the former settlement on the island.—Snakes.—Sport.—Dangers of passage between islands.

In 1864 I was transferred, at my own request, to the Cocos Light-house works. I made my way down from Tounghoo to Rangoon, and thence *viâ* Bassein to Haingyee, a large island at the mouth of the Bassein river, which was the head quarters of the Alguada Reef Light-house works, then nearing completion. I expected to find a schooner here, to take me on to the Cocos, but it had gone on with bricks and convicts, and as Colonel Fraser, R.E., then Superintendent of light-houses, had asked me to meet him by a certain day, I did not know what to do; but as there was a lighter available I got on board and started, trusting to good luck to make the island. We had no instruments on board, only a chart; on this we took our bearings and steered direct for our destination. These lighters sail fairly enough before a wind, but if we had missed our point we should never have been able to get back to it. We made the island of Preparis by daylight, where we were becalmed for a while, but about eight a breeze sprang up, and before we lost sight of this island we came in sight of the Cocos, and reached Table Island about nine P.M., where we found the schooner. The steamer with Colonel Fraser

arrived next day; and I was landed and left on this island with twenty-four life-convicts as my sole companions. Nothing had been done as yet towards erecting the lighthouse; a project had not even been prepared, so I had lots to do. I set the convicts to work to prepare huts for themselves, and rigged up a tent, with an old mainsail, for myself. This island is just a mile long, and including Slipper Island the same in breadth. It is a rocky isle, covered with dense bamboo, tree and other jungle, with a fringe of cocoa-nut trees on the south and east faces. The Great Coco is separated from it by a channel about three miles broad. I shall never forget my first night here. As soon as the sun had gone down and the moon risen, thousands upon thousands of rats, in size equal to a bandicoot, appeared. They did not seem to fear anything, and I did not like their appearance at all, and did all I could to frighten them away; but they speedily reappeared, and kept me awake all night rattling my tins about and devouring the rice and grain I had brought with me. Thinking to outwit them, I hung these bags well off the ground, on to branches of trees; but these rats ran up the trunks of the trees, and down the ropes, and devoured everything in the shape of grain or biscuits they could get at, and we were in fear of starving through their depredations, but they did not attack meat in any shape, and my convicts soon took to devouring them, saying they were very sweet.

I had to survey round the island, and to take cross sections across it, and to fix upon the highest spot for the tower. We were on the north face. I found the best site to be on the south, so had the top of the hill cleared and the bricks removed up there, by which time the monsoon threatened to break; so as soon as the schooner returned, which it did in about six weeks, I returned to Haingyee, and took leave to Ootacamund.

I made a fresh start for Table Island in October, taking

with me 100 life-convicts, half of them Burmese, Shans, and Karens, and the other half Madrasses. As the military would not give me a guard, I had to pick up men out of the streets of Moulmein, to act as burkandazes, or policemen; but they were of no earthly use. I had one European, a Scotchman, with me as overseer. I placed him on Table Island with the convicts, and took up my residence on the north end of the Great Coco, where there was a natural bay that served as a harbour, and fresh water, which was wanting on Table Island. Many years ago a settlement by Europeans and East Indians had been tried here, but it utterly failed; all died but one, and he was only just removed in time, as he was quite prostrated with fever, when a vessel arrived and took him back to Moulmain. Since then parties of Burmese and Malays visit these islands for the sake of the cocoa-nuts which abound. The settlers on this island took with them numerous fowls, of which there is now not one to be found. Pigs, both English and Chinese, have run wild there, and are still particoloured, the only wild ones of that sort found in the world I fancy. They grow to an immense size, and I shot one with tusks 9¾ inches round the curve, and thick in proportion. There are a few betel-nut trees on this island. Its length is about seven miles, and the greatest breadth perhaps two. The shore to the east, north and south, is flat, and covered densely with cocoa-nut trees to a depth of a quarter of a mile or more. The west side is hilly, and as every tree is bent one particular way the force of the south-west monsoon is easily traceable. A good many turtle visit this island, a few only on the east face, but a good number on the west, where I have shot them and turned them over at night; there would be many more were it not for the iguana lizard, which digs up their eggs and devours them in thousands.

We caught many kinds of fish; the best eating were the mullets, and gave the most sport. One fish we caught had

three hooks to its tail, for what purpose I can't conceive. There were numbers of crawfish, very large crabs, conger eels, and oysters. Pearl oysters abounded. Sponges were washed ashore daily. I shot snipe, teal, curlews, goggle-eyed plover, and innumerable kinds of pigeons and doves; amongst them the Nicobar pigeon, and one of the Megapodidæ, that deposits its eggs in a mound or tumulus, and leaves it to hatch out the young, which emerge ready fledged and able to take care of themselves. There were many venomous snakes in all these islands. I killed several vipers, and many Bungarus, or banded snakes, both venomous. On eight different occasions I shot two pigs at one shot, by collecting and splitting a lot of cocoa-nuts, and hiding myself behind a screen of cocoa-nut palm leaves. The pigs used to come in dozens to devour them, and by waiting till two were together one ball generally did for both. My object was of course to get fresh meat for all the people I had, and not sport. But in wandering through these forests I have often come across pigs, both solitary boars and a family conclave, and I shot twenty-four the first year and twenty-one the next. They are very fat, and as they can get no offal to eat, they are themselves delicious eating. The heads soused were particularly good.

As the work-people on Table Island were dependent on me for fresh water, a boat-load was sent across daily; but the strait was a very dangerous one to cross. The tide rip was fearful, and I have been eight hours crossing over from one island to the other. I had to take the rudder myself always, for I could not trust the boatmen, or serang; they lost their nerve altogether when they found themselves in these turbulent waters. It was excessively dangerous; the least inattention on the part of the steersman in bringing the boat's-head to the rollers, and the boat would have been swamped to a certainty, and I have passed many anxious hours crossing over. At last, finding it almost impossible

to hit off the exact time, at low water, to get across with anything like safety, I moved all my traps and myself to Table Island, and built a shed in a grove of cocoa-nut trees, on its south face, and just below the hill on which the lighthouse works were being carried on. The convicts I placed on the top, and Reed, the overseer, and a writer, had quarters for themselves a little apart from the convicts. I afterwards used to cross over to the Great Coco for two or three days' shooting, but permanently resided at Table Island.

I have already said that as no fresh water existed on Table Island, and I had sunk numerous wells in the interior, all of which yielded brackish water not fit to drink, a boat-load of fresh water had daily to be brought over from the main island. One day it arrived a little later than usual. I had left the works and retired to my hut to bathe, and Reed the overseer, as usual, marched down a party of twenty-five Burmese Karens and Shans, and twenty-five Madrasses, to bring up the breakers of water. There was a stout bamboo between two men to sling a cask to, and the Burmese and Shans hurried down, and directly they approached the boat made a rush at it; and the idiotic lascars, instead of pushing into deep water, jumped overboard; and the convicts took possession of the boat, pushed off to the Great Coco, whence they took a month's rations, two muskets, and ammunition, and gallantly set out for the main-land. I was quite helpless. I had no other boat to follow them in, and the schooner was not in. Directly the occurrence took place a convict, who was one of the boat's crew, ran and gave me the intelligence, and said the men were coming round to attack me. So I loaded my battery, and went down to the beach to meet them should they attempt to land, but of course they did not do so. Elsewhere I have said all the Burmese are able to guide themselves by means of stars, and these convicts made straight for the coast of Tenasserim, where they arrived on

the fifth or sixth day; but most of them were captured and sent back to me; but three of the most notorious convicts, who had been noted leaders of dacoities, escaped, and one of them met with a tragical though plucky end. The other two I don't think were ever accounted for, but got back to the Shan States. The man I allude to as having met with a tragical end was a famous Karen dacoit. For his apprehension there was offered a reward of Rs. 200, dead or alive, and sundry peelers had tried to seize him, but he had invariably cut them down and escaped. But one day two Karens, out hunting with some twenty savage dogs, met him and called upon him to surrender. He merely laughed at them, retreated to a bamboo clump, cut down a bamboo, pointed one end, and then holding out his *dalwey*, or fighting sword, said, "Here is a sword for one and a spear for the other—try and take me." The two men, knowing the dacoit's desperate character, consulted together; one ran off to the village, whilst the other watched the convict and surrounded him with their dogs; if he attempted to move the dogs were set on him, and they are a savage powerful breed, so the poor wretch could not escape. The other Karen soon returned with several villagers, one armed with a musket and the other with a crossbow; the former, cocking his gun, called upon the man to surrender, but he, exposing his chest and his arms, and calling their attention to various marks, caused by gold and silver imbedded under the skin as a charm to cause invulnerability, said, "Don't you see I am invulnerable? you cannot shoot me." The man with the musket essayed three times to fire, and each time the cap snapped, and the Karen was exultant, saying, "Did I not tell you so?" When the crossbow man, fitting an arrow, said, "You may be invulnerable as far as a gun is concerned, but I'll see what I can do," and let fly. The arrow sped true, and penetrated the man's chest, but he plucked it out and said, "Why, it has only gone in a

span; do you think that will kill me?" But inward bleeding had evidently commenced, for in a few seconds he fell down, and the others rushing in on him secured him, but he died before they got him to the village. Thus died this ruffian; he was a plucky fellow, though a rascal of the deepest dye.

Generally in May, not later than the 24th, we were removed from the Cocos. The first season we went to Haingyee, but afterwards I left the convicts at Port Blair, and spent my time between Moulmein and Rangoon, till it was time to resume work again. Whilst at Haingyee—sick of having nothing to do—I went up to Dalhousie. It was Lord Dalhousie's intention to build a town here, to rival Rangoon and Moulmein, and to supersede Bassein; but after several lacs of rupees had been spent, a tidal wave in one night swept the whole away, and when I visited it, with the exception of a culvert here and there, there was not a vestige left to show for all the expenditure incurred. I had often been teased by my Burman shikarees to go out shooting at night, but I had always refused to do so; nevertheless I thought I would go just once to see what it was like.

The only people at Dalhousie were a serang and a boat's crew, to assist vessels in grief, and on my landing this serang asked me to come up to the office and put up there, which I was glad enough to do. This tindal had a few days before shot a barking-deer, and had potted the greater part of it. I had heaps of food of my own, and I dislike trying messes, but as he sent me a couple of dishes and begged my acceptance I tasted one, and found it so good that I discarded my own grub and partook of his; the meat was cut up into small squares about half an inch each way, and so saturated with *massallah* that he assured me if kept in a dry place in a jar corked down it would keep good a year. A handful taken out and warmed made a delicious curry. Towards dark some Burmese shikarees met me here by appointment, and we set

out to "blaze" deer. We had to go over deep sand for fully six miles, and to cross numerous nullahs, bridged by a single bamboo thrown across trestles with a small hand-rail attached; we then turned inland, and after going another mile in the dark, one of the men put a sort of inverted coal-scuttle on his head, fastened it under his chin, and lit a bright fire inside it; two other men, one on each side, rang bells, and off they all set in a zig-zag fashion, at a good trot, making all the noise they could; the fourth man and I followed in the rear. The ground was a mass of holes, mounds, ant-hills, and jungle, and over and into these I kept falling, for I could not see a foot in front of me, and with difficulty managed to keep up at all. Presently the men doubled the noise with the bells; their zig-zag pace became faster, and presently out of the darkness I saw two eye-balls glaring at us, and as we got closer I distinguished a mass which I took to be a sambur; I fired into it at a distance of some ten or twelve feet. On receiving the ball the poor brute made a bound forward and knocked one of the shikarees down, but it quickly disappeared. We then continued our eternal jog-trot, and in about half an hour came upon another sambur. I fired at this, but it too got away. The Burmese generally cut them down, or rather ham-string them, when they are out alone. I could not stand this any longer, so leaving three of them to continue their sport I took the fourth with me and walked back to the station, where I arrived at 2 A.M., thoroughly tired. The Burmese got one deer after I left, and both mine were found dead the next day—one buck with fair horns and one doe; but this system of sport is horrible poaching, and utterly unfit for Europeans. If when they are out "blazing" the Burmese come across a tiger, they immediately squat down and hide the light, when the tiger sneaks away; but they kill many sambur, and very many hog-deer this way. This

was my first attempt at this mode of killing game, and it will certainly be my last.

One day a Karen brought in the head of a two-horned rhinoceros, and as he said they were to be found on the mainland not far off, I agreed to go with him; but as everything had to be carried by men, and they were very scarce, I went in very light marching order. I don't know what his idea of a short distance was, but he took us at least fifty miles, right into the Arrakan mountains, towards Cape Negrais. The first day I shot a kakur, or barking-deer, and several pheasants. We went over small ranges of hills, and were nearly bitten to death by leeches, gadflies and musquitoes. We camped out in the open and resumed our march; this day I got a bull bison, but lost a cow; saw eight bison in all and five sambur, and got two pheasants ; we encamped at a Karen village. The next day we got to our destination—a valley between two high ranges with an extensive swamp in the middle. Here the man pointed out to me a heap of dung, two or three feet high, and assured me rhinoceros always deposit their ordure in the same spot; but I must say I did not then believe him, as I was new to rhinoceros and their ways. Whilst he set men to dig two pits, he and I crossed the swamp and went to the top of the hill; beyond this was pretty level, and there were many forms of sambur about. We went nearly to the end of this, and out of a patch of long grass a bull bison jumped up, ran twenty yards, and then faced me. Lang brought him down with one ball through the chest. We cut off his head and went on; the Karens came later up and removed the whole of the meat. We went down this hill into a sholah beyond, and I had three shots at sambur, but only succeeded in bagging one stag. We got back to the village in time to have a bathe and dine, before we went to the holes to sit up—such a night as I spent! I would not do it again to shoot a dozen rhinoceros, even if

each of them had four instead of two horns. It was a bright moonlight night, the rhinoceros came about eleven, and passing the Karen got the contents of one of my guns into it; in its fright it ran into a very boggy part of the swamp close to me, and I easily killed it with a shot behind the ear. We then went home, and next day cut off the head and made tracks homewards by a new route. We saw nothing the first day, but the second day came across a herd of elephants; I wounded a tusker, lost it for the time, but the Karens, I heard afterwards, found it dead and boned the tusks. We put up that night in a small Karen village, and the men said if I would stop a day they would beat a ravine for me, in which there was generally a tiger, and they could also show me bison and sambur; as I was in no hurry I went with them next day, but instead of a tiger a panther passed the tree I was in, and I dropped it dead. It measured as it lay 7¼ feet to the tip of the tail. This beast had killed a good many cattle, but I fancy it had a mate with it, which did not show. After breakfast we went out stalking; I wounded a bison, lost it, but bagged a kakur and a doe sambur. The next day I reached Haingyee at dark, having seen nothing but a few jungle-fowl *en route.* At Haingyee itself I shot a couple of hog-deer. There are at times both elephants and buffaloes to be found here, but none visited it whilst I was there.

My last trip to the Cocos was rather a memorable one, as we were nearly starving. We expected to be relieved, as usual, not later than the 24th May, as the monsoon sets in early, and then vessels cannot approach these coasts. The schooner was laid up in Rangoon, and the steamer had gone to Calcutta, and was thus detained some time, and also meeting with rough weather did not reach the Cocos till towards the end of June, and then had to lie fully three miles off, and I had to transport not only the convicts, the free workmen and

ourselves, but a lot of sick, all surplus stores, &c., round the island, to the only spot where the boats could come. Owing to the distance the steamer had to lie off, the two boats could only make two trips each during the day, and they were so crowded I expected every moment that they would be swamped. It rained from daylight; we had no shelter where we had to await the boat, so we were like drowned rats all day. We managed to light huge fires and to dry one bit of clothing at a time, but it was soaked through again in a few moments. We had nothing to eat, and everything was packed away, but towards three in the afternoon I managed to find one of Crosse and Blackwell's plum-puddings, and some pints of beer, and on this Reed, the third officer of the ship, and I made our first meal. That day I went off in the last boat to get to the vessel at dark, but it was a very risky thing relieving us so late in the season. Expecting to be relieved as usual I issued rations daily, but when the time had passed and not knowing where the steamer was, I was forced to put the men on half-rations, and as day after day passed, we got very anxious. Vessels passed us daily, most of them American ones under German flags, for it was the days of the Civil War, when the *one* Southern vessel swept the commerce and the fleet of the boasting North off the face of the ocean. They were almost within hailing distance, and though I fired guns, rockets, blue-lights, and hung up signals "that we were starving," in accordance with Marryatt's code, not one of them took the least notice of us. We could see them watching us with their telescopes, and though our distress must have been known to them, not only did they take no heed themselves, but did not report it at Rangoon, as they were obliged to do by the universal law of nations. At last, when I had but three days' half-rations left, a country vessel did pull up and sell us sufficient rice to keep us going for another month. It was curious to notice

the behaviour of the different races when food became scarce. The Madrasses cried all day and lost heart, saying they were sure they had been sent there purposely to die of hunger, and did nothing to help themselves, whilst the Shans and Karens, and more particularly the Burmese, were not downcast a bit: they searched the jungles and found a kind of yam, which, however, caused dysentery and vomiting when too freely partaken of. They redoubled their exertions to catch fish, caught more rats, and, in fact, were as jolly under the circumstances as they could be. I had fitted up a condenser on Table Island after the escape of the convicts, to be independent of the Great Coco, so luckily we always had as much fresh water as we required. I also visited the Little Coco, which resembled the large island very much. To save expense in the transit of these convicts, when we closed the works on Table Island, I took them to the Andamans and left them there, and always spent a week going and coming. Port Blair, or Ross Island, is a small island overcrowded, I think; higher up in the bay is Chatham Island, and at the further point of the harbour, which is capable of holding all the navies of the world with ease, is Viper Island, where only the worst characters are sent; but on the whole the convicts had an easy life, and are nearly self-supporting. Mount Harriet, a so-called sanatarium, is only 1085 feet high, and the bother of getting there is more than the place is worth. It will be memorable, as it was on returning from it that Lord Mayo, the most popular viceroy India ever had, was murdered. The worst of these islands is that they are full of vermin; if you go out of the beaten track you are covered with ticks, some so small that they can scarcely be seen; and even within the rise of the tide the fleas were in thousands. The Andamans have a pig peculiar to them; it is a small variety. The people of these islands are unmitigated savages, with woolly hair, which they shave off with bits of glass; they are

perfectly naked, and are scarcely one degree removed above an ape; they seem to be promiscuous in their intercourse and to be devoid of shame.

At different times I sent upwards of 20,000 young cocoa-nut plants to the Andamans, which have been planted in various parts of the harbour and islands. Further to the north there is a mountain said to be 4,000 feet high, but owing to the hostility of the natives very little of these islands has as yet been explored. There is another magnificent harbour, Cornwallis, to the north, as capacious as Port Blair.

For the first two seasons I was at the Cocos I had not even a hospital assistant sent with me, nor any proper instruments. I had to doctor as well as to look after and keep in order these murderers; a few died each trip. One was a very painful case—stoppage of urine—and I had not even a bougie to insert to clear out the urethra, and the man died by inches. I did all I could with fomentations &c. to save his life, and to give him relief, but without avail.

Having no guard I had to keep strict discipline and to inflict punishment myself. I went about totally unarmed, except with a walking-stick, and as all the men had dhaws for cutting down jungle, &c., they might have killed me at any time. Once only did a man lift his dhaw at me; I found him sitting down and smoking instead of doing his task, bringing so many bricks up the hill, so gave him a cut across the back; he was up in a moment, with his dhaw raised, when I hit out straight and caught him on the nose and sent him spinning down the hill, and then followed him up and gave him two dozen on the spot, and I never had occasion to speak to him again; he was a fine well-built Shan. I wanted to clear some of the rats off the island, so imported cats, but the brutes of Madrasses used to catch them and eat them, so I told them the next man who killed a cat should get three dozen, and the very next day the biggest Madrasse

killed the last she-cat we had, and was caught in the act by a Burman, who reported it to me. I immediately collared the man, tied him up to the nearest tree, and in the presence of all the convicts with my own hands gave him three dozen, as I had promised. I used to go after turtle attended by only three or four Burman convicts, all murderers, and sleep in their midst on the sand, without the least fear, and they never took advantage of my loneliness to molest me in any way, but I invariably treated them as fairly as I could, and punished as little as I could, but when I did, I let them understand it was not intended for play. At last I was really sorry to part with these Shans, Karens, and Burmese, though very glad to turn my back on the wretched Madrasses.

CHAPTER III.

COSSYAH AND JYNTIAH HILLS.

Game—Pony killed by Tiger—Roads—Mooflong—Nurting—The Welsh Mission—Cossyah Rajah's Shikar Meeting—Tiger Shooting at Shillong—Fearlessness of Ghoorkas at this Sport.

THESE hills may be said to commence about eighteen miles south of Gowhatty, at Burneyhat, and extend in a south-eastern and western direction; they skirt Sylhet and Cachar, and beyond that they are called the Lushai Hills, and have other names further south, but they are all connected and form a vast plateau. Towards the east they go by various names too, being called the Naga, Mishmee, and other hills, and extend into China and Burmah, and there are peaks 10,000 feet high and covered with snow; they have been crossed only by two or three Europeans in days when the British were more feared than they are now. If I remember right Col. Hannay and Dr. Griffiths, and some one else passed over them into Burmah, descending the Irrawaddie to Rangoon; but now-a-days the passage is completely barred to all Europeans. As already stated, Cherra Poonjee, overlooking the Sylhet plains, was occupied by our troops for many years, but Shillong and Jowai are the only two stations now—the one being in the Cossyah Hills, and the other in the Jyntiah. They are connected by a bridle-path, laid out by Col. Briggs,

which is far too good for a bridle-path and not good enough for a cart-road; consequently not half of it is ever used, the Cossyahs, and the Europeans too for the matter of that, preferring the native paths. From Burneyhat the present road goes over low ranges till you reach Nongpoh, fifteen miles, and 2,700 feet high. Nongpoh is a wild place; there are but a few huts about, and a very little cultivation, in the shape of hill-paddy and cotton, is met with. These hills have a fair sprinkling of elephants, bison, sambur, hog-deer, muntjac, bears, tigers, and panthers in them, but the jungle is so impenetrable that they have never been shot over; whilst laying out the cart-road I have shot a few sambur, hog-deer, muntjac, two bears, and one panther, besides jungle-fowl, pheasants, and partridges, and saw lots of marks of other game but had not time to go after it. From Nongpoh, the hills gradually get higher and the jungle more open, and about half way to. Oomsing, the next halting-place, it ceases altogether, being succeeded by open undulating hills covered with grass about four feet high, with sholas, or groves of trees, in the ravines and along the water-courses. Many of the hills present a very park-like appearance, and capital stalking can be had, sambur and bears being plentiful, and occasionally elephant and bison visit them; tigers now and then kill stray cattle, but I do not think that they are plentiful. From Oomsing you wind about amongst the hills, which are nearly bare (with the exception of a few pine-trees scattered about); they vary from 3,000 to 4,000 feet. There is very little game on them, only sambur and bears, and very rarely bison. The Oomean is a pretty mountain stream, and I believe joins the Burneyhat river, and falls into the Kullung river near Kookooriah. There are mahseer in it, and by wading and fly-fishing in the rapids fish from one-half to three lbs. weight can be caught. After crossing this stream the ascent of the true Cossyah Hills is commenced, and Shillong, 5,000

feet high, is reached. There is another road, the old government road *viâ* Ranee to Mooflong, where it branches off to Cherra Poonjee. The hills commence a few miles beyond Mairapore, and this branch extends to the Garrow country. In a beat on the top of some hills near this, not more than 1,700 feet high, the rajah caught two serow in a net, and some three others escaped. I obtained one head and sent it to the curator of the Calcutta museum. We did not know of their existence till then, and though we searched for them afterwards, we never succeeded in finding any more. The head appeared to me to much resemble those the Karens brought me in Burmah. A good number of tigers were killed about here by the officers of the Lower Assam Company; a little way off there was very good snipe-shooting. The first stage was Jyrung, where a tiger once killed a valuable pony of mine in the verandah, but I was unfortunately not there, and arrived early next morning to find my animal, poor "Pekoe," lying dead. I had sent on my people and stayed the night with Gilman at Mairapore. It was full moon, the elephants were picketed close by, and the mahouts had put the pads up on edge round the pony, forming an inclosed place where he was tied up in the verandah, which also had longitudinal bars, some two feet apart up to five feet all round; all the servants were sleeping close by. About eleven the tiger sprang over the pads and railing and fastened on the pony's neck; the people drove him off immediately, but the jugular was cut and the pony bled to death. The tiger remained close by growling all night, and only disappeared about an hour before I arrived. As a window of the bungalow commanded the dead pony, and the night was nearly as bright as day, I would not have the pony disturbed, but watched for the tiger all night, but it did not come. There is very fair shooting all along this road. The next stage is Oomloor, and there are a good many pheasants and

barking-deer to be seen early in the morning along this road. The jungles teem with elephants and bison at the commencement of the rains, and if you leave this road at Oomloor and cross over to Col. Briggs's road, and go to a place called Palliar, in the season, May and June, the bison are very plentiful. I only had three days' shooting along this portion, and I got four bison, two very large bulls and two cows, and three sambur, one a very fine stag, two barking-deer and some small game, but I saw at least thirty bison and a dozen elephants, three of them fine tuskers, but as there was a fine of £50 if you shot an elephant, I let them alone. I often intended returning there, but one thing and another prevented me, and besides it was off my beat. All my shooting I got whilst employed on duty; had I been an idle man I could have slain ten times what I did, but my time was not my own, and marching hurriedly interferes sadly with sport. This same trip, instead of returning to Oomloor and going on to Nungklow by the government road, I followed Col. Briggs's road, and although it was so circuitous and passed through an uninhabited country, yet, after so much had been spent on it, I think it was a pity it was never completed, especially as it passed over a plateau, just like Ootacamund, and 6,000 feet high; it would have opened out the interior of these hills, a thing of much importance now-a-days. I had to encamp near a heavy cutting, and strolled off to the left next day in search of game. I met some Cossyahs, and they said they would show me game if I came to their village, a little off the unfinished cart-road. I sent one man back for my traps and went with them; they took me through beautiful park-like scenery, and soon pointed out a stag, which, after careful stalking, I killed. The horns measured as follows:—In a straight line, thirty-four inches, and round the curve thirty-eight. I saw several does and the marks of bison and elephants, and now and then the barking-deer. In the village they had the head and horns of a fine

bull bison, and two or three of the serow. My traps came up late, and I tried a river close by for fish, but only caught three, one 1½ lbs., one 2 lbs., and one 1 lb., with a fly. I tried the spoon, but did not succeed. I don't think there are any large fish in the stream.

In the night a tiger killed one of their cattle, and I meant to sit over the carcase, but going to inspect it, whilst carelessly walking along with a dozen or more men behind me—and only my express loaded with a shell in my hand—up jumped the tiger, and without thinking of what I was doing, on the impulse of the moment I fired and broke its back, and another shot behind the ear killed it; it measured 9 feet 1 inch. I got a bear the same day, and moved on to opposite Mooflong, giving the Cossyahs some powder and a few rupees. The tigress came to eat the bull that night, and was killed by a Cossyah, who brought me the skin into Shillong, and I got the reward for him for it; it was a small brute. At Nungklow there are a good many pheasants, and a few barking-deer; here there are the graves of two officers attacked and killed by the Cossyahs many years before as they were travelling to Cherra Ponjee. Here also is a cinchona plantation, but I don't think the young trees make much progress. The next stage, Myrung, has two *deodars*, or cedars, but they are very stunted, and quite unlike their kind in the Himalayas. Here also General Vitch planted two tea-bushes, which are now two trees, twenty feet each in height. Mooflong, the next stage, is 6,000 feet high; there is any quantity of slate on these hills, and also coal and limestone; the principal industry is potato-growing. Here the road by a zig-zag path descends to the Boga Panee, over which a bridge was constructed by my assistant, Mr. Maxwell, whilst I was executive engineer; before that there was only a cane-bridge across this mountain torrent, built by the Cossyahs, and which was yearly renewed and at all times very unsafe to cross

over; the scenery is very grand. The road on to Shillong is very level until you reach the dâk bungalow; there you have to descend 1,000 feet to Laban or Shillong.

Going from Shillong to Jowai, by deviating some twelve miles, you arrive at Nurting, where there is a Welsh mission, and fair shooting and fishing. The only place in India where I have come upon a covey of partridges has been this road, within four miles of Jowai, where nearly always I put up ten or twelve partridges; these are found at times in great numbers, and are killed by Cossyahs throwing sticks at them. I have seen a dozen or more brought in in one day by them so killed; they are the ruddy-necked partridge.

In former days, to judge by the following, the Jyntiah Rajahs must have been possessed of large means and of much consequence, for they invaded our territory and made themselves very objectionable, and were severely punished by our plucky little Ghoorkas, and they are not likely to prove troublesome again. There is not an elephant left amongst them, the few they had having been "requisitioned" for the Bhootan war, and were speedily killed by overwork, bad management, and bad and insufficient food.

People seem to think an elephant can carry any load, and work day and night, and that after his load has been removed, he must forage for himself; but perhaps the jungles have been burnt, and there is not a blade of grass for the poor brute to pick up, and may be no water. Early in the morning he is caught, brought back, dusted and reloaded, and has to toil all day. Is it a wonder that these valuable brutes died like rotten sheep between Gowhatty and Dewangiri? The roadside was strewn with their dead bodies, and the effluvia dreadful, even at the end of 1866, when I first went along the road. Oak is found in the Jyntiah Hills, and an inferior variety on the Cossyah, but pines are the principal trees; they appear to me identical with the pines found on the Karen Hills. Some-

times a cyclone commits sad havoc amongst these trees, and I have seen whole hillsides with every tree torn up by the roots; but one gets heartily sick of seeing nothing but these pines, and longs for a variety of other green foliage. From Jowai there is a road, or rather pathway, over the hills to Nowgong and Seebsaugor, and along this I am told (I never travelled over it) that both the gaur and gyal, rhinoceros, sambur, and in the lower lands swamp-deer and buffalo, are to be found. Occasionally white tigers have been killed on these hills; and Mr. Shadwell has two skins in his possession, as before mentioned. The extract alluded to overleaf is from a very old number of the *India Sporting Magazine*, and is headed "An Extract from the Lives of the Lindsays." "The Gointeah (Jynteah) Rajah of the Cusseah, or Cossyah tribe, was my nearest frontier neighbour; he was by far the most powerful and the most civilised of the whole, holding large possessions both on the mountains and on the plains about fifty miles distant. When a younger man he had been misled by a false idea of his own powers, and he had in consequence been the aggressor by entering British territory in a hostile manner. A regiment of Sepoys easily drove him back and convinced him of his insignificance, and he was now endeavouring to convince me of his perfect attachment to our government. The Rajah proposed my giving him an interview in his own country, and to partake of a *chasse* he had prepared for me; and after arranging the preliminaries of meeting the day was fixed. By mutual agreement we were to be accompanied by a few attendants.

"It was during the season of the rains, the whole country being completely overflowed, and having the appearance of an extensive lake. I embarked on board a beautiful yacht of my own building, well manned and armed with eighteen swivels (guns), and arrived at the place of rendezvous at the appointed hour, when to my surprise I found advancing

towards me a fleet of boats, not less than fifty in number, with streamers flying and fantastically dressed. As this was contrary to our agreement I was not well pleased at the display, but betrayed no kind of alarm." . . . . . . "The Rajah proved to be a handsome young man, with a good address. He requested me to accompany him to his barge to partake of the shikar previously prepared for our amusement. We rowed some miles towards a rising ground on which we landed, and were then carried on men's shoulders to a temporary stage erected for the occasion. On surveying the arena round us I found that the inclosure was not less than thirty acres, surrounded by a stockade and lined on the outside by the vassals of the Rajah. They had previously driven the wild beasts of the country to this place, being the highest ground in the plain, and surrounded them. The sight was whimsically wild and magnificent, the concourse of people immense, the whole population of the hills and the plains having turned out for the occasion.

"The first thing that struck my observation upon entering the arena was the singularity of the dresses worn by the different tribes of Cossyahs, all dressed and armed agreeably to the customs of the country or mountain whence they came. The inhabitants of the country (plains) were also fancifully dressed; their garb in many instances was a mixture of both, their arms in general being those of the mountains. The place into which we were introduced was a species of open balcony; on either side of my chair were placed those of the Rajah, his prime minister, commander-in-chief, and officers of state, who all appeared to be native Cossyahs, dressed and armed in the hill costume, the Rajah himself affecting the dress of a man more civilised, and wearing the Mogul arms.

"We each prepared his arms for the magnificent *chasse* about to begin. Upon looking round me with attention I found that there were no fewer than 200 of the largest wild

buffaloes inclosed, some hundreds of the large elk-deer, great variety of the smaller description of deer, and wild hog innumerable. These animals were now galloping around us in quick succession, when the Rajah, turning politely towards me, asked me to begin the shikar by taking the first shot. I was a bad marksman and afraid to betray my want of skill in so public a manner. First I declined the offer; the Rajah insisted; I therefore raised my well-loaded rifle to my shoulder, and taking a good aim, to my own astonishment, dropped a large buff dead on the spot. There was immediately a general shout of admiration. I on my part put my pipe into my mouth, throwing out volumes of smoke to show my indifference, as if the event were a matter of course; but no power could get the Rajah to exhibit, from the apprehension of not being equally successful before his own people. On my left hand sat his *luscar* or prime minister; his quiver, I observed, contained but two arrows. 'How comes it, my friend,' said I, 'you come into the field with so few arrows in your quiver?' With a sarcastic smile, he replied, 'If a man cannot do his business with two arrows he is unfit for his trade.' At that moment he let fly a shaft and a deer dropped dead. He immediately had recourse to his pipe and smoked profusely. The loud and hollow sound of the nagara or war-drum, and the discordant tones of the conch shells, announced a new arrival. The folding doors of the arena were thrown open, and ten male elephants with their riders were marshalled before us. If it is expected that I am to describe the gorgeous trappings and costly harness of these animals, or the sumptuous dress of the riders, disappointment must follow. My savage friends were little accustomed to stage effects or luxuries of any kind. The noble animal had not even a pad on his back, a rope round his body was his only harness. The rider was dressed nearly in the garb of nature, and the hook with which he

drives or guides his animal was his only weapon. A motion from the Rajah's hand was the signal to advance. The buffaloes at this unexpected attack naturally turned their heads towards the elephants and appeared as if drawn up in order of battle. The scene now became interesting in the extreme. The elephants continued to advance with a slow, majestic step, also in line, when in an instant the leader of the buffs rushed forward with singular rapidity, and charged the elephants in the centre. Their line was instantly broken; they turned round and fled in all directions, many of them throwing their riders and breaking down the stockade, one solitary elephant excepted. This magnificent animal had been trained for the Rajah's own use, and accustomed to the sport: the buffalo, returning from his pursuit, attentively surveyed him as he stood at a distance alone in the arena. He seemed for a few seconds uncertain whether to attack him or rejoin his herd. None who do not possess the talents of a Zoffany can describe the conflict which now took place; the elephant, the most unwieldy of the two, stood on the defensive, and his position was remarkable. In order to defend his proboscis he threw it over his head (!), his foreleg advanced ready for a start, his tail in horizontal line from his back, his eager eyes steadily fixed upon his antagonist. The buffalo, who had hitherto been tearing up the ground with his feet, now rushed forward with velocity. The elephant, advancing at the same time with rapid strides, received the buffalo upon his tusks, and threw him into the air with the same facility as an English bull would toss a dog, then drove his tusks through the body of the buffalo, and in that position carried him as easily as a baby, and laid him at the Rajah's feet." Now an elephant to protect his trunk curls it up, and does not throw it over his head, nor could the strongest elephant carry a wild buffalo on his tusks, as here narrated. The story must therefore be accepted with "a grain

of salt;" but the account, apart from self-evident exaggeration, is interesting as showing the power and state of the Jynteah Rajahs of those days. At the present time they are as poor as they can be.

I heard a good story, which I believe is perfectly true. A merchant entered into a highly advantageous contract as far as he himself was concerned, and rented for a nominal sum immense groves of orange and betel-nut trees from a Cossyah Rajah, the term of his lease being written in the Cossyah language, "for as long as he remained above ground"—meaning for as long as he lived; but when he died his knowing heirs, in obedience to his will, had a glass coffin made, in which to this day,—though he has been dead many years—his body remains above ground. The worth of these groves was several thousand pounds a year. The coffin and its ghastly contents were to be seen a few years ago at Cherra Poonjee; whether they have since been buried I don't know.

During the rains the whole of the flat country below the Ghauts, looking down from Cherra Poonjee to Sylhet, is a sheet of water, and all animals migrate to the higher country, notably the tigers; these during the dry season are rarely found on the elevated plateau, but once the rains have fairly set in, tigers are very plentiful, especially at Cherra Poonjee, where they commit great depredations, not only amongst the cattle, but the people. It was not an unusual thing for the pugs of a tiger to be seen not only within the compound of a house, but in the very veranda itself. No one could venture out of their houses after dark, and if forced to do so, went with many torches, and accompanied by the dismal sound of tom-toms and other infernal musical instruments.

Tigers were not so frequent at Shillong as at Cherra, but we killed seven altogether whilst I was resident there. The Ghoorka sepoys were encouraged to shoot whenever there

was a chance, with most beneficial results, as it made them good shots, and taught them to go noiselessly through the jungles. The first tiger we heard of was killed by the sepoys before we could get there; it was a fine young male about 8½ feet long. On another occasion a pony was killed in a ravine close by, and Bourne, of the 44th, sat up over it. The tiger came and Bourne fired, and thought he had hit it; so early the next morning he, Colonel Hicks, Williams, Ommanney, and I went after it, with some fifty sepoys as beaters; on reaching the place we found the kill had been dragged away and devoured, so we thought Bourne was mistaken in thinking he had wounded the animal, for we imagined there was but one tiger; however, we followed the tracks for about a mile, and beat over hills covered with grass from three to four feet high, with a sprinkling of pine-trees about. Suddenly not one, but three tigers jumped up and received a hurried fire. One was badly wounded, and left a piece of flesh on the ground; they all ran down into a ravine, into which we followed. The ground was very nasty, and we could not see beyond a few feet in front of us. The sepoys behaved admirably, keeping line as if on parade. We told them to load with ball-cartridge, and a running fight ensued which lasted for the better part of an hour, all three tigers being more or less wounded. The ground became worse and worse, with boulders of rock and deep fissures. Into one of these the tigers got, and whenever we tried to dislodge them they charged savagely. One large tiger knocked over three sepoys one after the other, but not a man retreated. As the place they were in was unapproachable without great risk, we reluctantly desisted, and carried the fallen men to the hospital, where they recovered in about a fortnight. No great damage had been done: one man lost an ear, and all were more or less clawed, but none bitten. One tiger was picked up dead the next

day, and another two days afterwards by the Cossyahs, and the third was seen wandering about very ill for a few days, and then disappeared; it was supposed it too had died. Another day Colonel Hicks and Williams had a shot at a tiger, but it got away. Two days afterwards a Cossyah came in and told us he had marked a tiger down; so the Colonel, Williams, and I went after it, with a few sepoys as beaters. We saw a lot of men on the heights surrounding the rocky bed of a mountain rivulet. Up this we advanced, and soon came upon the tiger and killed it at the first volley, and on examination found it was the one fired at by Colonel Hicks the day before. It was in a sad state, and evidently could not have lived through the day, as the wound, one through the body, had begun to mortify. Two other tigers were killed without any adventures, one by the sepoys, and the other by us.

Leopards were constantly killed; they were very destructive to dogs. One day we all went after a tiger or leopard, no one knew which; and after beating about some time a leopard broke across and was wounded, but hid himself in a ravine, where we could not find him. I sent for my two elephants, which happened to be in the station, and we beat everywhere, but still no leopard. There was a hollow passage in the ravine through which the water ran, and we thought it had taken refuge there, and fired several shots into it without effect. The leopard was gone, where, nobody could tell; so Williams and I walked up the hill-side and had nearly reached the top, when a yell, then a dead silence, and then a shot, made us run down again; but all was over before we reached the bottom, where we found the leopard dead, cut to pieces! It appears a sepoy in passing a bush, in the very midst of which the elephants had been beating, trod on the leopard's tail, so snugly was it hidden, and in one second it sprang on the man's shoulders, biting

his arm, and clawing him about the head. The Ghoorkas dropped their rifles, and with their kookries or knives, without which no Ghoorka ever moves, they hacked the leopard almost to pieces *on the man.* As the beast fell off, Colonel Hicks, who had run up, put a ball through its head; but it was not needed, as it was already dead. These Ghoorkas are certainly a fine race; there are no better soldiers in the world —and when properly led they are fully equal to Europeans. They are a small sturdy race. They are, in truth, Nepaulese; they cannot live for any extended time in the plains, and that is one reason why, I suppose, this gallant corps, which has done as good service as any in India, has been sent to Dibrooghur. When the regiment at Dacca mutinied in 1858, this corps accounted for every man of it except five or six, who became slaves amongst the Lushais. Again, in the wars with the Cossyahs and Jynteahs, and the expedition into the Lushai country, all the fighting fell to this corps; and the reward, as I said before, has been its being sent to a station in the plains, where the men cannot live. These sepoys played at cricket very well indeed, and also at football. They were most anxious to go out shooting and fishing, and were allowed considerable liberty in this way; and were all the better for it.

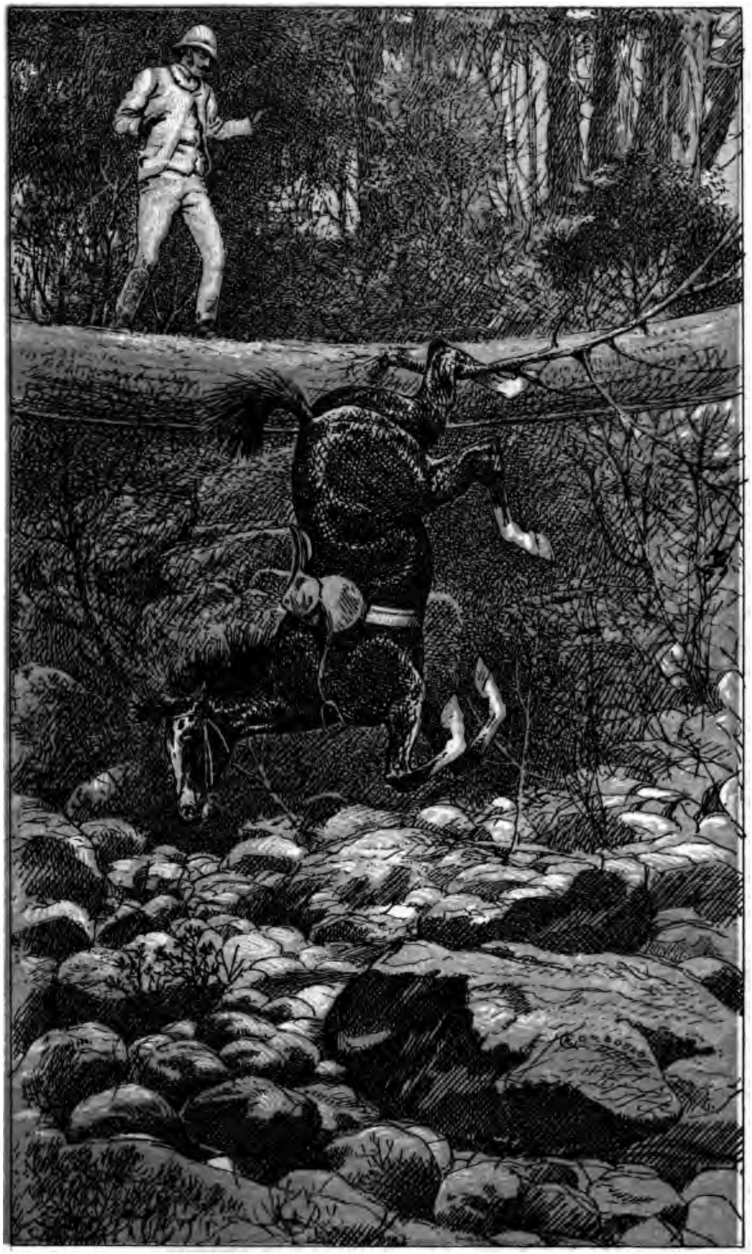
Twice I made short excursions with Bourne, and on each occasion we bagged a bear; one of these charged me up the side of a steep hill, but receiving a shell in the chest when only a few feet distant, it rolled down to the bottom, and after crawling a couple of hundred yards, gave up the ghost. In January, 1872, I took my family down to Oomsning and beat about the jungles. The grass had not been burnt, so I got a few Cossyahs together and told them to burn the hills towards us, which they did with a vengeance, commencing a good deal too soon, before we had taken up our positions, and we had to run for our lives, and managed to get into the bed of a

ravine, as the fire was upon us. Fortunately there was water in it, and green bushes and trees fringed its banks; but the flames from either side met over our heads, and if we were not burnt we were nearly roasted; but the danger was over in a few minutes. We then burnt more systematically, and started many sambur. I only got sight of one, a stag, and the express brought him down in his tracks. I then got into an open spot, and had the hill set on fire all round; nothing could escape without passing me. Soon there were two bears on foot, and they tried in vain to escape, but were met everywhere by the devouring flames. I could see them a long while before they came my way. I remained perfectly still; the two kept close together, and came within ten paces of me. I floored the largest, and was just going to fire into the second, which turned back, when the first got up; so thinking one bear in hand was better than a couple on the hill, I let fly again, and this time killed it; it did not give even one groan. My man with the second gun of course was not where he ought to have been, or I should have got the second bear too, as it had run back, and was surrounded by the fire, now contracting its circle. I made sure it must pass me again, as the only spot free from fire, but I never saw it; and can't imagine what could have become of it. I burnt all these hills, and had there been two or three guns we should have got a lot of bears and sambur, as many were disturbed each day; but alone I could not guard all the passes, so many beasts escaped. Maxwell, my assistant, shot a fine bison here. It charged him, and he had only time to throw himself down as the bison jumped over him; but he got up uninjured, and following up again, came upon the bull and killed it. Carnegie, of the Commission, too, shot several deer here.

In October, 1869, General Blake, Ommanney, and I started to wander over the hills; we were accompanied as far as

Jowai by Captain Trevor, the Superintending Engineer, and by Captain Skinner, Superintendent of Police. We started after breakfast, going by the Cossyah paths in preference to the Government road. By the first the distance to Pombarah was only twelve or thirteen miles, and by the latter twenty-two; but the grass had not been burnt, and in many places we could not ride, so had to walk up hill and down dale for three-and-a-half hours before we reached our destination. Pombarah is colder than Shillong. It is a pretty place, with a very deep ravine to the right, and high hills in the distance. There is a fair bungalow there. Having nothing to do, we took our guns and strolled out in the evening. We did not get much: we shot a couple of black partridges, a few quail and doves; but the General went on further than we did, and shot a young muntjac, or barking deer, and uncommonly good it was, too, to eat.

October 27th.—The road from Pombarah towards Jowai is very pretty, with groves of oak and rhododendrons, and of course the eternal pine. It is pretty level for about five miles, then there is a steep ascent of 1,500 feet. There was no road either up it or round it in those days, so we had to follow the Cossyah paths and walk up it, which was no joke; but the view from the top was very lovely. We breakfasted here, and then, after following this road for a couple of miles further on, we turned off to Nurting. There was not the vestige of a road. We followed the Cossyah path, and a worse I never wish to see; one bad nullah, full of rocks and with precipitous banks, we came to had only a fallen tree across it as a bridge. Ommanney was foolish enough to wish to ride over this, but we dissuaded him ; so he walked across, leading his horse after him. We sent ours a long way round, to cross at a lower and more practicable point. When half-way across Ommanney's horse fell over, one hind-leg catching in a fork of the tree, and the rest of the horse hanging down over the



Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith:

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bed of the nullah: the branch he was suspended by broke, and the horse fell headlong down on to the rocks, and, wonderful to say (as he was not worth much), he was almost uninjured. Had he been a valuable beast, he would in all probability have either been killed or broken a limb. After this mishap we continued our way, and after a while got on to the remains of a road, and came to the ruins of several large bridges, and had some difficulty in crossing the nullahs. When we got in sight of the village I took a short cut and got to the bungalow first, but finding it occupied by a Welsh missionary and his family, we had to look for quarters elsewhere. The site of the bungalow, being the top of a hill well away from and above the village, is a very pleasant one; but as it was occupied, we had to go down into the village and put up in the schoolroom, and a filthier place I never saw. There were vile marshes all round, pigs in hundreds, the filth awful, and the stench abominable; but as there was no other place to go to, we had to remain where we were for the night. There are some small tanks here, rather famous for woodcock and duck. For the former we were too early; and though the latter were in hundreds, yet it was almost impossible to get near them, and directly they were disturbed they flew away. There are also a good many pheasants about here, and also barking-deer; but these are difficult to beat out of the dense cover they live in. We strolled out in the evening, and shot eight or nine duck and teal, and a few snipe. One of my ducks fell into the middle of the tank, and could not be retrieved. I had an india-rubber boat with me, but it had not arrived.

October 28*th.*—I took out the india-rubber boat and recovered my duck of yesterday, but could not get near any of the duck and teal swimming about in hundreds, and after being disturbed once or twice they flew away. So leaving them we went after snipe and got 11½ couple, one solitary

snipe, the first I ever saw, two teal, and one duck. We had a delicious swim in the Mouton, a little distance from Nurting, and started for Jowai, as we could not stand the vile smells any longer. Nurting is not a bad place to go to if you can put up in the bungalow, but avoid the village. Bourne and I, on a subsequent occasion, went there and shot lots of woodcock, pheasants, and partridges, a few duck and teal, and had shots at deer, but did not kill any. The cromlechs here are some of the largest found on these hills; and as there is no stone near, the huge slabs, some of them 29 feet long by 3 feet to 4 feet broad and 2 feet thick, must have been brought over the hills miles and miles away! How it was done I can't conceive.

The road to Jowai is exceedingly pretty, passing through undulating country, for all the world like the Brighton Downs; we had to cross several lovely streams and marshy woods, where, in the season, I am sure woodcock are to be found. We reached our destination about three o'clock, and our traps arrived soon afterwards. We put up in the bungalow, and thanks to Mr. Shadwell, the Assistant Commissioner, were soon supplied with all the necessaries of life. There was a detachment here of the 44th, and we were building a stockaded place for them. Just below the hill on which the bungalow stands there is a deep valley, with a river passing through its centre, and in this, on a former trip, I had noticed thousands of fish. The sepoys used to catch a good many, but the Cossyahs did not like their doing so, as they considered the river and the pool in which the fish were principally found, sacred. I had no fishing-tackle with me that trip; but we had come well provided, and on the 29th, Blake, Ommanney, and I went down, thinking to catch no end of fish, but there was not one to be seen. We tried for several hours, but at last desisted in disgust. The place was formerly literally alive with fish; on this occasion there was

not one! What had become of them I can't imagine. When I went there about a year afterwards, the pool was again alive with fish! The Cossyahs said their spirits had taken the fish away to prevent our catching them. To console ourselves, we shot a lot of snipe. The road to Cachar and to Nowgong, in the opposite direction, was visible a long way, winding over the hills, and to the south-east appeared a much higher range than that on which we were, and our elevation was 4,300 feet. We got coolies together to make a start for the River Durrung, where we hoped to get mahseer.

October 30th.—Our march to-day was over the most beautiful scenery possible, high table-land, well-wooded, and with three large rivers passing through it; one of these rivers had a capital wooden bridge over it. The others were spanned by means of huge stone slabs. The Sholas reminded me very much of the Neilgherries; one plateau was particularly lovely, very nearly flat, at an elevation of 5,700 feet, with a river to the north, and another to the south of it, and both full of middling-sized mahseer, and a fish very like the trout. The Sholas had woodcock in them, as we put up several; this place would have made a better station than Shillong, as water-carriage is nearer. We halted for the night at Jarain, where there is a good bungalow. Very cold here at night. On a clear day I believe Cherra Poonjee is visible from here, but it was too misty when we were there to see anything.

October 31, 1869.—As the distance to the Durrung is a good eighteen or twenty miles, we started very early. Soon after starting the road became so bad that we sent our ponies back to Jarain, with orders for them to be sent on to Jynteahpore, where we proposed going to, from the Durrung. We had to walk all day, there was not a drop of water anywhere. We were therefore very glad to reach a village called Sankar, overlooking the Durrung, at three o'clock. Here

we rested a while and had a good drink of water; but our destination was not reached yet, as we had to go down a nearly precipitous descent by means of steps cut in the rock, or by springing from rock to rock. Though the distance could not have exceeded half or three-quarters of a mile, it took us an hour to do it. We reached the Cossyah village at last, but the hut we had ordered was built in the heart of the village, and not on the river bank, as we wanted, so we would have nothing to say to it, but went down to a cliff, overlooking the river, where we found a spot about fifteen feet square, pretty level. Here we determined to camp, and got some poles and branches, and leaves of trees, and rigged up some sort of shelter over us, as the dews at night were very heavy. We did not care for shelter during the day, as we knew we should want the greater part of the day for fishing. A little lower down we found a place, where we put up our table, chairs, &c. We were about fifty feet above the river, which is very deep just here, and we could see thousands of mahseer of all sizes feeding about in the water just below us, and things looked well for sport. We had brought our tackle with us, though the rest of our traps were behind; and as soon as we could get boats we went out. Neither General Blake nor I caught a single fish, but Ommanney, who had been here before and knew the water, caught three mahseer weighing seven pounds, four, and one respectively. By dark most of our traps had arrived, but only two servants; the rest had got drunk in a Cossyah village, and did not appear till late next day. However, we all set to work, whilst the two servants prepared our dinner, and soon had our beds made and musquito curtains rigged up. The beer and wine we put into the river, and took headers ourselves into it, and enjoyed a long swim in its icy-cold waters. About eight o'clock our dinner was ready, and a better I never sat down to. My one servant, John, certainly exerted himself to some purpose

that day. Our cook was not there, and only one other servant, who was of very little use, so John had everything to do, and did it well. We were as tired as we could be, and retired to bed early, and slept the sleep of the weary.

November 1st.—The General and I were up and swimming about before daylight, and Ommanney, with many a grumble, got up and made tea, &c., whilst we dried ourselves. The water was icy cold. This is a beautiful place to bathe, as you can take headers off the rocks into twenty feet of the clearest water possible. We each got a boat; I took the first I came across, and found I had one of the best boatmen in it. I christened him "Wind-up," as it was the only bit of English he knew; and whenever we came to a rapid, or I struck a fish, it was always a case of "Wind up." He had been in the habit of accompanying our padre, Mr. Hind, and others, fishing, and had learnt so much, and no more, English. This river is divided into rapids, with deep pools intervening. The scenery is not only very pretty, but very grand. One portion which we called the gorge, was not less than sixty feet deep, with perpendicular banks of 250 to 300 feet high, the hills covered with dense forest and jungle. General Blake made some very pretty sketches of this and other portions of the river scenery. The Cossyah boats are very light, broad in the beam, have a small false keel, are very safe, and easily propelled. I went up stream first as far as I could go, without getting a run. I was trolling with a spoon-bait, but coming down at the first rapid, I struck a fish; we were however, carried down at such a rate, the boat could not be stopped till we got into smooth water again, by which time my fish was drowned. It turned out a solitary kind of trout, 2 lb. in weight. I then passed the village and over four beautiful rapids, and to the extremity of the gorge, where there was a weir, without a single run; but on my way back I caught two fish, one 3½ and the other 1½ lb. each. In the gorge itself, whilst fishing

very deep, having heavily weighed my line for that purpose I hooked a very large fish. I was using a large spoon, about the size of a gravy-spoon, and treble gut, spinning tackle, and one of Farlow's best rods and lines. This fish at the first rush took out more than seventy yards of line. I got the boat to a neighbouring sandbank, and landed to play it. It fought me steadily for half an hour before I got a sight of it. The sun was in my face, and the perspiration ran down it till I was nearly blinded. I then drew the fish into shallow water, and could watch its every movement. It did all it could, by lying down on its side and rubbing its head and its mouth with the sand, to get the hooks off, but it did not succeed. At one time, a fish every bit as big as itself approached it, and it went at it open-mouthed, like a tiger. General Blake joined me, and after a hard fight of three-quarters of an hour I landed about the handsomest fish I ever saw. It weighed between 28 and 30 lb. My weighing-scale that trip was only graduated to 20 lb., so we had to cut the fish in two to weigh it; it thus lost somewhat by loss of blood, entrails, &c., but the two pieces together turned over 28 lb. For the next trip I got a proper scale out, that marked up to 60 lb. We always weighed our fish as soon after they were caught as possible; a fish always loses weight by being kept. We then had a bathe, and went to our encampment to breakfast.

In the afternoon in the rapids I caught two, 4½ lb. each, and one ½ lb. I then went through the weir, and close under it caught a whopper, 40 lb.; but it did not give me nearly as much play as the 28-pounder, nor was it as handsome a fish, but, of course, very much larger. Ommanney had bad luck, losing several fish and bagging only one, 2½ lb., with the spoon, and with the fly thirteen small fish, weighing altogether 9 lb. General Blake caught two mahseer, 4 and 4½ lb. each, and several *gar fish*. These

fish are a great nuisance; they are very voracious, they have a long snout full of sharp teeth, they go at the spoon and get caught on the hooks, and as they do not struggle, and are so light that the angler does not feel them, and is therefore unconscious that they are on, no other fish will eat them, so they are useless as bait, and directly they are hooked the spoon ceases to act; so a man may troll for miles, nor have the least chance of catching a mahseer. We left off fishing just before dark, and, after the usual plunge, dined and went to bed.

November 2nd.—To-day again I had all the luck, and caught the following fish:—one mahseer, 4 lb.; one mahseer, 1½ lb.; one mahseer, 35 lb.; one mahseer, 5½ lb.; one mahseer, 3½ lb. The large fish I caught below the weir, very near where I caught the 40-pounder. I also lost a fish about 8 lb. I had exhausted it, and told the steersman to spear it; but he missed it, struck the hooks out of its mouth, and in rebounding they went into his thigh, and I had to cut them out. Wilson of the Artillery, an old schoolfellow of mine, and Lightfoot of the 44th joined us to-day. The former caught a mahseer, 9½ lb., with the spoon, and several small fish with the fly. Lightfoot, using only a fly, caught some fifty small fish. General Blake caught one 18 lb. with the spoon, and a lot of small fish with the fly. Ommanney had very bad luck, and only caught some small fish. As there were two more for whom accommodation was required, we had to place our beds touching one another, and to get into them either from the top or bottom, there being no room to move about elsewhere.

November 3rd.—Our last day. We went out early, and I had very good luck, with very indifferent results. I hooked a lot of fish, but they all got off; the hooks either breaking or straightening out. I was on to an immense fish for upwards of an hour, but at the last moment the hooks gave,

and all I got was a huge scale and a bit of its mouth; one hook straightened and two broke. I only landed one, 6½ lb. Wilson got one, 2 lb.; whilst neither the General, Ommanney, nor Lightfoot had any luck. In the afternoon we moved camp to Joplong, *en route* to Jyntcahpore. We had to walk there, a distance of four or five miles. Here there was only a small stream for us to bathe in, and we got bitten by our old friends, a fish called by the Burmese the nga-boodeen; I had no idea they were to be found here. There are two varieties of this fish: one confined to salt water, the other to fresh; the former grow to a large size, the latter are always small. A peculiarity of this fish is, when taken out of the water, it blows itself out into a balloon shape; it bites horribly, and has a very repulsive appearance. We slept under some fine trees, under which a weekly *hât*, or bazaar, is held.

November 4th.—We had to walk about two miles to get to a river, which would lead us to Jyntcahpore. The boats were mere dug-outs, without any covering; and I don't think I ever felt the sun hotter in my life, than whilst cooped up in these apologies for boats. We had to pole against the stream, and by dusk found ourselves three miles from Jynteahpore, and the branch of the river leading to it dried up; but the main river had six to eight feet of water. We put up in a *Nùm Ghur* on the banks of the stream, and sent in to Jynteahpore for coolies. We saw numbers of the nga-boodeen fish caught here in nets by the fishermen. The river muddy and sluggish. Further up I believe it is good for mahseer; but here I don't believe there were any fish but catfish and the nga-boodeen.

November 5th.—The coolies, for a wonder, turned up about eight, and we reached Jynteahpore about ten. This place many years before had given us a good deal of trouble to reduce, and even now there were many cannons lying about, and the

old ramparts are in a good state of preservation. The people are a ruffianly lot—Mussulman Sylhetians, very turbulent; and not kept in the order they ought to be. These people won't work or carry loads, so we had to send for Cossyahs, and it was late before we got a sufficient number. Our ponies were here all right. As Lightfoot had no pony, I gave him mine to ride, and walked all the way myself. Wilson and Ommanney shared one between them. We got off about two and had ascended only about half-way up the ghat, when darkness set in, and the coolies refused to go on, as they said there were many man-eating tigers about. So we put our cots in the most open spot we could find, and made it our camp for the night. The coolies lit huge fires and sat up all night. In the middle of the night there was a cry of a tiger. Lightfoot fired his rifle off into the air, and there was a great commotion; but nothing came of it, so we composed ourselves to sleep, and were not disturbed again. I saw here a peacock or argus pheasant.

November 6th.—We started early, passed Jarain, and put up in some huts, which had been built for the survey party. There was a cold, drizzling rain, and we were glad to get under shelter.

November 7th.—We beat all the Sholas that looked likely for woodcock, but they lay very close, and though several were flushed, we got none. We reached Jowai in the evening, and Shillong the next day.

In *September*, 1870, Colonel Hicks, Ommanney, Bourne, and I, left Shillong for the hunting and fishing grounds on the Sylhet side. We started on the 13th and rode to Chirra that day, getting wet to the skin of course; but as all our things had been sent on some days before, we found a good dinner and a roaring fire awaiting us.

September 14th.—We started our fishing-tackle and breakfast ahead, and then followed ourselves, leaving our things

to be brought after us. We reached Terreah Ghat at nine. Got four boats, and after breakfast went up the river. This used to be a famous stream for mahseer, but the Cossyahs poison the fish every year, till very few are left, and very poor bags are made. The whole of this country is a mass of limestone, and when a fish is struck it is necessary to keep an extra taut line, because if you don't the fish will get under a hòllow boulder, and then good-bye to your tackle, as you have to cut your line, it being impossible to draw a fish out that has once taken refuge in one of those hollows, or the line chafing against the rocks soon breaks of itself. The boats here are much heavier than those in the Durrung, and the boatmen are lazy Musselmans, who will work splendidly for themselves, but will not exert themselves for a European. In the morning Colonel Hicks got two fish, one 8 lb. and 3 lb. Ommanney got one 3 lb., one 2½ lb. and 14 small ones with the fly. I got one 3 lb. In the afternoon Bourne caught one 3 lb., one 2 lb., one 5 lb. Ommanney one 3 lb., one 2 lb., and some small ones with the fly. I got one 20 lb., one 9 lb., and one 2 lb.

September 15*th.*—To-day we moved camp and tried a short cut to Lākât, and had great difficulty in getting there. We reached a sandbank at dark and encamped there. We heard fish splashing about all night, but did not think they were máhseer.

September 16*th.*—As we started early this morning I was the only one who threw out a line, and I almost immediately hooked a heavy fish. The others were close by, and all pulled up whilst I played it. Some kept yelling that I kept the fish too taut, others that I had the line too loose, and so on; but without heeding them in the least, I kept steadily on to my work in my own way, and at last reduced the fish to its last gasp. It had already turned belly uppermost several times, and we all admired his grand proportions, for

the fish was undoubtedly an immense one, when, with a last expiring effort, as it turned over, every hook broke, and I lost about as fine a fish as I ever struck. After this everybody began to fish. Ommanney was in the same boat with me, and fishing with exactly the same tackle and spoons, yet I got all the luck. We caught several fish, and about ten it began to rain. Bourne was leading, and as our boat approached a rapid, we saw Bourne coming toward us fast on to a large fish, and with the whole of his line out; so he had perforce to follow it down stream; as he passed us I struck a large fish, a 32-pounder, and had to follow him. He lost his, but I secured mine. I had no sooner thrown out the spoon again, than I struck another fish and landed him, a 22-pounder. About eleven we arrived at a hut Major Stewart had kindly had built for us. It was near the weir, where last trip I caught the large fish. Here we put up. Colonel Hicks had nine fish weighing 43 lb. the largest 13 lb. Bourne had six fish weighing 27 lb. the largest 11 lb., Ommanney one 6 lb. I had five fish weighing 66 lb., the largest weighing 32 lb. In the evening we went up stream through the Gorge, and the result was Colonel Hicks caught three fish, one 16 lb. two 4 lb. each. I caught five, 9, 5, 2, 1½, ¾ lb. respectively, all on the same spoon. Bourne caught two, 10, 4 lb. each; Ommanney seven fish, weighing 47 lb., largest 26 lb. We caught to-day 245 lb. of fish.

September 17*th.*—I went back towards the sandbank, and below the weir I caught one fish 41 lb., and six others weighing 12, 9½, 4, 4, 3, and 4 lb. each. Colonel Hicks caught three, 4, ½, and 7 lb. each; Bourne one 8 lb.; Ommanney one 8 lb. We all lost several fish.

September 18*th.*—To-day Ommanney in a rapid caught two fish, 30 and 20 lb. each; Colonel Hicks two, 1 lb. each; I caught two 7 and 5 lb. each. In the afternoon Ommanney caught three, 17, 17, and 6 lb. each; Colonel Hicks two, 10, 3½

lb. each; I got four, 26, 14, 3½, 6 lb. each; Bourne six, 14, 11, 4, 3½, 2, and 2½ lb. each. The fish caught in the afternoon were hooked off the sandbank, where we had slept on our way up. No sooner was a spoon in the water than a fish was on to it; we got there rather late, but a better half-hour's work I never saw. Bourne lost me a fish about 14 lb. in weight by insisting on gaffing it in a scientific manner, he said, but only succeeded in knocking the hooks out of the fish's mouth. After he was alongside the boat he had nothing to do but to insert the gaff into the gills to have landed the fish, but he would try and dig the gaff into the shoulder of the fish, which is protected by large scales as tough as tin, and after failing twice, in the third attempt he lost me the fish. In fact I look upon the gaff as useless for mahseer. Colonel Hicks and Bourne went on to Terreah Ghat, whilst Ommanney and I slept on the sandbank.

September 19*th.*—I fished for a long while without getting a run, whilst no sooner was Ommanney's spoon in the water than there was a fish on to it. On examining my tackle I found my spinning gear out of order. I put it to rights, and soon caught three fish, 14, 4, and 6 lb. each. Ommanney caught five, 26, 22, 20, 14, and 4 lb. So ended our trip. We bagged 736 lb. of fish, of which I got 276; Ommanney, 258½; Colonel Hicks, 105½; and Bourne 96 lb.

In October I again went down, Mr. McWilliam, Dr. Cond, of Cachar, accompanied me a part of the way. I got to Chirra on the 16th without getting wet, for a wonder.

October 17*th.*—I tried the Terreah river from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M., and all I caught was one fish about ½ lb. in weight by the eye; but in lifting it into the boat the eye came out, and the fish dropped overboard; that was the only run I had. I started for Companee Gunge at 3 P.M., got there at 10 P.M.; put up in a shed, bathed and dined at 11 P.M.

October 18*th.*—Started very early; fish were rising very

freely, and the water was pretty clear, the stream deep and broad. I had my line out sharp, but did not get a run till 2 P.M., I then caught two fish about 3 lb. each, called by the Bengalese bassah, and by the Burmese nga mein; and later one mahseer 14 lb. I got to the sandbank at 8 P.M.; the stream had altered greatly for the worse. The sandbank was covered with men, women, and children, catching small fish, which they did in thousands by frightening them into nets, the whole while yelling like demons. The smell from the putrid fish was sickening, and sleep out of the question; I was glad when daylight appeared and I could go off. I first went down stream and caught a fish 2½ lb., and then hooked a large one; but the knowing brute made for the bank at once and rubbed the hooks off on to the stump of a tree at least twenty feet under water, and I had to get a man to dive to bring them up, which after several failures he succeeded in doing. I then went back to our old diggings and caught ten fish, 16, 12, 9, 10, 8, 8, 7, 2½, 11, 15, 20, in all 118½ lb.

October 20*th.*—Went up stream, starting at 7 A.M. In the Gorge hooked a large fish, and landed it within a quarter of an hour, weight 42 lb. It gave little or no play. Almost immediately after I hooked another large fish, and got it within ten minutes; it swam up to my boat, and my steersman cleverly speared it through the head, weight 36 lb. Fished all the favourite pools and rapids, but did not get a single run till I got opposite to the village, where we put up in 1869, when out with Blake; there I struck and landed a fish 28 lb; this gave a good deal of play, and was the first fish we caught there, though from a height looking down into the clear water, mahseer of all sizes, from five feet long to little fry, could be seen. Further up I caught another, 14 lb., and got home to breakfast at ten with 120 lb. of fish. In the evening I caught one 18 lb., one 7 lb., one 5 lb., and one 4 lb., total 154 lb.

October 21st.—Started very early and beat up and down the deep pool in the Gorge three times without a run; then down stream beyond the weir to near the sandbank without a nibble, but returning homewards I killed two fish, one 10 lb. and one 3 lb. I tried live bait to-day, and all manners of artificial minnows, crystal baits and spoons of various sizes, but the fish would not look at them. I fished again in the afternoon, but did not get a single run.

October 27th.—Met my old boatman, "Wind-up," whose real name is "Byan." He had been absent at some village, assisting to cultivate. I went up stream as far as I could go, but as I hooked nothing I went back, put my traps into boats and made for the sandbank, where I got by evening, having caught seven fish, 24, 9, 7, 14, 17, 8, 31, and five bassah, weighing 14 lb. From the sandbank (23rd October) I caught five mahseer, 21, 13, 11, 24, 19, and three bassah weighing 11 lb. I had great difficulty in getting into the Terreah Ghat river, as all the channels were dry but one, and that I could not get any one to show me; but after losing several hours I accidentally hit it off, reached the bungalow at three, and rode into Shillong the next day.

In September the following year I again fished in this river, and in four days caught 376 lb. of fish: the largest being 44 lb., one 40 lb., one 36 lb., and the rest from 28 lb. to 4 lb., besides of course losing many other fish hooked, but not landed.

In September, 1872, Vetch, of the 11th Hussars, and I left for Terreah Ghat, had a beautiful day, and reached Chirra without getting wet.

September 13.—A very hot sunny morning. Rode down the ghat ahead of our traps, having sent on very early our breakfast and fishing-tackle; but the man to whom these had been intrusted did not turn up till eleven, and pretended he had lost his way, which was a palpable lie, as there was but one

road and that a very broad one the whole way; so gave him a hiding to teach him better for the future.

We went out fishing at 12; but the Cossyahs have succeeded in destroying all the fish; for though we went up and down the river the whole afternoon, I caught only one fish, one pound in weight, and Vetch did not get a run.

September 14th.—Rained slightly in the night. The morning cool and cloudy. Could not get boats; but, after a great deal of trouble, got off at nine, and had scarcely gone a mile when some of the coolies jumped overboard and ran away. We went the short cut; and the boats had to be dragged over the various impediments thrown up by the Cossyahs for catching fish. Directly we got into the main stream I threw my spoon overboard, and struck a large fish—we had never tried here before—but my split-ring broke, and I lost my spoon and fish. The heat to-day was awful. We breakfasted at 11.30; and went through an extensive Bheel into the Lakat river. On entering this, Vetch caught the first fish; and during the afternoon he caught four, 13, 6, 1, 9 lb. I also caught four, 3½, 6, 2, 24 lb. We got to the sandbank at dark, and slept in the open. The mosquitoes got inside our curtains and bit us badly.

September 15th.—Fine night last night; heavy clouds about, but no rain. As only two boats had arrived, Vetch and I went out fishing in one, and sent the other for more boats to take our traps to Durrung. I had all the luck, catching five fish, 22, 28, 8, 6, 6 lb. each; the second gave a great deal of trouble to land. Vetch did not get a run. Got back to the sandbank at 10 A.M.; breakfasted, and then moved up stream. I caught two fish, 4, ½ lb. each. We put up in a new place, as the shed built for us by Stewart had been washed away. I had some large waterproof sheets, and these we threw over poles attached to trees, and made

very comfortable tents out of them. We got everything settled by dark.

September 16th.—Rain in the early morning. We both went out in separate boats, but neither got a run for a long time. I tried my largest spoon, half as large again as the largest gravy spoon, in the Gorge, in the hopes of catching a whopper; but the weight of it frayed my treble gut, and I soon lost my spoon and a portion of the gut attached to it. Vetch then went up stream, and I down. Near the weir I caught one, 6 lb.; and below got a run from a large fish, but it got off. Coming back, in very nearly the same place I hooked and landed a large fish, 36 lb. Vetch had one run, but lost his spoon and fish. In the afternoon we again went out, first up stream. I caught three, 6, 3, 1 lb. each. I then went down through the Gorge, and below the weir, but caught only one, 15 lb.; Vetch caught seven fish, 12, 8, 2, 4, 3, 1, ½ lb. each. He also hooked his boatman badly, the second time this trip.

September 17th.—Coolish morning; we both fished up to 11 A.M. Vetch got two small fish, 1 lb. each. I caught one 20 lb., and he gave a good deal of trouble to land. After he was alongside the steersman speared him, but the fish broke the line and swam away with the spear in him; but we went after it, and after a short chase captured it. I then hooked a middling-sized fish, but it wriggled itself off when close to the boat. I then struck a large fish, but my treble gut snapped as if it had been a bit of packthread, so I lost my fish, spoon, and hooks. In the evening I caught three others, 12, 5, and 2 lb. each. Vetch only got one 1 lb.

September 18th.—We went up stream and got a run, but the hooks broke and the fish escaped. I got nothing more till, going down stream below the weir, I got one 14 lb., and shortly afterwards another 6 lb. Vetch going down the pet rapid, caught three fish, 22, 2, and 1 lb. each. He got upset out of

his boat into water fully 15 feet deep, and it was some time before we could recover the rod and line which he had dropped. We reached the sandbank at 11, where we breakfasted—the heat awful. In the afternoon I got two fish, 17 and 4 lb. each; Vetch only one about a pound in weight.

September 19*th.*—We left the sandbank for Terreah Ghat; I caught four fish, two weighing 6 lb. each, and two 3½ lb. each. Vetch caught an odd kind of fish of the cat tribe, and it seemed to live just as well out of the water as in it. It was an ugly brute. In this trip I got 277 lb. of fish, and Vetch 87½; but this was his first attempt, and he certainly had bad luck. Fishing in the Manass will be related elsewhere. There are many other rivers on this and the Cachar side swarming with fish, and these places can be reached within one week and two days at the most from Calcutta, and I wonder that lovers of the gentle art do not frequent them more. During the Doorgah Poojahs especially, the merchant princes of Calcutta might spend many a pleasant day on these waters. There is very fair woodcock-shooting about Shillong, *en route* to the Peak, there are some sholas with wet bottoms; these are sure finds for woodcock in the season, but they lie very close, and won't rise till a man almost treads on them. General Blake and I shot several there. I have shot them also there, once out snipe-shooting near the hockey ground; and once with a lot of solitary snipe I put up and shot a woodcock. This was in a valley about three miles north of the station. There was a very heavy patch of long reeds very wet, and in this there was always in the season a lot of solitary snipe.

CHAPTER IV

ASSAM.

Its Mineral Wealth—Tea—Dishonesty in the Sale of Gardens—The Brahmapootra—Climate—Habits necessary to combat with the same—Dress, &c.

OF all our possessions in the East, Assam is probably the richest in natural resources, and, up to a very late period, also the most neglected and backward. It came into our possession at the conclusion of the Burmese War of 1824-26. The Burmese during their occupation had devastated it fearfully; they not only killed the male inhabitants, but walked off with the younger portion of the female in thousands. Although there are evidences that Assam at some remote period has enjoyed a fair share of civilisation, good government, and prosperity, there remained to us but ruins of cities, vast embankments, and dykes to prove that in a bygone generation Assam was not the deserted wilderness it was when it became ours. Very soon after our occupation Mr. Bruce discovered the indigenous tea-plant. The province was never popular with the higher officials of India. No Governor-general interested himself especially in that province, as did Lord Dalhousie in Burmah, or Lord Ellenborough in Sinde. It had no independent government, but was tacked on to Bengal, already an unwieldy lieutenant-governorship, but its patronage was valuable, and any contemplated separation

was strenuously opposed. It had a commissioner over it; but he had little power, and was subordinate to all intents and purposes to the board of revenue, the members of which, clever civilians as they were, and well acquainted with Bengal, knew as much of Assam as the man in the moon. Thus the local authorities and this board were always at loggerheads; the former knew the requirements of the province, but the latter did not, and cared less. They insisted it should be governed from Calcutta, 900 miles off. Occupying as he did such a subordinate position, for he had not even the control of the department of public works, is it any wonder that a commissioner soon became disgusted, and contented himself with drawing his salary and allowing the province to go to the devil.

Although Assam has fields of coal, petroleum, slate, and other minerals inferior to none in the world, I believe it would still have been steeped in the greatest misery had it not been for the English planter, who, sinking thousands and thousands of pounds in the tea trade, gradually but surely forced the government to introduce a better government. For very many years the legislation was entirely against the planter, and in favour of the Coaj, and matters are not altogether on a satisfactory footing yet. There is a good deal to be said on both sides. The European officials only saw the worst phase of the lower class of European planters; the better class gave no trouble, and were overlooked. They judged of all by the few, who, constantly drunk, litigious, and disreputable, haunted their courts and gave the European planter a bad name all over the country.

The officials, moreover, had had no proper training, and were lamentably deficient in knowledge of law, the language and manners and customs alike of the European and the native. They were mostly officers, who, being attached to the

three local regiments, through interest, were pitchforked into the commission and were told to dispense justice, law, and equity. Many of them have spent a lifetime in the province without being out of it, and have imbibed rooted ideas, not the least being that the planter is a beast, who cruelly ill-treats the coolies he has spent thousands in procuring, and whose prosperity depends on the efficiency of the labour at his command.

The high dividends paid by the Assam and other companies drew the attention of the moneyed merchants in England to this industry, and the wildest, and in many cases the most dishonest, speculation took place, and led very near to the ruin of every tea planter.

For though amongst the planters there were many high-minded men as incapable of doing a dishonourable act as the best of the European officials, yet there were some capable of the grossest acts of downright dishonesty.

Directly the speculative mania set in, gardens were offered for sale which did not exist. Fictitious plans and reports were sent home, a company organised, a vast sum obtained, and then orders were sent out to make a garden! Young tea plants were purchased and planted in ground but partially cleared, at any distances and in any irregular manner, without a thought whether the plants would die or live. The new company, utterly ignorant of the management of a tea garden, hastened to provide for the various relations of the managers; and a large staff of young, and in many cases well-educated men were sent out, who had nothing to do on arrival. They neither knew the language nor a tea-plant when they saw one; and if any complaint was made that the garden did not answer to the description given at the time of sale it was all put down to the last season, which had proved a very bad one, and that the drought had killed the greater part of the plants. Immense tracks of land were taken up solely with a

view of selling to a company, and many very dishonest fortunes were made.

One garden notably, say of 500 acres, was sold as 1,000 acres, and after the sale a telegram was sent to the then manager to remove every alternate plant and replant elsewhere to double the acreage!

The young men having nothing to do took to drink and died by the dozen; and Assam, which had never had the best of reputations for salubrity, got to be looked upon as a golgotha. The officials had constant troubles, the companies, the growth of this speculative mania, failed one after the other. The coolies were largely in arrears, and in many cases starving, and had to be provided for; the life of an official became to him almost a burden, and the name of tea-planter stank in his nostrils. He confounded the good and the bad together, and unconsciously began to take the part of the cooly against his master, without weighing the evidence much. It was sufficient for a wretched, half-starved-looking cooly to come before him with a complaint, for him to decide in the labourer's favour, and nothing the planter said would be listened to. Things came to such a pass in 1865-66, that tea-planting very nearly collapsed. Gardens which had cost thousands of pounds were abandoned, their owners ruined and the property reverted to government, and any one applying for it, on rent paying pottah, might take it up. Gardens which in Kumroop might have been bought for a trifle, or taken up on pottah, are now again worth their proper value; but with the exception of a few knowing men, nobody in those days would have accepted a garden as a gift even. But things are gradually getting on a healthier footing and righting themselves; and the tea-planter and tea-planting is an institution in the land which cannot be any longer ignored.

Assam is a long narrow valley, bounded on one side by the

Bhootan, and on the other by the Cossyah Hills, and their continuations. It is intersected by the Brahmapootra river, one of the finest rivers of Asia. Its sources are not quite certain, but it is believed that it rises in Thibet, and after taking at first an easterly course it passes through the lower Himalayas, and reaching the Assam valley takes a westerly course and falls into the Bay of Bengal. There is scarcely a portion of this valley through which this mighty river has not at some time or other flowed. Sometimes approaching the Cossyah range to the south, and at others to the Bhootan Hills to the north, it has left deserted channels everywhere, and has at last settled down in the centre of the valley nearly equidistant from the two ranges, which have proved insurmountable barriers to its erratic course. Wherever this river has once flowed and receded it has left not only vast channels but huge hollows, which have formed into swamps, where the rhinoceros, elephant and buffalo thrive, and where they are unmolested, save by an occasional European hunter, who unheedful of the stories told him of the deadly malaria prevalent there, seeks them in their homes. Such was the reputation of Assam at one time for unhealthiness, that any one whose life was assured for any other part of the East, forfeited his policy if he visited Assam; but all I can say is that I travelled over the districts which had especially a bad name at all times of the year, and never suffered; and that some of the healthiest-looking men I have ever seen were some of the officials who had been resident in Assam more than thirty years.

Assam, like Burmah, is subject to a damp heat, totally unlike the hot dry climate of the greater part of India. One suits certain constitutions and the other others. Men who will thrive in the one won't in the other, and *vice versâ*.

It does not do for a man in Assam to drink, or to be given to sedentary habits. He should wear flannel and be ordinarily

careful, and I believe he can go anywhere without running any great risk of fever. The one thing he must remember is, if he encamps near the foot of a range of hills, to avoid sleeping within the influence of the wind which nightly rushes down from the elevated plateau to take the place of the exhausted air of the plains, through one of the numerous gorges which abut on to the plains and through which generally a river flows.

After many years of misgovernment, Assam at last has been made into a Chief Commissionership and separated from Bengal. The head-quarters have been removed from Gowhatty, one of the most unhealthy spots in Assam, to Shillong, one of the finest climates in the world, though it has many drawbacks. A great improvement in the constitution of the commission has also taken place; thoroughly well-trained civilians have been introduced into the province, and the military civilian has no longer everything his own way; but if he wish to hold his own with the new element, he has to work doubly hard to keep pace with those better trained than himself in all the niceties of civil government. There are also many uncovenanted servants, who are amongst the most able of those employed in the province.

The telegraph is still wanting to Debrooghur, but it must be extended there ere long. Doubtless a railway will follow. The great crying evil of Assam was the want of communications. The country is so subject to inundation, that to make roads fit for traffic all the year round very heavy embankments are required. Until Capt. De Bourbel, R.E., became superintending engineer in Assam no regular system of road-making worthy of the name existed. It was a happy-go-lucky sort of thing, and based on very unreliable data. During his time and that of his successors, and whilst I was executive engineer, levels, plans, and estimates for trunk lines from Nowgong, in Central Assam, to Singhamaree, at the

extremity of Assam; to Dewangiri, on the Bhootan frontier; and a cart-road from Gowhatty to Shillong, were submitted, and are more or less in course of construction; and as the head of the engineering department is one of the cleverest of the Bengal engineers, I have no doubt in a few years these undertakings will be completed, and the province thoroughly opened out.

But the Assamese element is a difficult one to work with or to control. Assam is divided into Upper, Central, Lower and Durrung, besides the Naga and the Cossyah and Jynteah Hills. Each has a Deputy Commissioner, and under him an Assistant and Extra-assistant Commissioner, and under them mouzadars. These latter are generally great rascals. They have obtained their appointments by heavy bribes to native officials about the Deputy Commissioner, and they screw and oppress the unfortunate ryots in every way, favouring the Hindoo element and bullying the Cacharee people. They are supposed to live in their mouzah, but seldom do so, preferring some large town for their residence. Nothing can be obtained in the district except through the mouzadar, and even if the traveller be possessed of a purwanah it is useless if the mouzadar cannot, as is generally the case, be found. One or two of the Deputy Commissioners have removed a mouzadar for disobedience of orders, and for refusing to assist government officers on circuit duty; but it was worse than useless their doing so, for the men were generally reinstated on appeal.

Thus the sportsman or traveller has many difficulties to encounter. Elephants at one time were very plentiful and easily obtained in Assam, but since the Bhootan war they are a scarce commodity. The jungles teem with game, but it cannot be got at without elephants.

Although this work is more especially devoted to sport, I think it would be incomplete without a few words on

tea-planting. This industry has been more largely developed in Assam than in any other part of India, and undoubtedly the discovery of the indigenous plant gave it a fillip which was wanting elsewhere. The climate and soil are well suited for its cultivation, but I believe Burmah is superior in that respect, and will rival Assam yet in the growth of teas of the best description. The people of Burmah are so suited for this industry, and they are far nicer to deal with than the Assamese or the wretched Bengalee.

There are three descriptions of plant grown. 1, Indigenous; 2, Hybrid; 3, China: and local climatic influences tend either to improve or deteriorate the flavour of the tea manufactured. The tea made of the Indigenous is the most valuable; it is used solely for flavouring inferior China and other weaker varieties. It does not make the best tea, as it is too astringent. The plant is delicate, requires shelter when young, and I would not advise a garden being stocked solely with it. The Hybrid is the hardiest and yields the best, and the tea made from it is delicious to drink. It is also largely used in flavouring other teas. The China is the least valuable, but that grown in Assam gives a better description of tea, than that grown in China even. When planted in rows between the indigenous it yields very valuable seed, and I think a certain quantity of it essential in every garden, and for making the best descriptions of drinking tea. It does not yield anything like the other two, but when the soil is favourable it has often an aroma which is wanting in the others. The Assam planter does not as a rule manufacture tea for drinking by itself, but generally for mixing with inferior teas, to give them flavour and strength—therefore the stronger his tea is, the better price it will fetch in the market.

Any one who likes a solitary life, and is fond of sport, and whose constitution is unimpaired, and who has a small

capital of about 2,000*l.*, ought in the course of fifteen years to realise a fortune. He should first go out as an assistant, learn the language and his work, and when quite *au fait*, look out for a good piece of land, where indigenous labour can be procured. Forest land is the best, but it is not easily procurable in Assam, though I think it could be in Burmah. This forest has to be felled, with the exception of a few trees, wide apart, which should be left to give shade to the young plants. These trees can always be afterwards killed by singeing the bark all round, and they are not then the least in the way; nothing is so bad for development of leaf as shade when the tea-trees arrive at maturity. For the man with a limited capital, I would advise him to begin with 100 acres under plant, and to keep that thoroughly clear, and to fill up all vacancies for at least two years. When this portion begins to yield in its third year, he might begin to extend gradually, in accordance with the labour at his command—but from twenty-five to fifty acres a year will be ample. The young plant should not be pruned for two years, and then be just tipped, the first real pruning taking place in its third year; the plants should then be moderately plucked; they should not be unduly taxed that season. In the fourth year the plant should repay all previous expenses; the forest trees after being felled should be cut up into lengths and stored for charcoal hereafter. The branches should be lopped off and burnt, and the ashes mixed with the soil when the ground is hoed. The seed, if Indigenous, should be planted five feet apart, two seeds at stake are generally enough. Hybrid four feet apart, and China from two and a half to three feet. The ground, after being hoed, should be staked out in regular rows; the pits at stake which receive the seed should be well dug, the soil loosened well to allow the top root to descend well into the soil, without which, though the plant may live, it will never thrive. Not more than an inch of

loose earth should be put over the seed. Tea grown at stake is far healthier and stronger than that grown in a nursery and afterwards transplanted. When all the clearances, &c., are completed, the planter should set to work to build tea houses, drying sheds, coolie lines, &c., and a bungalow for himself. Even amongst the Assamese local labour is the best; imported labour is very expensive, and very unsatisfactory. He should choose a site where there is water-carriage, not far from some ghat where steamers touch, to enable him to export his produce. If he can afford to buy a couple of elephants, he will always find them handy to bring out his own supplies, rations for his coolies, and also for recreation for himself, for shooting. There are few portions of Assam where game is not abundant; and for the first two or three years a planter will have plenty of leisure for following his bent, if it lies in shooting and fishing. I would advise no man to go in for a tea-garden unless he can look after it himself. The Assamese have learnt the art of making tea admirably, and I have no doubt the Burmese and Karens would take to it readily too, and plenty of men could be procured in Assam to instruct them. The European has really very little to say to the actual manufacture of the tea; it is done by his subordinates; but he must always be on the move, and whilst meddling as little as possible, see that all hands are suitably employed. Let him get up early, ring or strike his gong for all hands to assemble, and tell off the gangs with their head-men to their different tasks; let him have his chota-hazree, and then in about half an hour follow, and spend three to four hours prowling about his garden. Let him take his gun, as he is almost sure to see jungle-fowl, pheasants, perhaps deer, and occasionally bears, pig, and more rarely perhaps a tiger, leopard, elephant, bison or buffaloes—and although it is forbidden to shoot elephants in Assam, but little would be said to a

planter who killed one on his own estate in defence of his property or life.

I took two years' leave and tried tea-planting, and liked it immensely, but I could not afford to throw up the service to follow it permanently; and I would strongly advise men entering life, and possessed of some means, to look to tea-planting, whether in Assam or Burmah, as a means of obtaining a competency within a reasonable time. The great drawback to Assam is the people, who are a mongrel set, cowardly and treacherous, great opium-eaters, and very often drunkards. They keep their women secluded; many are very pretty when young, but owing to debauchery and vitiated habits, they rapidly age. Both sexes are very lascivious, and their priests' abodes are nests of prostitutes, who, whilst dispensing their favours indiscriminately, are yet supposed to be perpetual virgins. The most noted courtezans are from Hayoo, and they are really a well-made, handsome set, and though common amongst the natives, do not visit Europeans. So debased are the people, that during a certain festival, men and women get drunk and dance naked in public; it is not even thought wrong for a girl or married woman during this feast to have intercourse with any man, and nothing more is thought of it afterwards. The Bengal element prevails in the larger towns, and education has I think done more harm than good. The men are all adopting the Bhramoo Somaj faith, which gives them greater facilities for getting drunk, and for aping the vices of the Europeans. They are most litigious, and will swear to a lie much sooner than to the truth. A race who can indulge such practices is, I need scarcely say, almost beyond redemption. The Cacharees, who live far away from the larger towns, are a much pleasanter race, but they are gradually being Hindoo-ized, and degenerating rapidly. Assamese marry when quite children, and it is not unusual to see a girl of twelve a mother

The Bhooteas are a fine-looking, largely-made race, but oh, so filthy! They are great beggars, and come down to Hayoo, bringing a small breed of dogs for sale; and using sheep as beasts of burden. They meet at Oodulghessy in Durrung once a year, and bring great numbers of ponies, &c., for sale. They have hybrids between the gyal and the common cattle, and though these answer in the hills they soon die when brought down to the plains.

The Cossyahs are very like the Karens in many ways, and wear the same kind of dress. They are a sturdy race, and can carry immense weights. They are intensely dirty in their habits as a rule, but their women, when they take service as ayahs, wash and keep themselves clean. They are well made, have good but large figures, wonderfully good arms, legs, and small feet and hands, and are not remarkable for virtue. No Cossyah, however heavy his load may be, will follow a winding road. He prefers going straight up the face of the hill. He burns his dead and erects cairns to their memory. Some of these cromlechs are huge granite slabs ranging as much as 29 feet high. The upright ones are erected in remembrance of a male—the flat for a female. It is surprising how they move these immense slabs. There is a bridge at Nurting, made of a single slab of granite of the following dimensions: length, 30 feet; width, 9 feet; depth, 2½ feet; and as there is no stone in the neighbourhood it must have been brought many miles.

The Jyntiahs are even a finer race than the Cossyahs, though closely allied. In former days they were possessed of great wealth and power, but successive rebellions and invasions of our territory have led to their ruin; and they have learnt such a lesson from the defeat and loss inflicted on them by our plucky little Goorkhas, that they are not likely to incur our wrath again. Their wealth consists in orange and betel-nut groves, limestone, coal and slate, and growing

potatoes. Gowhatty, till lately the capital of Assam, as seen from the river, is an exceedingly pretty place, but, alas! the whole back portion of it is a mass of putrid swamps, in which in the rains dead bodies float about, and fever, ague, smallpox, dysentery, and diseases of all sorts are always raging more or less. Whilst executive engineer there I received an insane order to plant a thick hedge of the fast-growing bamboo right round Gowhatty, including the river face, on the recommendation of a Colonel Somebody, who had once resided in Assam a short time, and who knew as much about the province as I do of the inhabitants of Jupiter. He talked of the hill tribes migrating down in the rains and encamping on the churs and sandbanks of the Brahmapootra, which at that time of the year are not in existence, and asserted that this belt of bamboo would keep out the malaria; quite forgetting if it did that it would keep it in too, as within the proposed belt vast swamps existed. Unhealthy as Gowhatty was, this belt would have put the last finishing touch to our lives; excluding the river air would alone have killed us. So I point-blank refused to carry it out and referred it to superior authority; and as I never heard anything more of it I presume this brilliant idea was not approved of. I then submitted a scheme for converting these swamps into large and shapely tanks, deepening them so that they should never dry up, and filling up the surrounding hollows with the earth taken out of their beds; but as it would be an expensive job I doubt whether it will ever be done; but that is the only thing to make Gowhatty salubrious.

Unhealthy as Gowhatty is, within fifty miles of it there are elevated plateaux rivalling Coonoor and Ootacamund in climate. For a long while Cherra was the chief hill station. It is situated on a ridge 4,000 feet high, rising abruptly out of the plains of Sylhet, and it receives the full force of the south-west monsoon, its average rainfall being 600 inches!

Notwithstanding this excessive rainfall Cherra was very healthy, its soil laterite and rock, and its drainage good. The rush of such an immense quantity of water cut the surrounding country into the most fearful fissures, and ravines, and chasms, some of them with a sheer perpendicular fall of 2,000 feet. As a hill station it had many advantages: at the foot of the hill, eight miles by the government road, there was water communication with Sylhet and Dacca; steamers plying once a week between Dacca and Chuttuck; so supplies were easily and cheaply obtained, because the thousands of Cossyahs who took down potatoes to ship to Bengal were only too glad to bring back return loads for a nominal sum. Fish, poultry, and all butcher's meat, were very cheap. The Terria Ghat river afforded capital fishing, and in its neighbourhood both small and large game were to be found, so the officers had some amusement to fall back upon. In the rains, when the plains were inundated, numerous tigers used to come up the hill, and it was not safe to go out after dark, and many people were killed by them. Beyond Terria Ghat, there were many other rivers like the Durrung, swarming with mahseer. Notwithstanding that the surface was so unfavourable for gardening, mould washed down from the heights gave the requisite soil, and all English flowers flourished wonderfully, and the neighbouring hills were covered with azaleas, rhododendrons, &c., which gave the country a home-like appearance. The Cossyahs are great adepts at building in rubble masonry, and in carpentry, and have a capital idea of constructing decent houses. The excellence of their workmanship is shown by the way in which many houses, though dismantled of their roofs and exposed to the fearful rainfall for many years past, are still standing. House-building was not dear in those days at Cherra, but still it cost something, and one day the fiat went forth that Cherra was to be deserted and Shillong formed into a station.

I do not know from whom the idea first emanated, but I presume from Colonel Rowlatt, one of the ablest officials in Assam. Disgusted with the rainfall of Cherra, in his wanderings he came across a plateau, with a northern aspect, between Mooflong and a Cossyah village, on the road to Jowai, called Laban. The rainfall was trifling, not above sixty inches, and the elevation between 5,000 and 6,000 feet, so he built himself a small hut (now the dak bungalow), intending that it should form the centre of the new Sanatarium, and urged on Government the adoption of his views. Now Col. Rowlatt knew the hills thoroughly, and he had a good knowledge of engineering and hill-road making, and he was a man whose word could be relied upon fully, but with the usual red-tapism in vogue in India, the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, concurring in a great measure with Col. Rowlatt, yet sent up a commission to report on the proposed site. Its president was an old distinguished soldier, who had spent the greater part of his life in the plains of India, and was used to the old Poorbeah Sepoy, likewise an inhabitant of the plains. The beautiful and cold climate of the chosen plateau struck him as far too cold for sepoys, forgetting that it was not proposed to locate ordinary sepoys of the plain there, but Goorkhas of the 44th regiment Native Infantry, men who came from the Nepaul hills, whose home was in the vicinity of perpetual snow, and at an elevation certainly not less than 10,000 feet, and to whom the altitude of 5,000 feet (that chosen) would be, comparatively speaking, warm. He left this plateau, and descended into a hollow, called Laban, where the Cossyahs themselves would not live, and which they used for burning and burying their dead. They all asserted it was very sickly, and such has proved to a certain extent true, for cholera has frequently appeared there, and infantile and other diseases are seldom absent.

The rainfall is in reality only from sixty to seventy inches

in the year, but a regular downpour is rare; it is a perpetual drizzle, which is just as unpleasant, and which soaks one to the skin, and renders the roads slippery and nearly impassable; so after all, I don't think any great advantage has been gained over Cherra, where, when it did rain, it came down in buckets. The views of the snowy Himalayas from Shillong in October and November are beautiful; but the great drawback is its distance from a navigable river. Gowhatty is sixty-three miles off, and the road is very deadly at times. No labour is procurable along it, and coolies have to be impressed in the plains to take goods from Gowhatty to Nongpoh, thirty-two miles; and as they seldom got paid, though the money had to be lodged in court before any attempt to procure labour was made, the men used to sham ill, throw down their loads in the jungle, and bolt. From Nongpoh to Shillong, the Deputy Commissioner had to impress coolies all over the hills, and it was a case of perpetual driving to get anything up, and then at a great cost of money for actual coolie hire, and loss owing to breakage. The Cossyahs for themselves, and even for us, till some idiot of a Deputy Commissioner put them up to other tricks, would carry always a maund, or 84 lbs., but this bright old woman ruled that 40 lbs. was ample, and beyond that, for the future, they would not carry an ounce. Each coolie cost three to four rupees between Gowhatty and Shillong, and they were probably a week or more on the way. Coolies at Shillong cost one rupee a maund, at Cherra four ans. To bring things up from Cherra to Shillong was nearly as expensive, for though the Cossyahs would take up a load for four annas to Cherra, further they would not go, as they were afraid of getting ill, if they went to their Golgotha—Laban, or the present Shillong.

Col. Briggs, who had been employed under Col. Kennedy in the construction of the Thibet road, laid out with his usual skill a capital hill cart-road, but it was eighty-four miles

to Mooflong; and after several lacs of rupees had been spent, Col. Rowlatt's line, *viâ* the Oomean-Nongpoh and Burneyhat, was chosen, and it is now the road used, and along which I marked out a cart-road. Opposite to Morflong, twenty miles nearer Gowhatty than Shillong, there is a beautiful plateau as like Ootacamund as it can be, and 6,000 feet high; but for some reason it was not even inspected by the commission appointed to choose a site in preference to Cherra.

As it was a part of my work to travel over the hills and plains in search of the best routes for road-making, I soon came to know the greater part of the country, and certainly the best site for a station I have seen was a plateau 5,500 feet high, fifteen miles from Jynteapoor on the Jowai road, almost level, and with ample accommodation for a couple of regiments and a battery of artillery, flanked on two sides by lovely mountain streams, swarming with trout and mahseer, and with fair small game shooting about; and as steamers can ply to Jynteapoor in the rains and within three to four miles of it at all seasons, surely that would have been preferable to the present Sanatarium. At Shillong there is literally no amusement for the European officers. Cricket was the only game we could indulge in. Shooting and fishing there were none within a day's reach, and it is very expensive moving about on the hills.

Jowai is the head-quarters of the Jynteah hills, where an Assistant Commissioner is stationed.

Of game there is not much on the hills themselves. Bears, sambur, and barking-deer, with a few tigers and a great many leopards, are those principally met with; but on the lower slopes towards Gowhatty there are numbers of bison and elephants. In the season woodcock, solitary, common, and jack-snipe visit the hills; and the derrick pheasant, jungle-fowl, black partridge, and the red-necked partridge, are found, but in no great numbers. Travelling from Jyntea-

poor over the hills direct to Nowgong, rhinoceros, the gyal, and marsh-deer are met with. The Cossyahs report the existence of a red bear, but that I doubt. Though the serow is met with on the tops of the hills near Gowhatty, I have not heard of its existence on either of the principal ranges. Most of the game found in Burmah exists also in Assam. The brow-antlered deer, so plentiful in Burmah, extending to Munnipore, is not found in Assam, but it is replaced by even a handsomer variety of deer, viz., the marsh or bara singah deer. The gyal wanting in Burmah is found in Assam. The two-horned rhinoceros found in Burmah is wanting in Assam.

The spotted-deer and antelope are unknown in Burmah, but are found in a few localities alone in Assam. The wild cattle of Burmah are not found in Assam, but a large variety of tame cattle, or hybrids, between the gyal and the ordinary cattle of the country, have run wild, and are found in the Terai at the foot of the Bhooteah range. The gour is plentiful in all the hill ranges, and I have seen some splendid heads brought down from the Naga and Mishmee hills. The sambur is not nearly as plentiful in Assam as it is in Burmah, but the specimens I have seen reminded me more of the kind found on the Neilgherry hills than in the plains of Pegu. Elephants are very plentiful everywhere, as are also the larger single-horned and the lesser single-horned rhinoceros. Buffaloes are in hundreds wherever there are swamps and surrounding high grass. In the Mishmee hills is found the takin, a beast which much resembles in appearance the gnu of Africa. In the Terai also is found the pigmy hog, a very curious variety of the wild boar. There is very fair small game shooting in Assam. The Indian pea-fowl, the jungle-fowl, pheasant, black and marsh partridge, quail, and florikan are plentiful. Two species of the hare, the common and the hispid, are found, but are only plentiful towards Doobree. Tigers and bears are very numerous, the latter more

destructive to human life than the former, but they are very difficult to find. The finest pig-sticking in the world can be had in the churs of the Brahmapootra, towards and below Doobree, and the boars are not only very large but very savage. In the churs, I have put up boars lying within a few yards of a tiger, and many of them no doubt, unless taken unawares, would prove a formidable antagonist to a tiger even. In the Terai, where there is no riding ground, we always shot pig for our camp, as our coolies, the Cacharees, prefer it to any other meat. Jungle pigs will eat carrion if they can get it, and I have seen a whole family feasting off the putrid remains of a buffalo. They are only clean feeders when they can get no filth to eat. There is a great want of salt in the Terai and the village cattle are consequently given to filthy habits, and act as scavengers.

There are remains of numerous roads and water-channels in the Terai, showing that what is now a desert, was in by-gone times a well-cultivated district. Many of these channels are in very good order still, and are very troublesome to cross as they have perpendicular sides, and are too broad for an elephant to step across, and until one comes to a part hollowed out by wild beasts one cannot get across, and has to wander along their banks for miles.

Generally the officials in Assam knew very little of the country. The Commissioner confined himself to the river, perhaps went to the Oodulghessy at the time of the fair, and visiting Shillong, knew nothing of the interior of the country. The Deputy Commissioners went year after year along certain routes, where everything was prepared for them; but even they knew nothing of the interior of the country, or of the difficulty experienced by Europeans in penetrating it. Only the planters and a few sportsmen ever travelled out of the beaten path, and so obstructive were the mouzadars that it was nearly impossible to move, as food was unattainable.

The villagers were glad enough to feast off the game killed, but they would supply rice and paddy only on compulsion, and after living on us perhaps for a week or more. When we wanted to move a few miles further off, the village would be deserted, and not a coolie obtainable! I took care that they were paid daily for everything we got from them, at their own prices; but the idea of supplying Europeans, even when that leads to their own profit, is repugnant to an Assamese. They all hate us, for we have been much too kind to them, and they do not understand that, and put it down to weakness. Very few speak Hindoostani. Their language is a corruption of Bengalee, so a new comer has to learn a new language before he can hope to go about the country and learn the whereabouts of game. Shikarees there are none. A class of men go wandering about with poisoned arrows, killing numbers of tigers and leopards, and picking up the horns of rhinoceros, who have died of their wounds, and which the sportsman has not had time to follow up. Such rascals are they that they took to manufacturing tigers' heads for the reward, but were discovered by Mr. Campbell, the able Assistant Commissioner of Burpetah.

I arrived at Gowhatty early in December 1866, and but for the kindness of Mr. Campbell, personal assistant to the Commissioner, who placed half his house at my disposal, I should not have known what to do, for every house was full; but, thanks to him, in a few days I was enabled to settle down and look about me. Of course after thirteen years of Burmah I found myself all abroad in Assam, where the language and people were so different. Captain De Bourbel was absent, but returned in a few days, and we soon got on capitally together. He was anxious to push on the trunk roads, but as he had had some eleven executive engineers in one year or eighteen months, not much had been done. I had to learn the work required, and got together my old servants from

Burmah, bought some good ponies, collected elephants and began my inspections. There were many nice people in Gowhatty in those days; Fisher, the superintendent of the Lower Assam Tea Company, and I soon hit it off; and very often shot together in the vicinity. I had to see about a road to Nowgong then in progress, and Frank Bainbridge, Fisher, and I went to Chunderpore, on the Keeling, a garden belonging to the Bainbridge brothers. I had to stay there several days, looking about me, and we spent the early mornings, before the Assamese got up—for it takes them hours before they get over the debauchery of the previous night—in searching for game. The very first day we hit off the fresh marks of bison, and as they had separated into two herds, Frank and Fisher followed one, and I the other. They came upon theirs lying down, and though their guides tried to point them out, they could not distinguish them from surrounding objects, and at last fired at a stump, mistaking it for the head of a bison lying down, upon which the herd jumped up and bolted. I came upon a fine bull facing me, and as I was in the act of firing, my guide touched me on the shoulder—drew off my attention, and the animal escaped. I was in such a rage!

These, bolting, disturbed the whole hill, and though we heard bison several times during the day, they were too alert to allow us to come near them. From the top of the hill I saw a fine buffalo lying down at the foot of the hill in a bheel, so having nothing better to do, went after it and broke its back the first shot. Frank hearing me fire, came up; we crossed over in a dug-out, polished off the buff and cut off his head. Near this garden there are several salt-licks, and bison and deer are fond of visiting them during the night, and also early in the morning and the last thing in the evening. In all the bheels in Assam, and they are very numerous in the season, geese, ducks, teal, are in thousands: fair snipe

shooting is to be had, but nothing equal to Burmah. Near Beltolah is the best ground, but as it changes every year, it is impossible to describe exactly its whereabouts. A man must find out the best ground for himself, and all any one can do is to tell him near where it is to be found. If a man do not possess the faculty of finding out snipe ground, no one can do more than point out to him the sort of ground he should look for and the neighbourhood in which to search for it. Florikan are found in the paddy-fields in November and December; when the ground has dried up in a great measure they go into the paddy-fields, not after the grain, but after the grasshoppers. The Terai is the great place for florikan. I do not understand why there are no bustards in Assam, as the ground is very favourable for them. The best season for fishing is from September to April, and I know nothing which is more exciting than to feel a heavy fish on one's line.

In the same streams with the mahseer, the bassah of the Bengalees and the ngamein of the Burmese is found, and takes the same kind of bait: for the table I prefer the last named; mahseer kippered or made into a curry is very good.

I made several tours here and there in Assam, between December and June. I was with Sir C. Reed at Logva Ghat in March 1867, when that officer shot two rhinos, with one ball each, and then lost a huge one. I lost one. Colonel Cookson knocked over one, and thinking it was dead, took off his hat, waved it as a signal to us and hurrahed! but the beast recovered himself, got up and bolted. I shot several deer and buffaloes this trip, three of the latter in one day, besides quantities of small game of all sorts; and at Burpetah in February 1867 I also shot several buffs, deer, florikan, hares, and snipe, geese, ducks and teal. In June 1867 I determined to visit the Terai, though I was told it was certain death venturing there at that season; but in the great

Wynaad jungles in Southern India all fear of malaria ceases after a certain amount of rainfall, and I see no reason why the Terai should be different. I therefore sent on my traps and elephants, and proceeded myself by boat to Tarah-baru Ghat *en route* to Burpetah and the Dooars, where I arrived on the 10th of June at 7 A.M.; but I found no elephants there, though I had sent them on in ample time to have got there. Thinking they might be at Burpetah, I sent a note to Boyd, the Assistant Commissioner, and he very kindly sent me out a palanqueen, but as the elephants turned up in the course of the afternoon, I sent it back and halted where I was for the day.

June 11*th.*—Stirred the people up at 4 A.M., and got off soon after 5 A.M. I took a couple of elephants, riding one of them, with me across country, and sent the baggage round by the road. The villagers said there were many tigers about, but I did not see the ghost of one. The country at first was quite open, over paddy-field and then low grass jungle. In this I hit off a broad trail, but could not tell what it was caused by; but thinking it was a herd of buffs, and as they were going my way, I thought I'd see whether there were any decent horns amongst them; but when we came to a marshy piece, we found we were following one if not two rhinoceros. I had a good battery—two two-groove double rifles (muzzle-loaders) by Lang, a double No. 10 breech-loading rifle by Lyell of Aberdeen, and two smooth-bores, both breech-loaders. I soon came upon the fresh deposit on the mound, where rhinos usually drop their ordure, and knew the beast could not be far off, and my elephant began to show decided signs of funk, and tried to bolt several times, but the mahout kept it straight. At last in front of me, looming through a patch of high grass, and on the borders of a small bheel, I distinguished the body of a rhino, intently listening to the noise we were making. Neither the mahout nor the elephant

saw it, so I touched the mahout on the head, and he at once stopped the hathee. I could see nothing distinctly, but fired into the mass in front of me; on the smoke clearing away I saw a very large rhinoceros bolt into the bheel, and gave him a shot in the shoulder. He pulled up and faced me, looking vicious; I dropped the Lyell and took the Lang, and as he charged, gave him a couple of shots in the chest. On receiving them, he swerved and bolted, squealing awfully. Not till then had my elephant moved, but this noise was too much for it, and it broke away from the mahout and went in an opposite direction to that taken by the rhinoceros, and could not be stopped for some time; and I saw what I believed to be the rhinoceros go away to the left, and as soon as the elephant was under control again I followed up, but could find no trace anywhere, so went back to the bheel and took up the trail, and came upon the rhinoceros stone-dead. This was my first rhinoceros in Assam. It was a very large animal; one of the largest I ever killed. Its horn was massive, but not long, only eight inches, but 1¾ seers in weight. We got men from the nearest village, cut off the shields and head, and gave the people the meat, and made our way as straight as we could for Burpetah, where I got about twelve, and put up with Boyd for the day, and arranged all my traps for a move on the morrow.

June 12th.—Started very early for Bornugger, sending my things along the native track, and going across country myself in search of game. I soon struck off the fresh trail of a rhinoceros, and followed it up, but I was rather too late, and it had got into its lair, where I could not follow. I could hear it feeding distinctly, probably not more than fifteen yards off, but could neither go on foot—owing to the boggy nature of the soil and the depth of water—nor could the elephant force its way in, owing to the tangled nature of the jungle surrounding its stronghold; so most reluctantly I

had to leave it. In a heavy bit of grass jungle, near Barry's deserted garden, I came upon seven buffaloes. I could see them, but they could not see me; and one of them, a large bull, hearing the noise my elephant made in forcing its way through the jungle, threw up his head and trotted towards me, so I killed it with three shots. This disturbed and frightened away the herd, excepting one young bull, who did not seem to think it needful to run more than a few yards, and then faced me. He had a singular pair of horns, about three feet each, but so regularly curved as to meet at the points, and with the forehead forming very nearly a circle, and as he gave me a good chest shot, and as I wanted his head as a curiosity, I killed him. The Lyell rifle I generally used; it had very short barrels, was well balanced, and suited me exactly. Though it was ten-bore and carried a three-ounce conical, I could make very quick and accurate shooting with it, and killed a heap of game, but it got loosened at the breech, so I had to part with it.

I reached Barry's deserted bungalow about 2 P.M., and sent for his old mahout, still quite a lad almost, and the best tracker and mahout I ever met with, and engaged him. He knew the jungles thoroughly, and had been present with Barry and Mackenzie at the death of many a rhinoceros and other beasts, and I placed myself entirely under his guidance.

June 13*th*.—Sent my traps by the road to Dowkagoung, Barry's second deserted garden, and went across country myself. The season was too far advanced, and the new grass had sprung up to almost the height of the old, so though we disturbed a lot of game, including tigers, rhinoceros, bison, and buffaloes, I did not get a shot till close to a village called Mina Muttee. There, in a bheel, I came upon a herd of buffaloes, and as a bull and a cow had particularly good horns I let them have it right and left; the cow rolled over,

the bull fell on his knees, but speedily recovered and bolted with the herd. As I passed the cow a ball through her head put her out of pain. I also soon came upon the bull and floored him, and feeling blood-thirstily inclined, killed another young bull, and wounded several others. Going back for the heads I could find the bull nowhere, but the cow's head was a fine one and I secured it. The horns measured 10 feet 8 inches. I told the villagers at Mina Muttee of the kills, and they immediately went out in a body for the flesh. They found the big bull dead, and the next day picked up two more, but none of the heads excepting that of the cow were worth keeping, so I left them all behind me. At Mina Muttee there is a very nice stream, full of nice-sized mahseer and a trout-like fish, and it is more central for shooting than Dowkagoung. I got to Barry's bungalow about 2 P.M., but my traps did not arrive till half-past 4 P.M. I fancy the people had stopped and cooked on the road. The Cacharees don't milk their cows, so I had great difficulty in getting milk; the head-man was a drunken old brute, and would give me nothing till I lost patience and tied him up to a post in the verandah, when, as if by magic, everything I wanted was forthcoming.

June 14th.—I had the devil's own luck to-day, wounding and losing three rhinoceros. There were so many about, their tracks so numerous and so intricate, that although Sookur was a splendid tracker, we kept, in our eagerness, getting on to the wrong ones, and not discovering our error till we had gone sometimes several miles. We started soon after daybreak; and just beyond the remains of the tea-garden I saw rather a fine buck marsh-deer, and as it seemed to have fine horns I tried to kill it, but could get nowhere near it, and losing patience I fired and missed. I then crossed rather a difficult nullah, and came upon fresh rhinoceros tracks; Sookur took up the trail beautifully, and in a

very short while I came upon one and wounded it severely; in following up I came upon its mate and hit that, but it too bolted, making the peculiar noise rhinoceros do when badly wounded. We followed full score, but the fresh marks were so plentiful that in our anxiety we pushed on a little too fast and got on to wrong trails, and did not discover our error till we reached the banks of the Boree Nuddee, a good five miles off. We then went back, and more carefully took up the first spoor, and soon came upon one of the wounded ones, looking very seedy, and again hit it twice, but off it went as if it bore a charmed life. We again followed, and tracked by blood, but it got into tarra or wild cardamom jungle, and there we lost it in the multitude of other tracks. We then got into very heavy grass jungle, where there were a lot of mud-holes, in which rhinoceros delight. Here I came upon another, hit and lost that, but it was evident it was one of my bad days, and I could kill nothing. It was fearfully hot, and being a long way from camp, I made for home. I was close to the base of the Bhootan range, and though it was raining incessantly a few miles from me not a drop of rain fell where I was, though I would have given the world for a downpour. Near a dry bed of a river I got a shot at a marsh-deer, staring at me, but a good 150 yards off. My ball fell short. Sookur put down my ill-success to want of powder, but I had 5½ drachms, and that is enough to kill anything; but there are days in the life of every sportsman, in which, let him have ever so many chances, he can kill nothing, and this was my case to-day. The villagers were all assembled with knives, &c., ready to cut up the game they had heard me fire at, and were much disgusted at my ill-success when they saw me come back empty-handed.

June 15th.—Though I started early I did not come upon fresh tracks for a long time; the scrimmages of yesterday had evidently disturbed the jungles about here, so I went off to

the right and came upon a fresh track; put up a rhinoceros, but could not get a shot; the jungle was so heavy that though several times I could hear his grunting within a few yards of me I could never get a sight of him, and he eventually dodged us. Sookur then took me a good long way off, where he said there were many mud-holes, but not seeing any fresh marks he was not as careful as he might have been, and when approaching a large mud-hole fringed with heavy grass, instead of going into it by what appeared an old track, he passed by it, and suddenly to my left there was such a rush and a splashing as two rhinoceros bolted out of it for their lives. Had he gone into it I must have come upon them lying down in the mud and water, and have got two capital shots; as it was I did not get a shot at either. These two I followed for miles, but the jungle was too heavy; and though I put them up again and again, I did not get a shot, and eventually lost them. Going homewards, I put up another in the bed of a small stream, but never saw it. I was at least a month too late; but I deserved bad luck for having made a mess of the rhinoceros on the 14th inst. I have killed forty-four since, and never had better chances. Sookur said the rivers were filling fast, and advised me to move back, or our retreat might be rendered impracticable.

June 16th.—So we moved back to Bornugger, shooting nothing *en route.*

June 17th.—I had heard a good deal of a place called Pakah, and I was told it was not far from Bhawanipoor, and that there were vast herds of marsh-deer there; and where they are tigers always abound. So I thought I would march back that way; and therefore instead of going to Burpetah I turned off, and with great difficulty crossed over the Boree Nuddee and got on to a road leading to Bhawanipoor, and asked my way; but nobody seemed to know where Pakah was. Now I afterwards found out Pakah was the name of a sub-division, and

no village in particular was called Pakah, though some dozen in the mouzah went by that name occasionally. Two of my servants, instead of sticking to the elephants, or asking me where we were to encamp, marched straight into Burpetah, miles out of their way, and I had to send an elephant after them. Every nullah we came to was out of our depth, each elephant had to be unloaded, and to swim over, and we had to search for boats to take our traps across; our progress accordingly was exceedingly slow and very fatiguing. After thus crossing five streams, about 2 P.M. I pulled up and put up in a shed in a nominal Mussulman village; but so debased were they, that to propitiate the Hindoos, who swarmed round them, they had actually a namghur with a Hindoo idol in it! They could talk no Hindoostani, only Assamese and Bengalee. For the first time I saw nets used for catching wild buffaloes. They were constructed of cord as thick as my middle finger; and directly a buffalo got entangled in one he was speedily speared to death! My servants did not arrive till twelve at night, so it was just as well I halted when I did.

June 18th.—In search of Pakah. We had again to cross several swollen streams, unloading and reloading the elephants each time. The more we inquired, the less the people seemed to know where we should go to find Pakah. The whole country was a sheet of water, and progress very, very slow. At last I got on to a plain rather higher than the surrounding country, and covered with short fine grass, and a florikan got up. Although I never eat these birds I always shoot them. In going after it I put up a couple of marsh-deer, both does; at which I did not fire. Immediately afterwards I flushed and missed the florikan, and the report started a fine buck, which I followed and killed. A lot of villagers came up and said there were many deer about, and wanted me to shoot some for them; but I did not know

where I should encamp, so could not afford the time to go with them; but a doe springing up gave me a good shot, and I killed and left her for the people, and went on till about 4 P.M., when, coming to a deserted namghur, I pulled up and waited for my followers, who did not arrive till dark. As the people and animals were very tired, I determined to make a short march on the morrow and beat about for game.

June 19th.—I beat back to yesterday's ground, and met villagers going out with nets after deer. They destroy a great many this way, and also kill tigers, panthers, and bears in them. I had to go a long way before I saw a single deer, and the first shot I had was at a doe, which I hit, but lost. I then put up a splendid buck and two does. Made a capital shot at the former at a good 200 yards off, and after an exciting chase brought him to bay. I also saw buffs, but they would not let me get near them. I then turned back, and found my chapprassie had taken my traps to a village, surrounded on three sides by deep water, to which I could only get by retracing my footsteps several miles, so I called out to him to reload the elephants and to go to a village further on, where there was a ford and where I went myself. As usual I put up in a namghur, but the Hindoo priests objected; but I had taken care to ascertain that any traveller had the right to put up in them, whatever his caste or creed might be; so I refused to budge, and this nearly led to a row, as the people turned out. But at the sight of my battery they thought better of it, and did not molest me, sending a humble petition that I would not eat inside, to which I readily agreed, as it was my custom always to have my meals in the open, only using the shed for shelter during the heat of the day, in case of rain, and also to sleep in. These Hindoos will always presume if they be permitted, where a European is concerned. They would not have said a word had I been a Mussulman, or a Cacharee; yet either is as

abominable as a Christian to them and their creed. With the greatest difficulty I got back to Gowhatty on the 22nd, travelling incessantly, and all the old residents thought I was mad to have ventured into the Terai at this time of the year, and prophesied that within ten days I should get the dreaded Terai fever, from which few recovered; but I did not get it.

Round about Gowhatty we had many a day's sport. Game there was in plenty, but hills covered with bamboo interfered with us; as most animals were knowing enough to make for them and to take shelter therein when they heard us approaching.

In July 1867 I visited Shillong. There was no road worthy of the name then, and the coolies we had to carry up our stores, &c., threw them about the jungles and bolted, and inflicted great loss on us. As I had work to do on the plains, I left my family there and returned to Gowhatty, not very favourably impressed with the place, for I thought it was not worth the bother and expense we were put to to get there.

The Lower Assam Tea Company had a bungalow in the station, where their manager and assistants put up, and just behind it there was a good deal of jungle. On two occasions Fisher had shots, once at a tiger, and once at a panther, in broad daylight, out of the back verandah; and I have known several panthers caught there in traps. In the season Assam is a capital place for duck and geese-shooting; but the bheels are so immense, and are so surrounded by dense grass-jungle, that it is almost impossible, and exceedingly dangerous, to shoot on foot. The best plan is to get a couple of "dug-outs," fasten them together, and with a screen in front and a man poling behind, to go out into the bheel, and very fair bags can be made this way. In the season Fisher and I killed a good number of snipe. Near his garden at Moirapore there was very good ground; but the best is five miles

from Gowhatty, on the Beltolah Road. We shot lots of jungle-fowl, pea-fowl, and a few florikan; and he and I together had very fair sport at Chunderpore, a tea-garden belonging to the Bainbridge brothers; and at Myung, where we got buffaloes, hares, deer, florikan, and very pretty partridge-shooting. Altogether, in 1866-67, I killed twenty-two buffaloes, hit one tiger—which was picked up dead afterwards—many deer, one rhinoceros, and lots of florikan and other small game. In January 1868 Bowie of the police, Barry a tea-planter, and I, went down by boat to Baisah Ghat, *en route* for Burpetah. We started on the 8th; the elephants preceded us on the 2nd. At this time of the year we have very heavy fogs in Assam. Both Bowie and I had work to attend to, and Barry, who accompanied us, had tried his hand for some three years at tea-planting in the Terai, but finding it did not pay, had thrown his gardens up; but he knew the language, and the part of the country we wished to visit, which was, in fact, the same as that I had gone to in June 1867. The Assistant Commissioner had reported that there were no less than five man-eating tigers depopulating the country about Baisah, so we went there in preference to Tarrahbaree. We went all night in the boat, but the men were afraid we might overshoot our ghat; so about 4 A.M. we pulled up. But the fog would not clear up, so after a bathe and our chota-haziree, we went along, just drifting, for no one knew where we were exactly; but we expected to reach the ghat in an hour or two. About nine it cleared up for half an hour or so, and we then ascertained we were a long way off our destination, so the crew got to work to pull again. We were going along very quietly, and presently we saw a buffalo on a sandbank, and he very conveniently walked into the water and lay down. We got to within some eighty yards without disturbing him; he then heard us and stood up, so for something to do we opened fire. The first round

every one missed, but my second barrel caught it in the hip and down it went. We jumped ashore and soon killed it, and then found it was a poor emaciated beast, which had already been previously wounded, and could not have lived long. It was a mercy to put the poor thing out of its misery. It had a good head, which we cut off. We did not reach the ghat till 3 P.M. I sent to find out news of tigers, but could hear nothing of them. We halted that day, sleeping in the boat at night; for although we could get no news of the tigers, their feet-marks were plentiful enough along the sandbanks.

We had not enough elephants for our party, so had to engage coolies; and only those who have been forced to adopt this mode of conveyance can know the amount of trouble and bother there is in procuring coolies in Assam. The mouzadars, Hindoos themselves, will not impress the Hindoo ryots, but send miles and miles away, and forcibly seize Cacharees and bring them to do the work which their own villagers ought to do. There is the usual protest by every man, that the load set apart for him is too heavy, that he is ill and unable to walk, that he has not had food for twenty-four hours (too often too true in the case of Cacharees who have been forcibly seized and brought perhaps from a distance of twenty miles). For an hour there is nothing but wrangling and fighting, and it is no use to leave camp till each coolie has departed with his load, or the chances are it will be left behind. I would advise no one to go on a shooting-trip into Assam who cannot muster enough elephants to be altogether independent of manual labour. It is heart-breaking to have anything to say to the wretched inhabitants. How I do wish that either the Russians, Prussians, Yankees, or French could occupy Bengal and Assam in particular for a few years, just to teach the people a lesson. It is absurd to put these savages on an equality with ourselves. If

we are all equal, we have no business in the country. If we hold it as conquerors, we should treat them as the conquered, and force them to treat us as their masters. The present philanthropical dodge is at least a thousand years too far ahead. The people don't understand such treatment themselves, and despise us for it, and put it down to weakness.

Well, at last we got off. We found the villagers, to get rid of the tigers, had burnt every scrap of jungle; so, the country being bare, we saw little or no game. We fired at and missed a deer and wounded several buffaloes; but as they ran back towards the river we did not follow them up, but made straight for Burpetah, getting there at half-past 2 P.M. We shot a few duck, teal, and partridges *en route.*

January 11*th.*—Halted to-day, as we had work to attend to. In the afternoon went after florikan, but did not see one. Can't think where they can have gone. Shot some black partridges.

January 12*th.*—After the usual trouble and bother with the coolies, who did not assemble till eight, we got our traps off. An Assamese is of no use before eight or nine in the morning, by which time he has slept off the fumes of opium and the effects of drink and debauchery. Barry not being very well, went along the road, whilst Bowie and I went across country. We got nothing but small game, though we saw thousands of marks of rhinoceros, elephants, and buffaloes; but a savage cow-buffalo charged Barry without the least provocation; but he was equal to the occasion, killed her, and boned her calf. In the evening we all went out to Bornugger after small game. Walking through the mustard-fields, we did not see much. The florikan we could not get near. Bowie shot a pea-fowl and a black; I got a couple of blacks and a jungle-fowl.

January 13th.—The coolies assembled late, and after a great deal of row we got them despatched, but did not start ourselves till half-past 9 A.M. I re-engaged Sookur, and his uncle Seetaram accompanied us. *En route,* passing a likely-looking piece of grass for florikan, we entered it, and put up at once four florikan and several blacks. After a great deal of trouble—as the birds were very wild—I killed one florikan and two blacks; none of the others got anything. We saw but very little game, and reached Mina Muttee at 4 P.M., our traps not arriving for an hour later. No huts had been built, though ordered long ago; however, we had tents, but had to pitch them ourselves, as tent lascars are not procurable in Assam. We succeeded in making ourselves comfortable just before dark. The stream here is always deliciously cold, and we did "buffalo" in it for a considerable time, and cooled our beer in it.

January 14th.—Bitterly cold and very foggy this morning. We started very early, but could only see a few yards in front of us. The country seemed well burnt, and we soon hit off the trail of a rhinoceros; but unfortunately one of the elephants trumpeted, and although we did not see our quarry, we heard it bolt. In about an hour Sookur struck upon a fresh trail, and with his usual sagacity followed it up; but the animals had the start of us, and had got into jungle some fifteen or twenty feet high, into which we followed. A rhinoceros just in front of me grunted, and my elephant halted, and all the others bolted. Sookur hammered mine well about the head, and made him go into the grass with a rush. The rhinoceros bolted, and I got two shots as it crossed an open piece. It then went into grass thirty feet high, and I did not like to go in after it, for fear of getting the elephant cut, so tried what I could do by skirting it; but the rhinoceros would not leave his refuge. So there being nothing for it, in I went, the elephant in an awful funk, but

kept straight by Sookur. Barry came up, but Bowie's elephant would only make tracks to the rear. As I advanced the rhinoceros retreated, and at last, as it was crossing over the dry end of a narrow nullah, I put two more balls into it; it ran up the opposite bank loudly screaming, and I followed at my elephant's best pace. The rhinoceros then attempted to charge; but a right and left turned it, and three more shots killed it—a very large cow, with horn thirteen inches long, and weighing 1¼ seer. We then breakfasted. Barry being unwell went back to camp, and Bowie and I went on. We soon hit off another track, and in a dense tree-jungle up jumped two rhinoceros, and one came towards me; the Lyell went off before it was fairly up to my shoulder, and the ball striking the animal behind the ear, killed it dead. Sookur kept calling out "Shanah, shanah," and pointing in the direction in which the other rhinoceros had bolted; and I, not knowing Assamese, thought he was urging me to fire, so I let drive, and by the worst luck possible brought the animal down, as it proved a half-grown one; and Sookur's anxiety was that we should not kill it, but spare it, and have it caught; and its death was to us a loss of from 500 to 1,000 rupees. Bowie's elephant behaved a little better, as it did not bolt. She used to be a very staunch one, but her mahout is away, and only the grass-cutter acting as mahout, and she does not care for him a bit. This turned out a female with a good horn. We got home soon after twelve, and in the evening went after florikan, and killed two.

January 15th.—As I did not want to keep all the shooting to myself, I put Bowie on my elephant, with Sookur as mahout, and got on to his. Limestone is very scarce in Assam, so whilst out I determined to hunt for it, in the beds of the different rivers flowing out of the Bhootan range. I got on to the Booree Nuddee, and soon picked up a lot; but it is so intermixed with other stones, that it requires great

care and intelligence to separate the real limestone from the rubbish which much resembles it. Having satisfied myself that limestone did exist, and that it was brought down during the rains from the higher hills, and that it ought to be sought higher up to get it in any quantities, I crossed over this river and made for another. I saw lots of marsh and hog-deer, and soon came upon the fresh trail of a rhinoceros, which I followed. It had got into very heavy grass-jungle, and soon I heard it, a short distance ahead. Directly my elephant knew it was ahead, she refused to budge, and all she would do was to make tracks for the rear. I was within twenty yards several times, but the dense nature of the jungle prevented my seeing anything; and I got so disgusted I gave the rhinoceros up and made for home. I recrossed the Booree Nuddee, and on nearing a tope of trees I heard two shots, and going up found Barry had disturbed a panther, which ran up the trunk of a tree; Barry cleverly brought it down; but it fell in such a tangled mass of fallen trees, creepers, &c., we could not get at it, and so lost it. Barry—who was still very unwell—and I made for home, and came upon several very fresh trails of rhinoceros; but it was too late to follow, as during the day they betake themselves to such fearfully heavy grass-jungle, there is no seeing them. *En route* I killed a pea-fowl and knocked down two blacks, but they both escaped. Near the camp a florikan got up, and I was just going after it when Bowie appeared in sight, so I waited for him. He told me he had come across a huge rhinoceros, and had floored but lost it. Sookur said it was a very large one, with a splendid horn; but a tangled jungle close by enabled it to get inside and escape, though the chances are it died there. We went after the florikan; I got the shot and killed it, and in the evening we shot two more.

January 16th.—Barry being too seedy to go out, Bowie and I went together, and almost in sight of our tents found a

very large rhinoceros. I got the shots, and hit twice with the Lyell. Bowie got one shot, and then his elephant bolted. Luckily for me the wounded rhinoceros ran in a circle, so I was able to cut him off, and a few more shots brought him to a standstill; but it took time to kill him outright, as my elephant would not go close up. He had a splendid horn, weighing 4 lbs., and 13 inches long. The Kyahs often offered me 90 Rs., or £9 for it; but I kept it for several years, and then gave it to the military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Colonel Dillon. Directly the villagers heard our shots they assembled like so many vultures and cut up the rhinoceros, not leaving a scrap. Even the hide, which is from two to three inches thick, and as tough as lead, they cut up into slices, roast over the fire and eat, much in the same way as we do the crackling of a pig.

We had gone but a little way when Sookur hit off the trail of two more rhinoceros, and the way he followed was quite an art. They had been feeding in circles, and had crossed and recrossed their own footmarks; but Sookur never deviated an inch, and though in about an hour we were heartily tired of the progress made, he would not desist, but eventually took us up to two rhinoceros standing together. The larger of the two Bowie killed with a ball behind the ear, and the other one charged us viciously several times, but was met by such a fire, she had no chance, and speedily succumbed. Scarcely was the life out of these animals than more vultures in the shape of villagers appeared and cut them up. The meat of these three rhinoceros alone was worth £15 to them; that of the day before £10. We paid cash for everything they brought us, at their own price; yet, next day, when we wanted to move camp, the village was deserted, and we could not procure a single coolie to carry our traps, so we had to send out miles to get people to enable us to move. So much for Assamese gratitude. I will not

give further details of this trip, as although we killed a lot of deer and small game, we had no further adventures. In some parts of this Terai we saw herds of deer, amounting to five hundred and more at a time; but all the old bucks were in hiding, having shed their horns. We also shot some buffaloes, but seldom kept account of them. At Rungiah, my overseer, Subroodeen, shot an immense tiger, on foot, in the most plucky manner. It was one of the largest I ever saw, yet the vultures cleaned his bones, and did not leave a scrap on them in ten minutes after the carcase was thrown out to them.

In February, 1868, I had to march up to Deopani, some eighty miles beyond Mewgong, and the extreme limit of my division, which in those days extended close upon four hundred miles. I had three military and three civil stations besides out-stations and sub-divisions under me, with but two assistant engineers to help me; and I had to see that correct surveys, estimates, levels, &c., for the whole of the roads contemplated, and the various buildings, were prepared and submitted, and that the works were correctly executed. I was forced to keep up two complete establishments, one to leave behind with my family, and one to take about with me into the district. I had to keep four ponies, each of which cost me £40, for my jungle work, besides a pair for the station. The staff-pay of the D. P. W. in India is ridiculously small for the work a man has to do. A Brigade Major, who has no money responsibility, has 400 Rs. staff a month; whilst in those days an Executive Engineer, spending lacs a month, and on whose efficiency depended the waste or utility of hundreds of thousands of pounds in the year, if he were of the fourth class, got but 300 Rs. staff; and now that consolidated pay has been introduced it is even less. I know that all the years I was in the department I was invariably out of pocket; but, as I had money in those days, was of a restless

disposition, and liked exploring and leading an independent life, I remained in the department because it suited me; but it is a thankless and underpaid one, and the control department worries a man's life out. Why it is not subdivided into two classes, as in England—one the executive and the other the control—I know not. The former should be answerable for all the estimates and correct construction, but should have nothing to do with compiling accounts, or paying coolies or contractors; but the control department does all that on an estimate being approved and sanctioned. The control department should advertise for tenders, and when they are submitted choose one, and forward the papers to the Executive Engineer for his guidance, who should once a month measure up the work, and forward the same with report through the Superintending Engineer to the control department, and he should have nothing more to say to any money transactions, either disbursing, or compiling, or accounting for them. You will seldom meet a man who is a thoroughly good engineer who is an accountant too, and hitherto promotion has gone by the reports on office work, and not in accordance with the excellence of the outdoor work, and the result has been scandals like the Saugor barracks, and other large works, where lacs upon lacs were wasted. Yet the officers in charge of those works were periodically promoted, because they fudged their accounts so as to give little or no trouble to the almighty control department, although they did not know how to lay one brick upon another; hence these gigantic failures and the bad name the D. P. W. has all over India. Until there is a total separation of the two branches—the executive and the control—things cannot be placed on a proper footing. An Executive Engineer has an uphill game whilst payments are made through his office. Every subordinate peculates fearfully, and they are hand-in-hand with the contractors; but all this would cease if the payments were dependent on a separate

office, and if made but once a month on measured work sent through the Superintending Engineer, who could every now and then, before sending them on, remeasure the work, and convince himself of the accuracy, or otherwise, of the reports and receipts sent him. Such are my ideas after twenty-one years' experience of the department.

Captain De Bourbel having left, a new Superintending Engineer had been appointed. He had gone to Debrooghur to take over charge from his brother, then the senior Executive Engineer in the province, who was officiating as Superintending Engineer. I had a splendid game country to go through, and anticipated much sport, but did not get much after all. I give extracts from the journal as a guide to those who are likely to travel over this route, which is really first-rate; but there is luck in shooting as in everything else.

I sent on my traps ahead, and started on the 11th February and rode to Chunderpore tea-gardens on the banks of the Kullung. I shot a few ducks, teal, and snipe *en route.*

February 12th.—Marched to Myung, a considerable village close to the Kullung, and about eight miles from Chunderpore. I had many parties out, cutting traces, and employed in surveying and levelling, so had not much time to shoot, or rather to look for game. I had always my howdah elephant and battery with me, and if I came across anything worth the slaying I did so; but if I did not, I did not go out of my way to search for it. I put up a tiger and many buffaloes; the first sneaked away, and the latter I did not fire at. I got a fair sprinkling of small game, and amongst them three florikans; and these latter I sent into the station, as I never eat them; but many people think them the *ne plus ultra* of good eating.

February 14th.—I moved to-day to Cachareegoung, twelve miles. I shot some pea-fowl, partridges, and duck, and green

pigeon *en route*. In the afternoon I went out after a tiger, but did not find it.

February 15th.—Moved through Bogra Hill to Basahghat, shooting three pea-fowl, and a lot of duck and teal, *en route*.

February 16th to 20th inclusive.—Marched to Nawgong, inspecting works, and thence to the Rupai river. On the 20th left Rupai for Loquaghat, where there was a good deal of game generally to be found. Last year I had a few days' fair shooting there, and hoped to get better this year. After crossing the river I struck off to the left towards the bheel, where Sir C. Reed had lost a very large rhinoceros last year. I came across a large buffalo facing me, and though I do not often shoot at them, yet as it appeared inclined to dispute the right of way I fired into its chest. It turned, and ran for about thirty yards, then fell dead. As the head was rather large I padded it. I then went through null, where there were the marks of elephants, rhinoceros, tigers, and buffaloes, but came across nothing; and I could not afford time to follow up any particular trail, especially as I had not Sookur with me. These jungles are never shot over or disturbed, so where the game can have gone to is a puzzle. The bheels were full of duck and teal, but they were wild as hawks, and there was no getting near them. Leaving the null-jungle, before me lay a large plain, and about half-way through this was a herd of buffaloes feeding, some of them looking very large, and apparently with big horns. I also thought it would be a good opportunity to shoot some and leave the carcases, with a view of attracting tigers. Deer were also scattered about in threes and fours, feeding on the young shoots, where the grass had been burnt earlier than usual. The wind being favourable, I, by going through the long unburnt grass, easily got within fifty yards of several buffaloes. I made a good right and left, and floored two buffaloes. One got up and charged, but was easily stopped

and killed. The other also picked itself up and bolted ; but I followed up, came up to it and killed it, and got into a herd and wounded two more, but had not time to follow up. I cut off the heads of the two killed, and padded them, and then made for Loquaghat. I missed several deer by the way, but bagged one, and three black partridges, and reached the bungalow at 3 P.M.

February 21st.—Very heavy rain in the night and early morning. I did not therefore get out till past eight, but soon struck off the trail of a rhinoceros; but it went into such infernal country, cut up with watercourses, that I soon left it and struck off to the right into more favourable ground. I again hit off a track, and on following it up came upon a rhinoceros in a hollow, facing me. I had the funky mahout with me, a Mussulmanised Hindoo, and he never could be depended upon; but the elephant Lutchmee was not only very fast, but, as a rule, staunch. I got a good shot at the chest, and again as the beast spun round, at the shoulder; but, though hard hit, I had failed to reach a mortal spot, and the rhinoceros went off at score, with Lutchmee after him. The rhinoceros had the best of the race, and got into the long grass, with two more bullets in him. I got on to his track, but there were so many, I had to order a man down to follow on foot, as my mahout was a bad hand at tracking, and could not be depended upon. We came to a place where the path divided. One seemed well used, and the other not. The elephant hesitated to go along the latter, and this ought to have told me it was the right one to follow ; but I, in my eagerness, took the wrong turn, and went all day without seeing a single thing; but, going homewards, as I had to pass the place where I lost the rhinoceros, I again took up the tracks and followed them more carefully, and on coming to the spot where the two paths divided, the guide pointed to the one we had not followed, and called out, "This

is the right way." Hardly had he spoken when up jumped the rhinoceros, close to him, and bolted. He had been lying in a pool of blood, and had allowed us to pass him in the morning. I followed a short way, but the tracks were so numerous, that to follow the right one was not only very difficult, but very slow work; and as it was getting on towards evening I had to desist and go homewards. I got a deer close to camp. I had shot here before, but had not seen the large marsh-deer. I discovered to-day that their haunts lay to the right of the marsh, where there was high ground, and where they were in dozens.

February 22nd.—I went back to the ground where I had shot the buffaloes the day before yesterday, in the hope of coming across tigers, which might have been attracted by the carcases; but I was disappointed, the bodies remained untouched, and though there were thousands of vultures about, they had not been able to get through the tough hides, and were biding their time till decomposition should render their task easier. I searched everywhere for rhinoceros: their fresh marks were plentiful enough, but the beasts themselves could not be found.

I came across several herds of buffaloes, and amongst them some bulls with very large horns, and though I got some very good shots, and brought two or three down on their knees, I failed to kill one; thus the conceit was soon knocked out of me, and I have ever found buffaloes harder than any other animal to kill. In the evening, having work at Tezpore, I crossed over, and returned to Langlea on the evening of the 24th. I had told my mahouts to look about for the rhinoceros wounded on the 21st, but they had no news to give me, though I cannot believe he could have recovered from the wounds inflicted on him at such close quarters, with such heavy weapons as mine.

February 25th.—I went all round the bheel again to-day.

Two rhinoceros had been seen by some fishermen about an hour before I got there, and though I followed up their trail I failed to find them. Considering the number of rhinoceros that infest this bheel, my luck in not finding them is excessively bad. I then went on to the high land and came upon herds of marsh-deer; the bucks were in hiding, but as the camp wanted meat I shot a deer, and tried to cut off another herd. The jungle had been well burnt, and there were just enough clumps of high grass left to afford shelter to different wild beasts that frequent the locality. In rounding a patch of unburnt grass, just in front of me, and about fifty yards off, I saw the heads of three tigers, close together. Neither the mahout nor the elephant perceived them, nor did they know the tigers were there; so, patting the mahout on the head, I got him to stop the elephant, and took a deliberate shot at the nearest tiger, guessing for the shoulder. At the report of the gun, I saw through the smoke a very large tigress bounding along, away from me, whilst a smaller one crossed to the right. What became of the third I did not see. The tigress was growling and roaring as she bounded along, and I thought she was the wounded one, so took another shot at her and rolled her right over; but she picked herself up, and with a magnificent bound disappeared into the long grass. There were a lot of villagers returning from fishing, and I had to get them out of the way before following up such a dangerous beast as a wounded tiger. This delayed me a little while, and I then followed up the trail; but though I searched for an hour I could not find the slightest clue to her whereabouts, and I thought she had sneaked away along the bed of a nullah, which was close by. I was in such a rage. It is not often that one comes upon three tigers standing quietly together to be shot, and to think I had not killed one! I began to abuse the mahout, and told him to go back and take up the trail afresh; but he said, "Sahib, you have killed

one; the last you fired at is another, and that has escaped; but one is lying dead." I did not believe him; he was the funky mahout. So after calling him all the abusive names I could think of I told him to take up the last tiger's tracks. Of course he dodged me and took me up to the spot I had fired from at first, and sure enough there lay a tiger stone-dead. He had fallen so suddenly, and my attention being attracted by the other two, I had not noticed that he was killed by my first shot; and by the noise the tigress made I made sure she was the one I had fired at. I measured him; he was only eight feet long, evidently the elder of the two with the tigress. In front of the tiger lay a small marsh-deer, and on my mahout getting down to secure it, it bounded away unhurt, till a shot from me laid it low. My own idea is that the tigress and elder brother were giving the hopeful of the flock a lesson in providing its own food, and that the deer had been felled by the smallest of the tigers, and that all three were standing over it, admiring the little one's dexterity, when I interrupted them. I did not look any longer for the tigress, as I thought she had escaped.

February 26th.—I hunted the whole country after rhinoceros, particularly after the wounded one, but did not see a single one. I could not go a quarter of a mile in any direction without striking the fresh trail of one; but follow it up as long as I might I could not track the brute to its lair. I got into the midst of several herds of marsh-deer, and killed seven, and lost two in a very stupid way. One I left for dead, but it was gone when I came back for it an hour afterwards. Another had apparently its back broken, and could only roll head over heels; but it fell into the dry bed of a nullah, and when I got there it had disappeared.

February 27th.—I started for Koliabar to-day, and thought I'd try for deer *en route.* I made straight for where I had

seen the tigers the day before, and on nearing the spot up flew a lot of vultures out of a patch of long grass. I went up expecting to find the wounded rhinoceros dead, but found it was the tigress; she had never moved after the last bound she gave, and I had passed within a few yards of her, never thinking she was lying there dead. Her skin was spoilt, but I secured the head; so I had not done so badly after all, as I had killed two out of the three, each with one ball. *En route* I shot a couple of deer. I saw lots of buffaloes, but did not fire at them. Reached Koliabar and put up with Tye, a tea-planter.

February 28th.—Halted to-day and went out with Tye, who had shot many tigers here, and had also been very successful with other game. He had some fine bison heads hanging up, which he had killed in his own garden. We had news of several kills, and went to them, but could not find the tigers. We then went in for general shooting; Tye made some capital shots, killing two hog-deer and a buffalo. I only killed one buffalo. We tried for rhinoceros, and though their marks were plentiful enough we could not find them.

February 29th.—Tye and I went out again this afternoon after rhinoceros. We came to where they had been feeding the night before, but they were *non est;* where they can have gone to I can't imagine. Tye and I separated, the latter to beat over a larger extent of ground. I was away at least six miles from any village, in a dense grass-jungle, and I came across a large herd of buffaloes. My attendant, an inhabitant of these parts, wanted me to fire at the nearest; but fortunately I am not very keen about killing buffaloes, so waited behind a clump of grass till they were close to me. Some sat down in pools, and I did not like their looks, so without firing, I pushed my elephant right into their midst, and not a buffalo moved. They were a herd of tame cows, turned out by the villagers to be covered by the wild bulls, and there was

nobody looking after them. Going home I came across a wild herd and killed two. I also shot some small game. I bought Tye's two elephants; one was a beauty, and very staunch, but had a young one with her. The other had been a fair elephant in its day, but its tail had been wrenched off by a wild elephant, and it had been severely cut by a rhinoceros when it was out shooting with Tye's assistant, with whom, odd to say, I had gone home in 1866, and who gave me a map of this part of the country, when I never expected to be sent to Assam. This elephant was very good for baggage, but no use for shooting.

March 1st.—Rode to Deopani, expecting to meet the Superintending Engineer and his brother, but there was no news of them. This is a beastly hole ; very little clearance, and any amount of ticks and musquitoes, and bad water.

March 2nd.—So returned to a nice open spot on a river, five miles on the Koliabar side of Gotemgah. I was kept waiting here a whole week, and went out after rhinoceros every day, to a marsh close by. I put up one or two of them, but did not see one the whole time,—the grass was too high and thick. Marks of elephants were also very plentiful. After the jungles have been burnt, this must be a good place for sport. At last the Superintending Engineer arrived, and we marched back to Gowhatty. Near Nawgong I killed three buffaloes and one alligator. I had work south, and the 27th April found me at Luckeepore, in company with the Superintending Engineer and Colonel Comber, the Deputy Commissioner. We shot a few duck, partridges, and pea-fowl, *en route*. The zemindar, or rajah, as he is more commonly called, of this place, is a very enlightened native for this part of the world. He is very obliging, and has built two or three bungalows for the use of travellers. His palace is a regular curiosity-shop, which he is very fond of showing to passers-by. He has a large shed of elephants, amongst

them the one tusker "Mainah," already mentioned. His son, a lad of twenty, has been very successful as a sportsman, having cleared the country all round of rhinoceros and buffaloes and tigers; but he is a bit of a poacher for all that. Mounted on Mainah, and armed with a single-barreled cannon, carrying a 6-oz. ball, he goes out on moonlight nights, when the rhinoceros are feeding, and do not suspect danger, and firing into one, he does not follow it up if it be only wounded, but leaves it to his shikarees to retrieve hereafter, which they generally do. In this way, in about six weeks he killed, I believe, thirty-four rhinoceros and ten tigers, besides other game, and has depopulated these jungles as far as game is concerned. Only a few years ago Captains Cocks and Bunbury had, in a month's trip in these jungles, killed no end of rhinoceros, tigers, and elephants; but you may hunt for a month now and get nothing. The rajah has some fine rhinoceros horns and elephant tusks, all killed by his son. He killed one very fine tusker, a good hundred yards off, with his single-barrel cannon, by a shot behind the shoulder. This mode of shooting has ruined these jungles. One wounded beast allowed to roam about does more harm than a dozen killed outright; and animals either desert that part of the country, or are so wide awake that it is impossible to approach them. A few months before our arrival "Mainah," the one-tusker, had, single-handed, overcome a magnificent mucknah; he was the handsomest beast I ever saw, and close upon eleven feet in height. He was already sufficiently docile to kneel down, but the poor brute was very weak, as they had been starving him to render him docile, and I fear had overdone it. The poor thing's legs were a mass of sores from ropes, with which he had been fastened. The rajah had been offered 5,000 Rs. for it, but unfortunately for himself he refused, as the animal died some two months after we left. Talking of this reminds me that there was an elephant in the Burpettah district so

famous as a shikaree and koonkie, that Jung Bahadoor sent a captain and a party of men to buy him for the Duke of Edinburgh's shooting trip, and they only succeeded in doing so after paying 18,000 Rs. for him, the highest price, I fancy, ever paid for one elephant. Comber got the loan of "Mainah." I stuck to Lutchmee, but had the funky mahout with me; and although the man could behave at times uncommonly well, yet he was never to be depended upon, and I never took him if I expected to find either rhinoceros or tigers; but as I could not get Sookur I had to put up with him.

On the 29th April Comber and I went out, intending to shoot anything we came across. The country had been rather overburnt. About a mile from the village, in the open marshy ground, we came upon a boar, and Comber made some pretty shots at it; but, though hard hit, we lost it. We then saw a marsh-deer with a broken leg, and whilst we were consulting together whether we should go after it and shoot it, my elephant began to trumpet in a peculiarly pitiful manner, and I knew she smelt a tiger. She was as good as a pointer in some respects. I called out to Comber to look out. We immediately formed line, and beat carefully forward, and one elephant after the other began to trumpet, and were very backward in advancing. Although the grass had been well burnt, the stalks of the long grass had only been charred, and were still standing, and through them we saw a tiger stealing away. I took a snap-shot, but missed; it then bounded along, and Comber fired, but also missed. It then ran down a nullah and up the other side; we got a glimpse now and then; I then fired and hit it through the thigh; she gave a roar and disappeared. We formed line and crossed the nullah, the elephants wonderfully steady. We beat along very carefully, and had not gone far when the tigress, as she proved to be, charged us viciously, picking out Mainah, the

largest elephant, as the object of attack. Comber and I reserved our fire till she was within a few paces, then, firing together, we rolled her over. Not an elephant moved. She picked herself up as quick as lightning, ran back a few yards, and then came at us again. This time she singled out my elephant, but a right and left from me, and a shot from Comber, sent her to the right-about. She ran down the bank of the nullah, swam the river, and as she ascended the opposite bank I rolled her over. She was a small beast, only eight feet long. The scrimmage, whilst it lasted, was a very pretty one, and every elephant behaved admirably. We padded her and sent her home. We then continued our beat, and disturbed nothing but hog-deer; but the grass was so heavy we never got fair shots at them. We then came across a herd of buffaloes, but as there was not a decent horn amongst them we let them go unmolested. Further on Comber floored a marsh-deer; but she picked herself up and ran towards me, and when about twenty yards off stood still looking at me. I raised my heavy No. 10 Lang rifle, and aiming between her eyes, fired. The only result of my shot was a white seam on the deer's head, extending along the whole scalp. The poor beast never moved, so, firing the second barrel at the chest, I killed her; but why the first shot did not kill, or at least stun her, has ever been a puzzle to me. We then breakfasted, and afterwards went off to the rhinoceros ground. It was a great pity the jungles had been burnt to the extent they were. There was one unburnt patch surrounded on three sides by a nasty deep treacherous nullah, over which we had great difficulty in getting. On ascending the bank, in a bit of open ground, we saw a rhinoceros, but it too had seen us, and was off before we could fire. It ran across the river, and recrossed it further up, and got into the densest part of the cover. We followed up, and were nearly coming to grief in the bed of the river, which was all but a

quagmire; but after struggling till our howdahs were nearly shaken off, we got on to the other side. Here a rhinoceros dodged us, by hiding till we had passed, and then charging Tye's elephant without a tail, which, as has been already said, had formerly been severely cut by a rhinoceros. This sent the elephant flying, and it went head foremost into the nullah, where it stuck some time before it could extricate itself, and where it screeched all the while. It now began to rain in torrents, and Comber and I got soaking wet. We tried several dodges to force the rhinoceros to break, but they knew better, and kept dodging backwards and forwards in grass twenty feet high. Once we made sure we had got one of them, as we heard an animal cross the nullah and come towards us; but it turned out to be a bull buffalo with fair horns, and we let him go. We were getting cold and cramped, and finding it hopeless to induce the rhinoceros to break, we left them and hurried home.

April 30th.—It rained incessantly all day, so we stopped at home and cleaned the locks of our guns.

May 1st.—Comber and I went across country to Dhobree, whilst our comrade went by the road. We put up lots of deer, but did not bag one. We got into rhinoceros ground at Tikri Killah; one got up before me, but in such heavy grass I did not see it. Comber came across one and rolled it over dead, and called out to me to look out, as there was another coming my way. As I saw some beast rushing through the grass I fired a haphazard shot, and killed a three-parts grown rhinoceros, for which I was very sorry, as it was of a nice size to catch. We had not gone half a mile when I heard a rhinoceros grunting. Going towards the noise, I came upon a huge animal, so large that, thinking it might be an elephant, I hesitated to fire; but on the noise being repeated I fired a right and left into the mass, which fell on its knees, then recovered itself, and went off screeching, and I full pelt

after him. But, fast as my elephant is, I had not a chance, and one of the largest rhinoceros I ever saw soon distanced me, and as it was going in the opposite direction to our camp I could not afford the time to go on searching for it. We saw only hog-deer and partridges after this, and near camp I killed a florikan. We found our tents pitched near a nice tank, on high ground, and beautiful open country all round; quite different from other parts of Assam. Comber got a deer and a few partridges to-day; I only the florikan and a peacock.

May 2nd.—Comber and I as usual shot our way across country.—The whole country lovely for riding; but we had neither horses nor spears with us; indeed this was my first trip this way. The pigs were very numerous, lying out in the open, and very pugnacious. We wanted food for our Cacharees, so shot a couple of boars. We should not have done so had we not wanted food, and had no means of riding these pigs; but I never saw such riding ground in all my life. We left this and got into heavy grass, and Comber put up two rhinoceros out of a mud-hole. He followed one, and I cut off the other; fairly ran it down on Lutchmee, and killed it with two shots. Comber's escaped. We saw lots of marsh-deer to-day.

On reaching the river's bank, we got on to a chur, or island, and a villager told us a tiger had killed a cow that morning near a tank. He took us to the spot, and sure enough there were the remains of a cow but recently killed; but where could the tiger be? as, with the exception of a fringe of long grass round the tank, there was not any cover where a cat could hide; so we made sure of getting this tiger, which had been fired at once or twice previously. We thought we had him in a trap. We most carefully beat all the grass round the tank, to the very end, without seeing anything, and thinking the tiger had crossed over to some neighbouring

chur, and just then a deer getting up, I fired two shots at it. My first went through its ear, the next floored it, and whilst we were clustered round it, Comber's mahout called out "the tiger!" We all looked up, and bounding along, in the perfect open, was a magnificent tiger; but he disappeared down the bank and was out of shot before we could pick a rifle up! He had been lying under a solitary bush, in the open, watching a herd of cattle feeding towards him, and had allowed us to pass him within fifty yards without moving, and only bounded away on hearing my shots and our talking together over the fallen deer. We hunted him everywhere, but did not see him again. We shot some florikan and two small deer to-day, and reached Dhoobree just before dark, and returned to Gowhatty by steamer.

Towards the end of the month I was out on an inspection tour on the north bank at a place called Kumblepore, where there was not much jungle. The villagers came and asked me to kill some buffaloes, that had taken possession of a cane-brake in the midst of their village, and had gored several people. I was disinclined to go out, as I don't care for buffalo-shooting, and I had cut my middle finger nearly to the bone firing heavy charges at rhinoceros and buffaloes, and funked pulling a trigger; but the people were so earnest that I went out. Before I reached their village, in an open bheel, I came across the first bull buffalo; he did not seem to mind me a bit, but let me get within sixty yards, and then walked towards me shaking his head. I let him come to within forty yards, then floored him with a shot in the chest, but he picked himself up and ran across me all abroad. I made a good shot and rolled him over dead. They then took me to a cane-brake, with a village on either side. This was a horrible place, very marshy, and full of not only long grass, but the rattan-creeper, through which it is almost impossible for an elephant to go. In this

I saw two buffaloes. After a short chase, during which my howdah twice nearly came to grief, owing to the rattans catching it across the front, I killed one and wounded the other very severely; but it could get through the cane-brake faster than I could, and went across the plain, and eventually into grass twenty feet high, where I left it.

CHAPTER V.

Bear-shooting—Discover the wonderful big tree to be a tope—Fishing in the Monass—Keep guard over Wild Elephant—Mistaken notion in regard to size of Tigers—Bootan Dooars—Rhinoceros asleep—Get amongst a herd of them—Sport in boats over inundated country—Elephant catching.

BARRY, Butler, and I left Gowhatty on the 16th of January, 1869, on an inspection tour. I had to look out for limestone, and to see after road-work; Butler to verify reports made to him by his surveyors of a wonderful tree, said to cover an area of upwards of a mile square, and also of rivers flowing during the night which were perfectly dry during the day. We arrived at Kumblepore, thirty-six miles from Gowhatty, on the 18th. Barry and I shot our way across; we got pea-fowl, florikan, and black partridges, and reached camp late. About 4 P.M., just as we were going to bathe, a coolie came running up, saying he had seen a bear feeding in the open about three hundred yards off. We each took a rifle, and my overseer, Subroodeen, a plucky fellow, accompanied us. On reaching the place where the coolie said he had seen Bruin he was *non est*, but on going up to an isolated small clump of long grass we could see the marks of the claws of a bear, which had been scraping up white-ants. We stood round this clump in disorder, and with our rifles on the half-cock, talking and lamenting our bad luck, for though bears are very plentiful in Assam, they are very difficult to come across. Suddenly there was a movement in the grass. I stepped to the right and full-cocked my rifle. Barry went

behind me, and Butler to the left, and out walked a good-sized bear within ten yards of me, and looking up at me like an idiot. Barry and I firing nearly together rolled her over in a heap, and another shot from me and two from Subroodeen did for her—for the bear proved to be an old female. She proved to be *Ursus labiatus.* Had she charged when we were unprepared for her she might have done us considerable damage.

From January 19th to 26th we were incessantly marching, and each day shot partridges, florikan, and deer, but met with no adventures. We examined the reputed big tree, and found it to consist of a clump of various trees about a mile square, in an extensive plain covered with high grass. The lines cut by the surveyors round this tope were plain enough, and the lazy wretches had contented themselves by showing this oasis in the desert as consisting of one tree, whereas we counted at least a dozen sorts, and all unconnected. We could not find out whether the reports about the nullahs being rivers during the night, but dry during the day, were true or not, but all the people assert it to be a positive fact.

On the 26th Barry and I killed some buffaloes and deer, and encamped at Mina Muttee; but I found I could not get Sookur, as he was in the employ of a mahajun, or native banker, catching wild elephants, and without him it is almost useless to go through these jungles, as careful tracking is required, and none of the Hindoostani mahouts are capable of following up an animal by its foot-marks.

January 28th.—We took things for a three days' trip, and started for the Monass in Bagh Dooar. It is a long march, but the country is generally very pretty, the scenery varied; and when close to the Bhootan Hills, out of which the Monass emerges, it is beautiful. To-day we saw marsh-deer in thousands, but as we all shot badly our bag was not a good one.

In the afternoon I went out fishing. I had caught a few fish in Burmah with the fly, but had not gone in regularly for it for I may say upwards of twenty years. I had some tackle, but most of it was very rotten. I had never seen a mahseer in my life, and I was anxious to catch one if I could. I had fished a good deal as a boy, and used to be very fond of it. As we had no boats, I got on to a rock projecting into the stream, and throwing out a small spoon began to troll. My very first cast hooked a large fish, but my line was so rotten that the fish walked off with thirty yards of line and my spoon; but I had one other left; throwing this well out into the stream, and allowing it to flow down some way before commencing to troll, I again hooked a fish, and succeeded in landing it after about twenty minutes' play. It was a beautiful fish of about 7 lbs. weight. As it was getting dark we went home to camp. It rained a good deal at night. A wild mucknah visited our camp, and stayed with our female elephants for upwards of two hours. Fearing he might do some damage to our male animals I stood on guard over him the whole time with the two-groove Lang in my hand, and not further than ten yards off him, and might have killed him easily, as the night turned out a very fine one after the rain ceased, with the moon near the full; but as he did no harm I would not fire at him, and was glad when he got our wind and stalked away, as it was cold work standing guard over him at night at this time of the year. He crossed over the Monass and disappeared on the other side.

29th.—Some Bhooteahs collecting india-rubber reported having seen four rhinoceros, but as it was raining I would not go after them, but went out fishing instead. I soon struck a fish, and landed a mahseer about 8 or 9 lbs. in weight. I then hooked a very large fish that took away fully fifty yards of line. I played him for a long while, and

gradually reduced him to obedience, and drew him within sight, when he made another rush. I let him go, but the handle of the winch caught the sleeve of my jacket very slightly, almost imperceptibly, but the line was so rotten it broke in two, and the fish escaped with my last spoon. I tried artificial minnow, crystal bait, and flies, but without any result, so left off; and directly I reached camp wrote to Farlow for tackle, which arrived in time, and with which I killed lots of fish.

January 30th to *February 6th.*—We went to Gohine-Gourg; then to Bornugger, and on to Burpetah. Whilst there I had shots at a tiger, but failed to bag; we killed small game and deer every day; and at Baromah, Barry and I went to the Namuttee-bheel, and shot a lot of geese, and ducks, and teal; but owing to the police constantly molesting them, we found them very wild. This trip on the whole was an utter failure as far as the game bagged was concerned, but it enabled us to travel over new country, and to mark down likely spots for a future visit.

During March I was away to the west towards Dhoobree, passing through Luckeepore. Here the rajah showed me a mangoosteen tree, which he had imported from the Straits; it bore some fruit once every three or four years. I killed a lot of deer and small game *en route;* missed a tiger, owing to having the funky mahout with me; and I found Tikri Killah quite spoilt for sport, owing to the number of native shikarees allowed to go about and destroy game. I went as far as Singhamaree. On my return trip I got a tigress out of a chur, but as she fell to the first shell fired at her, she gave no sport. I got two rhinoceros about six miles from Tikri. I also wounded a very fine marsh-buck, and wishing to drive him out I set the jungles on fire, and found afterwards the poor brute had been burnt, but I fancy he had fallen dead before the fire reached him. I had some shooting here with a

Police officer, Floyd, and between us we killed many deer and one tiger, three rhinoceros, and four buffaloes. One of the latter alone charged, but was killed before he did any harm. In May I was out with Macdonald, when he was run away with by "Mainah," which has been described elsewhere. In July I shot a tiger close to Gowhatty, and missed another; and the Sepoys of the 43rd killed one or two more close to the station.

In January, 1870, General Blake, Ommanney of the 44th, Masters of the Police, and I started for the Monass. We had fair small-game and deer-shooting *en route*, and at the Monass we killed a good many fish, shot two rhinoceros, several buffaloes, many marsh and hog-deer, without any particular adventure till we were in sight of Burpetah. The General and Mrs. Blake were in one howdah, and were going towards the bungalow, as the sun was getting hot, when I proposed that we should try for florikan in ground a little to our right, and where we used frequently to go after them on foot. The grass was very low, and there were but a few hog-deer besides florikan to be found in it. We had scarcely turned into this, when a tiger jumped up and ran for his life. Campbell and I were on the fastest elephants, and we gave chase. Campbell fired and missed; I fired and hit it through the stomach. General Blake hearing our firing, turned back, and was in time to join our line, as we proceeded to beat for this tiger, which looked a very large one; but he must have lain *perdu* and allowed us to pass him, for we went to the end of the patch of long grass without seeing him. We turned back, and carefully retraced our footsteps, and on reaching the end of the grass we saw the tiger in the open, looking very seedy; both Masters and I fired at him, and one of us hit. He ran growling into the heaviest portion of the grass and pulled up. Blake, Ommanney, and I advanced up to him; the others stood a little way off. No sooner did we get near the tiger

than he came at us, with many an infernal growl, and sent our elephants flying. He always picked mine out, and once or twice very nearly made good his charge. He was close to the heels of my elephant once, but using the gun like a pistol and firing over the back of the howdah, I caught the tiger on the back of the head, and rolled him heels over head. He was then too much done to do much harm, but he kept growling and snarling, and not one of our elephants would budge an inch towards him. We kept in his front to attract his attention, and beckoned to Masters and Campbell to come up, which they did, and sighting the beast, they rolled him over dead. He was in bulk the very largest tiger I ever saw. It took fifteen men to lift him on to a pad. On reaching Campbell's bungalow, I measured our prize very carefully. He was just ten feet one inch; after being skinned twelve feet; and after being pegged out thirteen feet four inches, and broad in proportion; and it was curious afterwards to note what the different men present declared his size to be, some asserting twelve feet, others thirteen, all forgetting the ten feet one inch. But I had my pocket-book with me, and wrote down the measurements at the time, and am sure I am right as above stated. A tiger my overseer, Subroodeen, killed at Runjiah, was nine feet eight inches, but nothing like this in bulk. I have killed others between nine and ten feet—only two of the latter; but they were not to be compared to this monster, who must have weighed half as much again as any of them. I had the skin sent to Calcutta to be cured, but it was there stolen, and a mangy small skin sent me in its stead; and when I remonstrated, the tanners quietly said they had so many skins that doubtless some got changed, and were sent to the wrong people. The skull I sent to General Blake, but am not quite sure whether it ever reached him.

During February and March I had a little shooting, getting

several buffaloes, one rhinoceros, and two tigers, at Myung. One of the latter jumped on to a pad elephant, with all four feet off the ground, but as I was within a yard of it I killed it on the elephant's back. Two buffaloes also fought viciously, but were each time stopped before they closed. I got very good florikan, pea-fowl, partridge, and duck-shooting here. In one tank Reginald Bainbridge, Frank his cousin, and I, killed three buffaloes, and Frank made a clipping right and left and killing two buffaloes, which the villagers wanted him to pay for, as they swore they were tame ones! Jackson of the 43rd and I had long contemplated a shooting bout together in the Dooars, but various circumstances prevented our going out before the middle of April, 1870. On that day we started by boat for Bassahghat, *en route* to Burpetah. Our elephants had been sent on several days before, but we took our provisions and servants with us. We went in a large boat I had lately purchased, starting at 3 P.M. on the 15th April, and reached the ghat at 2 A.M., the fastest journey on record. The elephants had arrived, so at 7 A.M. on the 16th we started for Burpetah, and were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Campbell and his wife. The whole of this day was devoted by us to resorting and repacking our stores in portable boxes, arranging the loads for slinging on to different elephants, filling howdahs with ammunition, &c., and sorting our battery, with a view of starting early next day without any unnecessary delay.

My time was limited, thus we had to hurry on throughout our trip, and lost half the game we wounded because we could not afford time to halt to hunt for it. My companion had had a good deal of experience on foot, shooting in Central India, but was new to shooting out of a howdah. He was a capital shot, an ardent sportsman, and a right good fellow. We had everything any one could want in the way of provisions, &c., and set out on the 17th in good spirits, and

anticipating good sport. We generally took breakfast with us and one or two beating elephants; the rest we sent on with the servants along the native pathways to our proposed camp. Mr. Campbell, the Assistant-Commissioner of Burpetah, so often mentioned in these pages, was unable to accompany us, but aided us in every way in his power, and to him we were indebted for our supplies in localities remote from villages, when without his orders the native officials would have given us nothing. He had been kind enough also to get us huts built at different places where we proposed to halt. Sookur and his uncle Seetaraum also accompanied us. They knew the country we proposed to travel over, and, as before said, no one equalled Sookur as a tracker, and he often came with me in my shooting trips, though he would not take permanent employ with me, as he had a young and unruly wife, who would not leave her own village.

Sunday, 17th.—Sunday is always a lucky day with me for shooting, and this proved no exception. We started at half-past 5 A.M., making our way across the jungles straight for Baikee. We had scarcely crossed the river at Burpetah, and entered the short grass on the opposite bank, when Jackson got a shot at a hog-deer, but did not bag. I also missed one. We saw many buffaloes, but they were on the *qui vive*, and we would not be at the trouble of following them up. We then started a lot of marsh-deer, and in following them up got separated. Made a lucky shot with the express, and bowled over the big stag of the herd and wounded another, but lost it. Whilst I was quartering this deer (we had no spare elephants with us, and had thus to carry what we shot on our own elephants, slung on to the howdahs), Jackson joined me, having bagged a hog-deer. The stag I had killed had very fine horns—eight tips to each—but they were in velvet; but as the horns had just formed, we were enabled to preserve the head. This being our first march, we did not

wish to remain out long, so made for camp in as direct a line as we could. *En route*, Jackson killed a nice-sized boar for the pot, and a buck sambur—the first I have seen shot in the plains in Assam. As the latter was killed in a tope of trees close to camp, we left it and sent back men to bring it in, which they did. We reached Baikee at half-past 11 A.M.; our traps had only just arrived. We put up in a small hut, taking the precaution before going into it to knock down all the sides. In this hot weather all one wants is a good roof overhead, but any inclosures are a mistake, because they exclude the wind. As there was a nice breeze blowing, with a blazing sun overhead, we were soon *en deshabille* and comfortable enough. After breakfast we had a snooze, and when we woke up there was news of a tiger having killed a cow close by. We did not stir till 5 P.M.; we then got all our elephants in a line between us, Jackson on the left flank and I on the right; with the exception of the two elephants which we were riding, all the rest were bare-backed. We had not advanced three hundred yards from our camp, when, in front of us, but nearer Jackson than to me, out sprang a tiger, and ran along through the short grass. The shot was a long and difficult one, but Jackson let fly, and the tiger gave a roar and immediately pulled up. I called out, "Well done, Jackson—a good shot." With the exception of the patch of grass in which the tiger was, the country was open all round. We made the beating elephants form line touching one another, whilst we took up our positions in the open, one on the left and the other on the right. When the beaters got to within fifty or sixty yards of the tiger, he immediately charged them, roaring loudly; but as not one of them moved—in fact, being jammed, they could not—he swerved and came right at me. My elephant stood like a rock; I allowed him to come within ten yards, and a shell in the chest rolled him over dead. I fired one more shot into the chest to make

sure, but there was no need for it, as the tiger was quite dead. On carefully examining the tiger, we found only my two bullets, both shells, in him, and not the sign of a graze seen to account for his roaring and pulling up when Jackson fired at him, and it has been a puzzle to me ever since to account for it. I can only attribute his doing so to his having been on some previous occasion wounded; in fact, there was an old scar on his shoulder, the remains of an old gun-shot wound. He measured 9 feet 4 inches as he lay dead; height 2 feet 11 inches. We thus began luckily.

April 18th.—Started for Mina Muttee direct; fired at a deer and a pig, but got neither. We arrived at 11 A.M., and our traps at 12. Had great difficulty in getting food here for our camp, though the people ought to have known me well by this time, as I had not only supplied them on various occasions with quantities of rhinoceros and buffalo-meat gratis, but had paid with my own hands anything they had chosen to demand for the supplies they brought in. But there is a curious custom in Assam: the villagers will only sell either at the bazaars held weekly at some appointed place, or when they are ordered to do so by some native official. Seetaram and Sookur they knew well, yet we could get nothing without a fuss. As the stream here is always cool we did "buffalo" in it for some considerable time, and cooled our beer also in it.

April 19th.—We started very early for the Monass, for Matagoorie. I rode to-day a very old mucknah elephant belonging to the 43rd. He is a very steady brute, but so slow that it is heart-breaking being on him in chase of a wounded animal. I don't suppose he could go beyond two miles an hour however hard he might be pushed. After starting we changed our minds about going to the Monass to-day, and beat about the jungles in the vicinity of the village. We got on to the track of a rhinoceros, but he was

wide-awake, and gave Jackson a long shot only, and, though hard hit, got away. We saw many herds of marsh-deer, but as the bucks have no horns they are in hiding. I shot a couple of deer, and Jackson one, for camp use, and two pig for the Cacharies.

The game about here has been a good deal frightened away. There are several native shikarees about, who fire at everything with inadequate charges, slightly wound them, do not recover the game, and disturb the jungles to such an extent that there is no getting near anything.

April 20th.—We started definitely for Baghdooar to-day. I was on the mucknah again. We went a long way without seeing anything, but nearing a fine tope of trees, a sort of oasis in the surrounding grass expanse, Jackson fired at a marsh-buck, but missed. I then came upon two others, beckoned to Jackson, and killed them both. Their horns were in velvet and useless, as the bone or horn had not formed. Beyond this tope we came upon a rhinoceros' track, and following up carefully, after a long trudge we came upon it, fast asleep in the bed of a nullah, without even a blade of grass to screen it from the sun. The brute looked like a huge pig fast asleep, the head towards us, and in the position it was lying no vital spot was exposed. I was nearest to the brute, but hesitated to fire; at last Sookur had the sense to whistle, which awoke the sleeping beauty, and on its lifting its head Jackson and I let fly at its chest. It sprang up, and in its confusion it ran right towards us, making its peculiar noise, something between grunting and squealing; but it was dead in a few seconds, as our battery proved too much for it. We each had four heavy rifles in the howdah.

Shortly afterwards we came across a herd of buffaloes, killed two, and wounded several. We then breakfasted and rested for half an hour, and after that resumed our journey. Jackson made a good shot and killed a deer. We then went

a long way, and when within sight of Matagoorie I saw a huge rhinoceros standing under a large tree. Its head was protected by the trunk, but I could see its shoulder nicely. I got to within forty yards, and my first shot from the two-groove Lang knocked it down. I fired two more shots as it lay struggling on the ground, but the more I fired the more lively it got. It recovered its legs, and went off at a slow trot; and I went in chase, and kept firing as fast as I could load; but owing to the slowness of the elephant I could not get an inch nearer, and it kept some fifty yards ahead of me. The dense jungle was only a hundred yards in front of it, and once in that I was pretty certain to lose my quarry; but at this critical moment up came Jackson on a fast elephant, overhauled it, and killed it. This was one of the largest rhinoceros I have ever seen, and I got down and measured it. Extreme length from snout to tip of tail, 13 feet 4 inches; height at shoulder, 6 feet 2 inches; length of horn, 13 inches. Being close to camp I went straight to it, but Jackson went off to the right, and came upon another huge rhinoceros, fired seven shots at it, reduced it to a walk, but as it got into a tangled brake he lost it, and though we searched for it next day, we never recovered it. Jackson reached camp at 4 P.M. We then went down to the Monass and trolled for mahseer. Jackson caught the first fish—one about 6 lbs. in weight. I then caught three, weighing 19, 8, 25 lbs. each. The mahouts that went to bring in the head of the big rhinoceros I had killed came across a tiger eating a deer both going and coming back, and wanted us to go after it, but as it was all but dark we declined, but promised to look it up in the morning. We had pitched our tents too close to the Monass, and as it blew the usual tornado, we had several inches of sand over us and in our beds in the morning; so we moved our camp further back out of the influence of this deadly breeze.

April 21st.—Very foolishly, instead of going after the tiger first, I gave in to Jackson, and we went after his rhinoceros; but his mahout never succeeded in finding the tangled brake into which he had disappeared the previous evening. After wasting several hours in searching fruitlessly, we got on to fresh tracks and followed them up, but up to nine o'clock we saw nothing. Suddenly as we were passing a narrow strip of grass jungle, Jackson caught sight of a rhinoceros and fired into it. The wounded one began to spin round and round and to grunt and squeal in a manner peculiar to rhinoceros, and I should say a dozen others joined in the noise. I never heard such a pandemonium in my life, and this lasted fully five minutes; and whilst it was going on, not one of our elephants would stir a step forward. The grass was so dense and high, that even when the elephants were persuaded to go into it, I hesitated, because the risk of getting them cut was so great, and the rhinoceros appeared to be so numerous and frenzied that I fully expected a battle royal. Not to run any risks, we went some way off, and told some men to set the grass on fire and to burn towards us; but though the grass looked as dry as tinder, yet it would not burn; so we sat down to breakfast under a tree on a high piece of land close to where the rhinoceros had disappeared. Before we had half finished, a mahout ran up saying there was a rhinoceros as big as an elephant feeding close by. We left our meal, mounted our elephants, and went towards the point indicated. We soon saw an immense rhinoceros; he was so intent on feeding, we thought we could get up to him on our animals without being perceived. There was a nullah close by, into which we could have got, and by crawling along its bed we could have got within five yards of the monster feeding on its bank; but instead of doing so advanced together against our foe. We got to within sixty yards, when the rhinoceros looked up and immediately turned

to bolt. He got two barrels from each of us, rolled down the nullah side, picked himself up at the bottom, and ran away as lively as if he had not been touched. We followed some way, but seeing from the way the pachyderm was legging it that it was a hopeless task, we hurried back to the strip, where Jackson had wounded one before breakfast. In this we formed line and advanced very slowly and cautiously. Keeping the elephants well together, almost immediately a rhinoceros, followed by a butcha, charged Jackson, whose elephant swerved, but not before Jackson had fired two shots and turned the rhinoceros towards me. I also gave her two shots, and she ran about fifty yards and dropped dead. Going on I found myself in the midst of a whole herd of rhinoceros; there were probably ten or twelve rhinoceros in the grass and five or six immediately round me, all making their diabolical noises, at hearing which elephants generally go mad with funk, become ungovernable and bolt; but the old mucknah I was on never moved. Firing quickly, I wounded at least four, and had just time to reload my battery, when I had one brute charging me on the left, another on the right, and one in the rear, and several others making feints all round, and I fired as quickly as I could snatch up the rifles. I had four rifles and my smooth-bore with me, and I emptied every one before I was quit of my foes. One pertinacious devil did not give up the ghost until my very last shot, and the result was that two rhinoceros lay dead upon the ground, two more went away severely wounded, and several others were hit. Had my elephant not stood like a rock he must have come to grief, and as it was I had the greatest difficulty in restraining Sookur, who wanted to follow up the wounded before I was reloaded—indeed I had to threaten to punch his head before I could keep him within bounds. I have never seen such a lot of rhinoceros together before or since, nor heard such an infernal din as they created. Jackson

joined me just as the last of my foes was retiring, and he fired into two or three, but did not bring any down. We re-formed line, and beat the long strip of grass-jungle. We again came across several, and dropped one more, but the others got into a tree-jungle so interlaced with creepers that elephants could not go in after them, and they escaped us, but not the natives who were following us, as they got three. We then went back and took the horns of those we had killed, when suddenly a three-parts grown rhinoceros charged me. I turned him with two shots; he then bore down upon Jackson, whose elephant turned tail and bolted, followed in full chase by the rhinoceros. Jackson, owing to the pace at which his elephant was bolting, could not shoot straight, and after missing several times he dropped it, but not before it had closed with and struck his elephant; but fortunately the brute was too much done to use his tushes, and the elephant was uninjured. Jackson got cut and bruised about in the howdah and he must have had anything but a happy time of it whilst being chased. Wanting meat for the camp, *en route* back I killed a hog-deer and a pig. Jackson wounded a pig, but lost it.

In the evening we went out fishing; Jackson caught two mahseer weighing 20 and 12 lb. each; and I also caught two 19½ and 6 lb.; and on the whole we had a good day's sport.

April 22nd.—Jackson was very seedy all last night, so it was late before we started. We saw nothing till after crossing the Gatee nullah; we then saw a large rhinoceros, but he was too wide awake and escaped unscathed. Shortly afterwards we saw another, and stalked him beautifully; and as he entered a clump of trees, we went round and met him face to face, and killed him at once. This was a very large rhinoceros with a good horn, but the latter had been injured in some way, and the root of it was full of maggots, the stench dreadful, and in a few days the horn would have tumbled off

altogether, and in time a new one would have grown in its place. We went on to the Pohomarah river, and crossed it; but as it had little or no water, we gave up all idea of halting on its banks. In a clump of trees I saw a mithun, the Assamese appellation for a bison (*Bos Gaurus*), but they use the same word for the gyal as well. I fired two shots, and hit it hard; it left blood behind, but got into such a tangled forest that I could not follow it, and lost it. Going home we saw several sambur, but would not fire at them as they were does. Jackson shot a hog-deer near camp. In the evening we went out fishing; Jackson caught two, 26, 7 lb. each. I caught two, 17, 9 lb. each. We each lost two fish.

April 23rd.—We moved camp to-day: slight rain during the night and early in the morning. We went a long way without seeing anything, but at last fired at a marsh-deer, and soon afterwards came across the marks of a rhinoceros: followed it up, came across it and hit it, but lost it in a patch of tree-jungle. As rhinoceros' tracks were plentiful we left the deer alone, though we saw lots of them, and amongst them several bucks, but with their horns in velvet. In following up fresh marks, we came upon a rhinoceros lying down in a river. I fired and hit hard; it ran up the bank towards us and we killed it without difficulty. I then came upon a bear and killed it with two shots. Jackson then wounded a rhinoceros, but it got away. I soon afterwards saw a rhinoceros in the bed of another nullah, and knocked it twice over, but it got away after all. It passed Jackson's orderly, a Goorkha, and received two shots, but got away from him also, and disappeared in the neighbouring long grass. We also came upon a fine mucknah elephant, but of course did not molest it. Jackson also hit a large bull buffalo, but lost it. Our servants came across two rhinoceros and a big elephant; the latter they had to fire at, as it seemed pugnaciously inclined. In the evening we again went out. We got a marsh-deer

and a cow buffalo; the latter with horns ten feet six inches round the curve. We halted at Basharee, where there is a deliciously cold stream.

April 24th.—It rained a good deal all night and in the early morning, and our sheds were swamped. We went out about 8, and sent Seetaram and the orderly to look up the wounded rhinoceros. Instead of doing so, they followed up fresh tracks and spoilt our day's sport by disturbing the country ahead of us. We saw to-day an immense herd of buffaloes, and amongst them some bulls with huge horns; but as the ground was quite open, we could not get anywhere near them. Whilst endeavouring to circumvent them, I came across a bear; rolled it over, but lost it. After trudging a long way, we came upon the fresh marks of a rhinoceros; Sookur followed them up. The heat was awful, and there was not the least shade or a cloud in the sky. As is usual, the rhinoceros had been feeding in a circle, so the task of hunting him to his lair was a tedious one. Jackson gave it up in disgust and got under a tree, whilst I went on, and in about half an hour came upon it lying down in a patch of long grass, and as it jumped up I killed it with two shots in the shoulder. We then came to a very heavy belt of jungle, and out of it ran a rhinoceros and its young. As we were anxious to catch the butcha, we killed the mother, but unfortunately one of Jackson's conicals ricochetted off the dead beast into its young one, and wounded it so badly that it had to be destroyed. Our men filled two bottles with the rhinoceros' milk, and I first tasted it. It was very weak and very sweet—very like, I should say, to a woman's milk in the earlier stage of nursing. Going home, looking down the narrow bed of a steep nullah, I saw a rhinoceros lying down at the bottom, with its feet in the air; and think-it was dead and one of those we had lost yesterday, I called out to Jackson, "Here is one of our rhinoceros." No

sooner had I spoken than up jumped the rhinoceros and came up the bank straight at me. Fortunately, for the first time, the mucknah, to avoid the charge, spun round and escaped being cut. In another moment the rhinoceros was lying dead.

April 25th.—Moved camp to Kalugoun, a short march. We came across fresh marks of rhinoceros, but being tired of slaughtering them, did not follow them up. We crossed one fine river and several smaller streams. Near our huts we bagged a marsh-deer, and Jackson killed a florikan. In the evening we again went out, and Jackson killed another marsh-deer, and we saw many florikans, but they were so wild, we could not get within shot of them; but as the heat and gadflies were very trying, we did not exert ourselves much to-day to get sport.

April 26th.—Rain again during the night and morning. Moved camp to Battubaree: found the country very difficult to traverse owing to the numerous nullahs and water-courses we had to cross. There must have been very many years ago a large inhabited tract where now there is only a howling wilderness. The irrigation channels we came across were numerous and very difficult to get across. We saw some deer and partridges, and killed a few of each.

April 27th.—Went over the lime localities. There is a good deal of lime about, but it is very scattered, and will scarcely repay to collect it. We saw a wild elephant and many marsh-deer; and the people reported that wild cattle—a cross between the gyal and zebu—were in the vicinity, but we saw none. Near home we put up a large rhinoceros, and killed at the first discharge; and the result of our experience is, that although they are far easier to kill than buffaloes, yet the elephants funk them more.

April 28th.—Moved to Paka Marah. Near every village there were numbers of cattle lying about dead, a result of

the usual cattle plague so prevalent in Assam. Near one village a tiger had dragged away a dead carcass; we followed up a short way, but not coming across our royal foe, resumed our journey. We saw lots of florikan, but they were very wild, and we could not get within shot of them, but of deer we did not see one, though generally they were here in dozens.

April 29th.—We marched to Kumblepore. The stream which supplies this place with water had dried up, so we had great difficulty in getting water for ourselves, camp, and elephants.

April 30th.—We went to Rungiah, and we shot a deer and several partridges *en route*, but as the heat was awful, we were glad to get home and do "buffalo" early. Thus ended our trip of fifteen days. Had we been masters of our own time, by halting a day here and there we might have doubled our bag; but after all we did not do badly.

Jackson, having still a balance of time to the good, went out to Kookooriah, Barry's garden, where between them they killed a fine rhinoceros, with a horn 13 inches long, and weighing 2¼ seers, besides wounding and losing two others, and bagging various deer and buffaloes.

I was out later in this bheel, and came across numerous dead buffaloes and bison lying about the bheel, victims of the cattle disease. I stalked two bison, but missed them both; and shot a few buffaloes and deer; and collecting the entire skeletons of two bison, and a bull and a cow buffalo and two rhinoceros and several marsh-deer, I sent them to the Calcutta Museum.

June found me again at Kookooriah in company with French, the superintendent of police, and Gordon, a neighbouring tea-planter. The first day only French and I went out. We killed two buffaloes; one charged me viciously, and though she got the full benefit of my heavy battery, she

never swerved, but struck my elephant on the forearm with only her forehead, the horns passing on either side, and inflicting no damage: two more shots killed her. Sitting in Barry's house, situated on a *teelah* or hill overlooking the swamp, we could see buffaloes, pigs, and deer feeding every day, and occasionally elephants, and now and then a tiger or bison. The next day we went to visit a deserted tea-garden, and on passing by a clump of grass a vicious old bull buffalo with *one* horn charged us, without any provocation on our part, but we killed it before it could do any harm.

The next day it rained a good deal, so Barry and I remained at home looking on, whilst Gordon and French went out. We could see everything quite distinctly from the verandah. They got into the midst of a herd of buffaloes and killed five, but one old bull stood at bay, charged French's elephant, which spun round and bolted, nearly throwing his rider out of the howdah. French fired a shot or two, but had to hold on to the howdah to prevent himself being pitched out, so the bull had it all his own way. He chased French for upwards of two hundred yards, giving the elephant an occasional prod behind to induce it to keep at its full pace, but inflicting no serious wounds. When the elephant reached an open piece of ground the bull buffalo pulled up and retreated, but French's elephant would not stop till it reached the foot of our hill, and nothing would induce her to go back: so the bull escaped, as he well deserved. To us, who were looking on, the scene was most ludicrous—French holding on like grim death, the elephant shrieking and bolting, and the bull prodding her behind! We laughed till we cried.

In July I had to go along the trunk road to note down the high water levels. The task was a very unpleasant one, as the country was flooded, and it poured with rain every day, and I had very little sport. At Luckeepore the rajah got together some boats, and we went out shooting in them across the

inundated country. The Assamese had only spears and dhaws. I took one rifle only, for fear of being upset. I did not interfere with their sport much, as I wished to see how it was conducted. These boats are propelled by a dozen men; they draw very little water. We went along till we reached small islets, covered with long grass; these were bits of land higher than the surrounding country, and though they looked dry they had actually a foot or so of water over them. As we approached one of them the men began to yell, and three marsh and two hog-deer ran out and began to swim for their lives, but were speedily killed one after the other.

We went on with various luck till some eight or nine deer had been killed; we then had a chase after three buffaloes, but as we passed the clump out of which they had started the old bull, who had remained behind, charged us. We were only in water about two feet deep, and that was no hindrance to him, so he came at us full pelt. The men tried to pull into the deep water, but he was too quick for them, and as he closed I fired and floored him close to us—so close that the boat was nearly swamped by the water which came in by the splash he made. But he was by no means dead; one of the Assamese speared him as we passed by, and I gave him another shot, but he was up again and after us. Before I could load, he struck the boat, nearly upsetting us. The men jumped out, but he took no notice of them, but prodded the boat again. I also jumped out, as shooting out of the rickety old boat was impossible. The water was not up to my waist, so I got a good shot at the infuriated beast's chest, which proved a sickener, as he turned and gave me a shoulder shot; he then ran back a little way and fell down to rise no more. Whilst this scrimmage was going on, the other boats were in full chase of the three other buffaloes. Of these they only killed one; the others got into shallow water and galloped away. We went on for several miles, beating all likely

looking spots, getting here a hog, in others a hog-deer, now and then a marsh-deer. One rhinoceros was started, but it got away. At last, about three o'clock, there was a yell, and several boats went in full chase of what proved to be a tiger. We were nearly the last, and I urged my men to pull, as I wanted to see a tiger speared in this way. All the Assamese boats were vying with one another and trying who should get up first, and yelling most discordantly. We were nearing fast, when a man in the leading boat threw a spear, which apparently missed; another was thrown which struck the tiger. It immediately roared or growled and turned towards the boat, but was greeted with a shower of spears which turned it. It was swimming in deep water, but not far ahead it was quite shallow, and the object of the men was to kill it before it could get there. They not only threw their spears, but using them as lances thrust away at its beautiful hide. Once it got hold of the side of the boat and nearly upset it, but got a blow from a dhaw that laid open the head and made it let go. Still the tiger, though covered with wounds and dyeing the water all round with its blood, swam strongly; but what with its roaring, growling, and now and then gurgling as it was thrust under water, and the yells and screams of its assailants, the scene was an exceedingly savage one. By this time I was close up; the tiger got to the shallow, ran a little way, and then charged at the prow of the boat. Fearing some injury, I thought it was now time for me to interfere, so I fired, but from the unsteadiness of my boat my first shot missed. By this time the tiger had seized the prow of the boat and was worrying it, taking no notice of the men. Telling my men to leave off rowing and to steady the boat, I put my second shot through the tiger's head, which killed it on the spot. It turned out to be a tigress, 8 feet 3 inches, but its skin was utterly ruined, owing to the numerous spear-wounds. We got home at five with thirteen deer, five pigs,

two buffaloes, and one tiger. I wanted to see this kind of sport once; I can't say I care for it, but it is very exciting whilst it lasts, and looks very dangerous, yet I believe very few accidents occur.

As the rajah was going to send his koonkies to catch elephants, he asked me whether I should like to go, and of course I said yes. We went beyond Tikri Killah towards Bengaligunge or Hât. My elephant had a pad on it, the rest had only ropes. This mode of sport has been described elsewhere. I was with them when they caught two elephants, but I believe they caught in all eight, of which two were strangled outright, and four others died of mortification afterwards.

CHAPTER VI.

Axis (spotted deer).—Dancing-girls at Hazoo.—Old Burmese Fort.—Wild animals within the same.—Directions for obtaining good sport.—Tame elephant trying to escape.—Sporting baboo.—Dead tigress in swamp.—Buffaloes.—Rhinoceros, &c.

I HAD often heard rumours of spotted deer being found in Assam, but though I had travelled across the country more than most men, I had only come across one, on the banks of the Monass near Matagoorie, and as I knew they were plentiful on the west bank of that river, I concluded that the one I shot on the east bank was a stray one, but as I had to go along the foot of the Bhootan Hills I thought I would look for them, and for the wild cattle said to be found at their base. I was not successful, but the country we travelled over was very interesting, and there were lots of deer and small game about, and we heard tigers calling to each other nearly every night, as this is their season for pairing.

Thomas, of the Police, accompanied me. We started on the 18th of February, and the first day went to Herraparah, where I was detained that and the next day on professional work. This neighbourhood is famous for florikan, partridge, buffaloes, deer, and occasionally tigers.

February 20th.—Marched to Hazoo, a very sacred spot, where Bhooteahs, Hindoos, and even Mussulmans go to worship nominally, but the real attraction is, I believe, the numerous gangs of dancing-girls, the only ones in Lower Assam. These are said to live in villages by themselves, no men being allowed to live with them. Like all dancing-girls these are

prostitutes, but confine themselves to visiting only natives. They are a fine, handsome race, the only good-looking, well-made women I have seen in Assam.

En route to our camp Thomas shot a teal, and missed a bird that looked to me very like a woodcock; I hunted for it everywhere, but could not flush it again. We pitched our camp outside the village, and in the evening the people came and asked us to shoot a tiger, which had killed a cow in a cane-brake in the midst of their village. We went out; there was the dead bullock, sure enough, just killed, but not a sign of the tiger, or more probably a panther, as I shot one here afterwards. We went on to an extensive bheel and saw another kill, but could not find the tiger. In this bheel I shot ten ducks and two birds very like ducks, differing in the bill only, but when flying they could not be distinguished from ducks. The Assamese said they were far better than ducks to eat, so we had them cooked. I thought them abominable, but my comrade ate his with relish! We saw thousands of geese, but could not get near them. We saw a lot of florikan as we were going home, but they were too wild to shoot.

Feb. 21st.—We had great difficulty in getting coolies to take our traps. Had news of a fresh kill in the village, and thoroughly searched the cane-brake, but saw nothing, nor did the elephants show any signs of fear. We then went to the bheel, and beat all the grass round its edges, but saw no marks of a tiger, though it must have been somewhere near, as the kill of last night had been entirely devoured. We had to go through water nearly the whole march. We saw thousands of geese and ducks. At one bheel I shot a florikan and a duck; further on we came to another bheel black with water-fowl, took advantage of a herd of cattle to stalk up to them, and with our four-barrels knocked over eight ducks, three of them being pin-tail, which are not very plentiful in Assam. During the

remainder of the day we got six or eight more ducks and teal, and came across the tamest batch of wild geese I have yet seen. They allowed the villagers to fish with baskets within twenty yards of them; they did not seem to mind us either, but we could not get within shot, except by wading up to our middles, and that we did not care to do. We reached Kumblepore at 3, after a fatiguing march of fifteen miles through water.

Feb. 22nd.—We beat over the ground where Baker and Masters of the Police shot two tigers last year, but saw nothing. As our elephants had undergone a hard day's work yesterday we gave them a rest for the greater part of the day.

Feb. 23rd.—To Rungiah: no shooting *en route.*

Feb. 24th.—To Kumblepore; we went off the road shooting. About two miles from Rungiah there is an old fortified town, which I strongly suspect the Burmese had constructed during their occupation of the country, as it is exactly built on the plans of their own towns; it is about two miles square, surrounded by high earthen ramparts; a river runs through the centre. This place when I first saw it in 1867 was quite deserted on account of man-eating tigers, but now several small villages had sprung up; but still there are numerous pea-fowl, deer, partridges, and occasionally buffaloes to be found within this inclosure. Nor had the tigers deserted it, as a tiger had killed early this morning no less than four bullocks; none of them had been eaten, and as there was not much jungle about, we beat for him a good three hours, but could not find him. The ground was unfavourable for elephants, consisting of a series of mounds thrown up by worms, over which elephants can only travel with great difficulty; but I have no doubt it was there all the while, but succeeded in dodging us amongst these mounds, as I killed one here on my next trip in very nearly the same spot. I got to-day six black partridges and Thomas two florikan and a hare.

Feb. 25*th.*—To Doorgagung—ten miles. Saw a lot of florikan and deer, but they were too wild to shoot. We came across a herd of marsh-deer, wounded several, but lost them all. I shot some partridges. Here there are three rivers: these join lower down and form the Rungiah river. Limestone is found here, but the difficulty is to transport it to Gowhatty.

Feb. 26*th.*—To Jargoan: went through frightful jungle, full of pitfalls. We fortunately took a guide with us or we might have come to grief. I killed a hog-deer, two hares, and five black partridges, and two marsh partridges; saw lots of florikan, but could not get near them. There are lots of bears in this vicinity, but we could not come across any. Here we ought to have turned off to go to the ground where spotted deer are found. The following are the directions sent to me by Mr. Driberg, in charge of this district for many years, and who was a very successful sportsman:—"From Gaibaree go straight across country to Atasikhat tea-gardens, eight miles off. Good hog-deer and small-game shooting the whole way, and every chance of a tiger along the river beds. There is a bungalow there. Thence go to Benbari; good road; twelve miles. There is a bungalow there. Thence beat straight up to Hatti Muttee Kochghar. If you go south of Bonguronghar you will get lots of marsh-deer. Leaving Benbari early, you will get to Hatti Muttee Kochghar by 2 P.M. Here there are spotted deer. No bungalow here, nor is there a village. It is on the Nonai River, where it debouches out of the hills into the plains. Get hold of Mattie Mouzadar of Benbari. He will be able to give a lot of information and to send shikarees with you. In Jargoan-mouzah, on the Boree Nuddee, there is good bird- and hare-shooting. If you cross the Maji Koochie, you will get first-rate hog-deer and florikan shooting." My time not being my own, I was reluctantly compelled to give up this programme

and to return to Gowhatty direct, shooting *en route* eight partridges, three hares, three florikan.

March 25th saw me at Luckeepore. I had shot a few deer *en route*, but had not delayed.

March 26th and 27th.—I was busy with work, and on the 28th marched to Doobree. When we reached the chur opposite, as we were beating along with eleven elephants in line, we saw another line of ten elephants advancing towards us. On meeting we found the opposition party consisted of a sporting baboo from Malwa, with elephants borrowed from the Moorshedabad Rajah; he had been out six weeks, and had beaten the churs from Bugwah and Singhamaree to Doobree and had bagged some seven or eight tigers; one of them was described as a very savage one, charging prior to being shot at. He had had a shot that morning at a tiger, but had missed. We joined and formed line, keeping the elephants not more than five yards apart, and in fair line. The baboo took the centre of the line; I was on the right, and Smart, my assistant, on the left. The baboo talked English; he was dressed in regular Bengalee-baboo style, half English, half native. He had a pith helmet on. He had a large battery, but no two guns or rifles of the same bore. Of course he had a man behind him to load. We beat to the end of the chur without seeing anything except a few pigs. We then right-about faced and beat back. We had gone but a short way when the baboo fired at and killed a boar. We went on beating, but as there appeared no prospect of our coming across tigers, and wishing to try the effects of a shell from the express, I fired at a boar; it fell to the shot, but picked itself up and went off on three legs. We were thinking of following when there was a cry of a tiger having broken back.

As I have said before, the elephants were in excellent line, and not above five yards apart, yet they had passed this

tiger lying down and not one had trumpeted! We faced about at once, and instead of beating back steadily off went the baboo and Smart in full chase, breaking the line and firing at distances varying from 500 to 600 yards! I yelled at them till I was hoarse and then gave up, perfectly disgusted. Of course the tiger escaped, and when these two ardent sportsmen (?) were heartily tired they pulled up, and it took us half-an-hour more to collect the elephants together and to re-form line. The heat was awful, and directly we came to a piece of water every man and beast was busy drinking, bathing, and cooling himself. I got tired of this, and going up the bank met a large tiger face to face. As he turned to bolt I gave him a shell in the side from the express and called out to the others to form line as I had wounded a tiger. This, after a while was done. We had not advanced twenty paces when the tiger staggered up quite stupidly to Smart, who put a couple of bullets into his head, on which he subsided. On measurement as he lay dead he was 9 feet 4 inches, but a high, bulky brute. The baboo wanted to make out this was the one he and Smart had chased, and wanted to claim it, but even his own mahouts laughed at his pretensions, so he did not insist on his claim. Whilst we were padding this tiger, one of my elephants, which I had lately purchased, walked off and made for the hills, and Smart and I had to leave off shooting and go after him, and after a weary chase we recaptured it. Its mahout, contrary to orders, had got off its back, and it had sneaked away whilst we were busy with the tiger, and did its best to escape. One of our elephants, a tusker, had our breakfast on his back, and its mahout, finding a brother of his with the baboo, quietly left us and followed the baboo to his camp, six or seven miles away from us, taking our breakfast with him. We got back to our camp at three, and had nothing to eat till four, and our missing mahout with his elephant did not turn up till

next day, when we gave him something to teach him better behaviour in future.

March 29th.—This morning we again visited the chur, and beat up to the baboo's encampment, which was at the very extremity of the chur, without seeing anything. The baboo was not present, as he had crossed over to Doobree to see the Gairapore Rajah. We ascertained that after we had left him yesterday in chase of our runaway elephant, that he had come across two tigers, and had killed one, a tigress, with one ball, and we also saw the skins of those he had killed before meeting us. We breakfasted there and beat back. About half-way back, at the very water I had shot the tiger at yesterday, I saw a large tiger get out of the water and walk slowly along. I halted the line and gave him time to settle down. There was not much jungle, so I knew he would not go far. We then formed line, beat backwards and forwards, then in circles, yet for a long while we could not come across our friend. At last I saw the grass moving in front of me, and beckoning to Smart to wheel up, we got the tiger well within a horse-shoe, the open portion of the horse-shoe being free of jungle; so he must either cross that and give us good shots, or charge through our line. This latter he apparently preferred doing, and charged down upon me. As he showed himself, I gave him both barrels from the express, flooring him, and he rolled over under one of the most cowardly of our elephants, who, however, did not move or show any signs of fear. Before the smoke cleared away, the tiger picked himself up, and broke back. I gave him a parting shot as he disappeared, but though we beat for him for hours, we never saw him again. The place was full of ruts and pretty high grass, though it did not extend very far. The whole country had recently been burnt, and though we went round this patch of grass, we could not see any footmarks to warrant us in supposing it had got away; but

whether it died or whether it hid in one of the ruts I cannot say; but we did not bag him.

March 30th.—Marched to Chow Rewah. After we had gone some two miles *en route*, some villagers asked us to shoot a tiger, which had killed three cows the evening before. So we went with them, a long way out of our line, saw the kills, but despaired of finding the tigers in such ground, as there was but a strip of long grass, bordering a jeel, which was a quaking bog and impenetrable to our elephants; and I thought it, from its very swampy nature, an unlikely place for a tiger to take up its abode, but as the kills were there, we thought it as well to try for their slayer. So forming line, we went through the grassy patch, and reached the very edge of the quagmire, without seeing or hearing anything of the tiger, and were just turning back, when the silly tigress, as it turned out to be, charged me, coming through the quagmire on the top of the tangled grass, without apparently sinking in. I fired two shots. When hit by the first she spun round, but on the second catching her in the side she came at us, but she was so well received that she beat a retreat into the swamp. As we could not see her, I fired at the moving grass, and suddenly all movement ceased. I did not know whether the animal was dead or only lying *perdu*, but knew she had not got away, as, with the exception of this swamp, the country was quite open all round; and though we took the guddee off an elephant and tried to force it into the swamp, it could not go, but sank at once, and we had great difficulty in extricating it from its dangerous position. We took an occasional shot in the hopes of inducing the tigress to move and show us her position, but all was still as death. At last we got long bamboos from the village, and laid them down on the reeds in the swamp, forming a sort of floating bridge; and along this, strongly against my wishes and even orders, a Mussulman mahout ventured, beating the jungle

down in front and on either side of him as he advanced with a bamboo. My heart was in my mouth, and I had the gun full cock, covering him, and expecting every moment to hear a rush and see him attacked, but fortunately the tigress was stone-dead, half buried in the water and mud. Tying a rope to one of her legs, my elephant dragged her to shore, and we soon padded her, and continued our route, and reached our camp at 2. Found all our traps had gone to a wrong village, and we had to send for them. In the evening and early next day, we beat about for two tigers, that had been killing cattle in the vicinity, but did not succeed in finding them; and the next day we went on to Goalparah, where we had work to attend to.

In Burmah May is the best month for shooting, but in Assam I think April or March, especially for tigers. The grass in Assam is burnt earlier, and the rains set in also earlier. So by May the new grass is nearly as high as the old which has been burnt.

May 8th.—Barry, Anley (superintendent of police), and myself started for the Monass. The elephants gave us a good deal of trouble at starting, some refusing to cross the river, and others swimming back after they had reached the opposite bank. Marching steadily along we reached Bogalir on the 12th. Here Anley and I had a long swim in the river, and after we had finished, Campbell, the Assistant Commissioner, told us a child had been carried away and a woman injured by an alligator a few days before at that identical spot. We did not bathe in that river again.

May 13th.—From Bogalir to Battabarie we shot a few deer *en route*. The next day we were very busy, and only shot a pig and a hog-deer for the pot. We saw florikan, but they were very wild.

May 15th.—Moved to Kalleegoung, over the worst country I ever saw—a frightful swamp nearly the whole way. Before

we reached the swamp, we heard a marsh-deer call, and I went after it. I saw two marks parallel to each other in the grass, and pointing them out to Campbell, thinking they were deer marks, I went on. I did not come across my deer, but Campbell, following up the tracks, put up a couple of bears. He fired several shots at them, but did not bag either. I could render no assistance, as I was too far away. The bears escaped. The gadflies to-day were very bad.

May 16*th.*—Moved to Kumlabaree. When we were about halfway saw rhinoceros' tracks, and on following them up heard a splashing in the bed of a nullah, and on looking down saw a fine large rhinoceros. The banks were very steep, so he was caught in a regular trap. We all fired, and in a few seconds he was dead. As this was the first rhinoceros Anley had ever fired at or seen, we gave him the horn, a very fine one, 12 inches long, 1½ seers in weight. We saw very little game. The grass was very high, and the gadflies nearly drove us mad, and made our elephants very unsteady. At the Poho-Marah Campbell killed a cow buffalo with horns 10 feet 4 inches. We reached camp early. Anley and I breakfasted sitting in the nullah with umbrellas over our heads. We found that much cooler and pleasanter than the tent. Campbell went out again in the evening, and brought home a hog-deer.

May 17*th.*—Barry and Campbell went one way, Anley and I another. We started very early—before 5.30 A.M. Not far from camp Anley fired at and hit a bear. We hunted it for some time; it made several charges at us, and funked our elephants thoroughly, and eventually escaped. I do not know what the cause was, but our elephants behaved disgracefully all this trip. I think the excessive heat and the gadflies had something to say to it, but we lost nearly every animal we wounded. Further on we came upon a rhinoceros, and both our elephants bolted. One went one way, and mine,

bolting along the rhinoceros' path, was followed by him, and in his fright nearly fell into a deep pit with me. I fired at it as it was running behind us and hit it, but it swerved, got into very heavy grass, and we lost it. We followed up numerous other tracks, but all the beasts had retired into very heavy jungle, into which it was no use going. Leaving this, we followed the course of the Poho-Marah river, and came upon a rhinoceros, with only his head above water. He jumped up when he saw us, but was killed almost instantaneously. We saw seven buffaloes and a lot of deer, but got none. Campbell and Barry came across three rhinoceros, and killed one with a fair horn.

May 18th.—We moved to the Monass to-day, and, odd to say, got nothing to shoot at.

May 19th.—We started together, but on reaching fresh tracks separated. Anley and I went outside the edge of a tree-jungle, whilst Campbell and Barry went through and on to a plain beyond; there they came upon three rhinoceros and a buffalo lying together in the same pool. They hit the buffalo and one rhinoceros, but got neither. It was useless our trying to shoot, the elephants were so unsteady; they kept bolting at the least noise; the gadflies were on them in thousands, sucking the very life-blood from them, and they, I fancy, like ourselves, were nearly driven mad. After crossing through a belt of heavy tree-jungle I came upon a rhinoceros, followed by a *butcha.* I got two unsteady shots at it about fifteen yards off, but it got away. Nearer home I came upon another rhinoceros, knocked it down, but my elephant skedaddled, and when I succeeded in stopping it, and going back, found the rhinoceros gone. I am sure we saw to-day at least eight rhinoceros, but could not shoot them owing to the unsteadiness of our elephants. Campbell and Barry brought home a buffalo and a marsh-deer; they also saw a fine bison, but could not get near enough to shoot it.

May 20th.—Rain this morning. In the afternoon Anley and I came across at least twelve rhinoceros at different times, but did not kill one through the unsteadiness of our elephants.

May 21st.—We again saw a lot of rhinoceros, but it was useless trying to shoot them; so, getting disgusted, we gave it up as a bad job, and went back to Burpetah; thence I crossed over to Goalparah, and marched to Gowhatty, wounding a tiger, but losing it in a patch of jungle full of rattans and creepers; it charged once or twice, but odd to say, though the elephants only a week before were so unsteady that we could shoot nothing off their backs, they were quite staunch now, and had the jungle been favourable I must have got the tiger. I picked up a few deer, florikan, and black partridges. Near Gowhatty, about twelve miles down the river on the opposite side, at a place called Loo-al-choochi, we used to get very good small game shooting, and now and then pig, deer, and buffaloes. Fisher and I had some very fair sport here, getting florikan, ducks, teal, pea-fowl, black and marsh partridges and hares. One day we shot some buffaloes, a deer, and some pig. One of them (a pig) I had slung behind my howdah; it got loose, and hung half way down the elephant's thigh, and he began to kick it up into the air; down it would come with a flop, when up would go the elephant's hind leg, sending the pig flying, and nearly pitching me out of the howdah, and it was some time before the mahout could force the elephant to kneel down, and enable us to cut loose the pig. Fisher could not help laughing heartily, whilst I was being thrown about. I got all the skin taken off the backs of my hands, and my guns were sent flying, and myself considerably bruised. Sometimes we used to get up pic-nic parties there, and shoot for a few days, and return again to headquarters.

In *March*, 1872, I was again at Singhamaree; I had only

five elephants, but for the first time beat that chur. On the 13th I got three marsh-deer; I put up first one tiger, which I wounded; it ran only a little way and pulled up; it charged me when I came near; but though I hit it, it closed, stood up and caught hold of the guddee, but putting the left barrel to its head I blew it to pieces with a shell. The elephant was not injured in the least, and behaved very well. The tiger was just nine feet one inch in length. A little further on I put up the tigress; missed with the first barrel, but hit with the second. I lost the animal for the while, but it was found dead the next day. I started another tiger, but did not get a shot. I might have shot any number of wild boars, as they were very plentiful, but as they were in beautiful riding ground I let them go.

On the 14th I beat over the same ground, and found the tigress dead; but saw nothing but deer and pig to-day; so in the afternoon moved camp to the further end of the chur. Here there were a few huts and sheds in which buffaloes and cattle are kept. I heard of a kill, and went out very early, taking a villager with me to show me the jungles. I came to the kill, but there was very little of it left. I beat backwards and forwards several times, but not the ghost of a tiger to be seen. Getting tired, I turned towards camp, and going through a very thin strip of long grass two tigers ran away, one to the right and the other to the left; the latter crossed an open bit, and gave me the better shot, so I fired twice at it with the express, but it showed no signs of being hit, disappeared over a ridge of sand, and I then took up the other tracks. After going due north some way they turned west, passed the sheds, and entered a very heavy patch of grass. Directly I got into this the grass in front of me moved. I fired and something rushed on; I fired again, but whatever the animal was it ran some way ahead, and then turned to the right. I followed as well as I could judge the

direction in which it had gone. Again something rushed ahead, and again I took a snap-shot at the grass; down fell something, and I thought I had got my tiger, but my disgust may be imagined when I found only a hog-deer struggling on the ground. I went back, and beat everywhere for the tiger, but could not come across it; so, as the huts were close by, I went there and took it easy. Went out in the evening in the direction in which the first tiger had bolted; met a herd of buffaloes feeding, towards home; as they entered a patch of grass there was a great commotion, the buffaloes rushed forward in a body, and trying to toss something in front of them. Some of the buffaloes ran out and began to paw up the sand, and to snort and show signs of great excitement; the Gwallas seemed also excited, and on going to the spot we found the tiger, a small one I had shot at, dead, trampled into the ground and considerably gored by their horns, and so excited were the buffaloes that their attendant had great trouble, and ran some risk, in driving them off. We padded the tiger, which was barely eight feet long.

15th.—Marched back towards Doobree; put up in a hut near a tea-garden belonging to the Gaerapore rajah.

16th.—Went to the chur opposite the telegraph-office. The assistant in charge told me there were several tigers about, and that he could hear them every night, sometimes close to his house. I pitched my camp and went out in the evening, but only saw hog-deer and pig, but would not fire at them.

17th.—Out very early, but beat to the end of the chur along the south face without seeing the signs of a tiger. I went back along the north face, and saw nothing till I had gone more than half-way, when a tiger jumped up, and I was lucky enough to break its back with my first shot, and a shell fired out of the express did for him. He was a very large tiger, just ten feet long.

18*th.*—I put up another tiger to-day, but lost it, and I could not waste more time to sport, so hurried back to Gowhatty, inspecting roads, &c., *en route.*

April 3rd.—I had to go to Dewangeri: rode to Rungiah the first day, going through the fortified town two miles to the north. I got a tiger which had just killed two cows. It ran about 100 yards after receiving the shell, and then fell dead. This was close on ten feet in length.

April 5th.—I reached Demoo Nuddie, shooting seven partridges, and three florikan *en route.* In the afternoon went out shooting; got a good rhinoceros, with horn fourteen inches long and two-and-a-half seers in weight, and wounded another, which I lost. I also shot a hog-deer.

April 6th.—Walked up to Dewangeri, a stiff pull. The place is favourably situated for a good defence, as the approach to it is very precipitous and very tortuous. Its inhabitants were a few wretched Bhootiahs, who complained that they had to pay us taxes and the Bhootiahs as well. Each house is taxed by us one rupee, whilst the Bhootiahs make the unfortunate men pay two rupees. The place is supposed to be ours, and though ceded to us the Bhootiah rajahs still claim it. I walked back in the evening.

April 7th.—Sending my traps on to Kumblepore I had a beat along the Demoo Nuddie. I saw nothing, and then turned along one part of the Bhootan range; saw two elephants, but would not molest them. I then came across five buffaloes, but as none of them had fine horns I let them go. I then further on put up two rhinoceros, but lost them both. I then turned back, and took a long circuit. I came across what looked like the ruins of old forts, but they were so overgrown I could not be sure. Out of a patch of long grass near one a bear scrambled away, but my first shot, a shell, caught it in the neck and killed it outright. I then beat back to my camp, without seeing anything more than

two doe sambur. *En route* to Kumblepore I shot several partridges and two hog-deer. In the evening I went to a bheel about three miles off, and shot two buffaloes. In this place a sad accident occurred one year. French, the Superintendent of Police left, as he thought, a buffalo dead, and some of his policemen and villagers went to get the meat, but on their approaching the spot the supposed defunct animal jumped up and killed two or three men.

The next day I rode back to Gowhatty.

April 16th, 1872, found me with Comber and Cornish at Raha Jannah. We beat our way to Mina Muttee. Soon after starting I got two black partridges and a hispid hare, the first I have killed, though I have known many others killed by other sportsmen. I afterwards shot a pig and a pea-fowl.

April 17th.—We started pretty early for the Monass, but we only saw a few deer until we sat down to breakfast. No sooner had we settled down than something rushed by, and the mahouts called out, "A rhinoceros!" We climbed up into our howdahs, but the brute had got clean away; so we went back, finished our breakfast, and then set the jungle on fire, and soon had a glorious blaze, which must have made it a little too hot for our friend the rhinoceros. Cornish wounded a sambur, but lost it; I only got a partridge. Reaching the Monass at one, we got out our fishing-tackle and tried to troll where Jackson and I had been so lucky. Cornish went in one boat, and Comber and I in another. Our men could not propel the boat against the stream, and wound up by upsetting us. Fortunately it was not deep, and we escaped with a ducking. Our traps arrived at 3 P.M., and the men declared they had come across elephants and rhinoceros standing in some churs or islands in the bed of the Monass. There were a few policemen here, and they had been shooting all over the country, instead of looking after contraband india-rubber collecting.

April 18th.—Comber stopped to fish, so Cornish and I went together. We wanted to shoot only big game, so when Cornish came upon a deer lying down he asked me whether he should shoot it or not; before I could reply the deer got up and bolted. We then came across several deer, and let them go; but suddenly seeing a spotted deer, the first for twenty-eight years, I could not resist the temptation, and killed it. I knew they were on the other bank of the Monass, but not on this. Whilst we were padding this deer up came two rhinoceros. I fired at the largest, brought it down on its knees, but it got up and bolted. Cornish fired two shots at the other, but it too escaped. We then formed line, and came upon two rhinoceros; Cornish hit one badly, but my elephant bolted. After following for some time we got the one Cornish had hit, and found it had a *butcha* with it, so left it alone, intending to catch the young one on the morrow. We then went along the Poho marsh, and out of a thicket rushed two rhinoceros, the larger pretending to charge, but I made a good right and left, and killed them both. We saw various other rhinoceros and buffaloes, but the wind blew a perfect gale, and it came on to rain cats and dogs, and we got soaking wet. Cornish shot a pig near camp. Comber had caught two nice-sized mahseer.

April 19th.—As it was raining in the morning I tried fishing, but caught nothing, and after breakfast Cornish and I went back to the dead rhinoceros to try and catch its young one. We found the poor little thing lying down by its dead mother's side. We tried to catch it, but the nets had not arrived, and after a while it ran away and I believe joined another rhinoceros, which came up as we were trying to catch it. We then went through very high grass; in this I came upon a large rhinoceros; wounded it; got charged, but my elephant spun round and escaped, as did the rhino-

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

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ceros likewise. I shot one deer, and Cornish an iguana about six feet long. Got to camp about three, and crossed over the Monass.

April 20th—As Comber was pressed for time we could not make any stay here; so sending most fortunately some of our traps by boats to a place called Bargoan, we, with the remainder of the things, started on elephants to shoot our way there. We went over some of the most beautiful country, either for sport or scenery, I ever saw. Marks of bison, and other game plentiful, and lovely forests for stalking. The country an elevated plateau, but cut up by deep ravines. Here we saw herds of spotted deer, and Cornish got off to stalk a buck, but the ground was too open, and they all made off. In the numerous dried-up channels of the Monass in the short grass hog-deer were very numerous: Cornish shot two and Comber one. We saw a herd of about fifteen buffaloes; they took no notice of our shots, but when they got our wind they bolted fast enough. We went up a steep incline to a bit of high table-land, where Campbell had taken some friends last year, and had killed several rhinoceros. The marks of every sort of game most numerous; but the country very dangerous for elephants, as it is a mass of deep ravines, with perpendicular sides two to three hundred feet deep; and if an elephant bolted here the result would be almost certain death. We went some way and saw nothing but the same herd of buffaloes. One had a good head, so I opened fire; a shell burst in front of them, and they turned back and ran the gauntlet between Comber and myself. Comber killed the big one, and between us we rolled over four others. Cornish was a good 500 or 600 yards away, yet he emptied his battery, more to our danger than that of the buffaloes, as his bullets were flying about our ears. The big buffalo had horns nine feet ten inches long. In following up the herd we started a rhinoceros, followed by a

young one, and after a long chase killed the mother, but where the young one went to I do not know. As no one knew exactly where Bargoan was, we had to leave this happy hunting-ground, the best I have seen in Assam. We had great difficulty in getting through this country; on every side nullahs with perpendicular sides from 150 to 300 feet high. What an immense river the Monass must be in the height of the rains! Whilst following up one of these nullahs in the hopes of finding an outlet, I came upon a rhinoceros within ten yards of me; two shots from me, followed by two from Cornish, laid him low where he stood —a large male with small horn. In this ravine we also came across a buffalo and a pig, but they got away. We had the greatest difficulty in getting on at all to-day. No sooner had we surmounted the banks of one nullah than we came upon another with equally impracticable banks; so we wandered about all day, making but little progress, and not having an idea where Borgoan was. We saw two other rhinoceros, about seventy to eighty buffaloes, and I should say several thousands of marsh-deer. The whole country, some 150 to 200 feet above the Monass, and with a gradual slope from the foot of the Bhootan range, covered with grass not more than four feet high, and with numerous mud-holes. Marks of every sort of game abundant, but we could not stop to hunt; "onwards" was the cry. At last darkness set in, and we got into a marsh with great reed-jungle, averaging from twenty to thirty feet high. Which way to go we did not know. The nullahs we came to were quagmires, through which the elephants could scarcely struggle. Cornish and I got separated from Comber. We were bitten to death by mosquitoes, and altogether we were in a nice fix. The elephants had to crash their way the best way they could in a pitchy dark night, and after about three hours' floundering about in this impenetrable jungle we got to a piece

somewhat less heavy We then went to work to fire off our guns to attract C.'s attention. After waiting about an hour, we were glad to hear shots in return, and at last C. joined us. One of our mahouts had an idea we could not be far from our destination, and he knew the general direction; so we continued to force our way through the jungle, and at last were cheered by coming to some open ground and a little cultivation. Here we had the good luck to get hold of a couple of people who guided us to our huts, where we found our servants with the things that had been sent down by boat. Where our elephants with the rest of the baggage were we did not know in the least. Our hut was a miserable one, but we were lucky enough to get any shelter at all, and, after a hasty dinner, we gladly turned into our beds.

April 21st.—We had to halt here, and to send off our elephants in search of our baggage animals, which turned up at 1 P.M. I found that most of my traps, including my ammunition-box, my fishing-tackle, india-rubber boat, &c., had been left behind in the jungles by a rascally mahout, who said his elephant was too done up to bring them on. So we sent him back for them.

April 22nd.—The rascally mahout returned, saying he could not recognize the place where he had left my traps; so nice for me! So he got a thrashing, and we sent him back with Sookur, and went on to Biznee.

April 23rd.—Cornish returned to Goalparah; we halted here, and in the evening my missing traps turned up. We went on to Sidlee in the hopes of getting antelope, but the weather changed, and it came on to rain; so, after a day or two's miserable work, we got back to Goalparah. So ended this wretched trip. It was too hurried altogether for sport or comfort, though it showed us where splendid shooting ground was to be found which as yet had never been hunted over.

April 15th, 1873.—Started in the *Punjaub* steamer for

Baiswah ghat. We had a gale last night, and the flat had to cast off; so we had to go off with our traps in boats. We got off at half-past 7 A.M., and got to within a mile of the ghat by 12. The captain very kindly sent us his boats, and we landed at the ghat at 1 P.M. Started for Burpetah at half-past 2, and got there at 6. Saw a deer *en route*, and our servants came across a tiger. Barry accompanied us.

April 16*th*.—Busy all day getting traps ready for our trip. Found that the large tusker had an awful back, but Campbell kindly lent me his big mucknah: Barry on an elephant belonging to the Biznee rajah.

April 17*th*.—Got off about 8 o'clock: Barry and I through the jungle and our traps by the pathway. We saw several herds of buffaloes, wounded three, but only bagged one. We saw several deer, but got none. Got to camp about two.

April 18*th*.—Started for Kadur Ghooree, near Sonapilly—a hard day's work. I shot a buck hog-deer to begin with, and tied it behind my howdah. We then went on to within sight of Sonapilly without seeing a thing. The villagers where we breakfasted offered to show us lots of marsh-deer; so Barry and I separated. He went one way and shot five marsh-deer; I shot two. Near the place MacDonald and I were charged by five buffaloes without provocation on our parts. I saw a fine solitary bull buffalo. I fired my muzzle-loader at him, and wounded him. He ran about fifty yards and pulled up in the open. The ground was as smooth as a bowling-green, and covered with feathery grass about eighteen inches high. I did not take the trouble to reload, but went towards the buffalo, who stood facing me. When I got within sixty or seventy paces, he shook his head and came straight at me. I was told the elephant I was on was a perfectly staunch one, so I did not hurry myself to fire. When the beast was within some twenty paces I put up my rifle to fire. It was difficult to know where to aim, as the buffalo

charged with his head well in the air, and his horns thrown back. Whilst I hesitated, and just as I touched the trigger, the elephant spun round, the gun went off, and in one second the buffalo had his head down, and closed with the impetuosity of a steam-engine. I had just time to turn round and plant a shell in the small of its back, between the hip-joints, and down fell the buffalo; but in the scrimmage the hog-deer got loose, and hung down the elephant's hindquarter. He, thinking it was the buffalo driving it into him, got ungovernable, and bolted at least a mile before we could pull him up. I tried to haul the deer into the howdah, but having only one hand (as I had to hold on by the other, and the deer was a full-grown one), I could not manage it, and after a great deal of trouble, I cut it loose. The buffalo picked himself up and followed a short way at a walk, looking the picture of all that was savage. I never saw a more splendid beast. The horns were not long, but very thick, and his bulk enormous. At last we got the elephant round, and he went back with the greatest reluctance, ready to bolt from his own shadow. The ground was quite open all around, except in a slight hollow, where there was high grass enough to hide a buffalo. I knew the beast was too hard hit to have bolted, so made towards this cover; but the elephant, as soon as he reached the place where he had been charged, refused to budge an inch, and when driven to do so stood still and shook himself, and nearly sent howdah, myself, and guns flying. So I had to do the best I could, and after peering about some time saw the buffalo standing broadside on, but looking very seedy. I gave him a couple of shells in the side; he at once charged; the hathee legged it, and nearly pitched me backwards off the howdah. The buffalo only charged for twenty yards and then lay down, and I knew it was all up with him. But nothing would induce the elephant to go back; so I had reluctantly to leave him, and

to trudge to our camp at last, three miles off. We should have camped at my old place, Sonapilly, and not at Kadur Ghoorie, as all the game is found near the former place; so each day we had to go and come back three or four miles each way, uselessly tiring ourselves and our animals. On arrival at camp found Barry had got there some time before me.

April 19th.—We started early, and saw heaps of jungle-fowl; but as the village—an immense one—is Hindoo, and the jungle-fowl live in and about it in a semi-wild, semi-tame state and act as scavengers, we would have nothing to say to them. On arriving at the place where I had the fight yesterday, found the buffalo lying dead. He had never moved. He had knelt down on his fore-knees, his nose rested on the ground, and his hind-legs were doubled up under him; he looked for all the world as if he was kneeling down to receive a load. The breadth of his back was immense. We separated, and I came across a rhinoceros, but he would only give me long shots; he was badly hit, but he got across a river and into stuff where he was quite safe. In chasing him I saw two other rhinoceros, and presently heard Barry fire several shots. On reaching him, found he had killed one of the rhinoceroses and wounded the other—this latter we followed up and killed. Neither animals had good horns. We saw fresh marks of elephants, and numerous marks of buffaloes and rhinoceros. We lost a good deal of time in following up rhinoceros, but the firing had evidently disturbed them, and they were *non est.* During the day Barry shot a hog-deer, a marsh-deer, and a partridge. I got a hog-deer only, and missed some very easy shots.

April 20th.—To-day we had bad luck. The shooting-ground is too far from our camp. We saw numerous marks of rhinoceros, but could not come across the beasts them-

selves. I shot two black partridges right and left, then a pig, then a hog-deer, then a buck marsh-deer. Barry broke the leg of a marsh-buck, but it gave us a long chase, and I am sure we fired at least fifty shots at it before we bagged it. I hunted for the rhinoceros I hit yesterday, but could not find it.

April 21st.—We heard a tiger calling last night; went out early, moving camp to Humlabaree. We saw soon after starting a herd of about thirty buffaloes, but let them go. We then came upon four or five, and amongst them a very large bull, which we polished off. We then chased two rhinoceros for about three or four hours; but never got up to them—how they dodged us I can't think. I shot a hog-deer for the pot; and near Gatee, Barry came across a herd of buffaloes, and a cow with a calf, threatening to charge him, got killed. We reached camp at 2 P.M.

April 22nd.—Went out at 5 A.M., and had bad luck all day. We went at least five miles before coming on any fresh tracks of rhinoceros, and then we followed up through fearfully heavy jungle, and never saw them after all. Not far from home, *en route* back, we saw a herd of buffaloes. Two bulls that brought up the rear on seeing us charged right down upon us from a distance of 300 yards. We remained perfectly quiet until the leading one was about fifty yards off; then we opened fire, killed one and badly hit the other, but it got away. I hit another buffalo, and though we followed up a long way by the blood, the brute escaped. I hit a fine marsh-buck with a shell, but it got away. Reached camp at half-past 2 P.M.

April 23rd.—Rain all last night and half of to-day; our huts flooded; nasty, cold, wet day. Did nothing; found our servants had been stealing our beer and wines, so counted and repacked everything. Intend to move camp to Mattagoorie to-morrow.

April 24th.—Rain again last night; moved camp; got a dak just as we were starting. We put up two fine marsh-bucks, and missed them both. We got on to fresh rhinoceros tracks, and followed them up a long way: came upon four in very heavy grass. I could have had good shots had the elephant been steady, but he swerved just as I was about to fire, and all four escaped, not even fired at. We shortly afterwards came upon another one, and hit it hard. On following it up, came across another and hit that, but they both got into heavy grass, and we overshot them. We went back and came upon the one we had first hit, and emptied all our guns into him; but he too got into the infernal grass jungle and escaped. Our camp being a long way off, we had to leave these animals and make the best of our way homewards.

April 25th.—Rain all night and early in the morning. We went out after breakfast, but trudged a long way without seeing anything. I then came upon one rhinoceros and had four good shots at him, but he got into tree-jungle, and escaped. We shortly afterwards came upon fresh tracks, and saw a rhinoceros get up, but before I could get the gun up to the shoulder he disappeared into the heavy grass; but another one took his place. At this we both fired; it fell down, but picked itself up and bolted. Then another appeared, and this one got well peppered too, but that, too, bolted. In following up came across one dead—no signs of the other two. We took across country, and got into heavy grass and tree-jungle; and, after going a long way, came across a rhinoceros. My rifle missed fire, but Barry hit hard. We followed, and put the brute up four times, and hit hard each time, but it seemed to bear a charmed life. At last it got into very heavy jungle, and I followed, whilst Barry stood on one side in the open. I came upon it; my right barrel missed fire, and my left hit as the rhinoceros charged savagely. My

hathee bolted, with the rhinoceros at his heels, gnashing his teeth, and not above six inches off. The way my hathee hooked it "was a caution to snakes, I guess." I got hold of my muzzle-loading Lang and made a lucky shot between the ears, dropping master rhinoceros as dead as dead could be. Another second and the elephant would have been badly cut. Got home rather late.

April 26th.—A dull, threatening day; so we stayed in the hut till after breakfast, and then went after deer along the bed and banks of the Monass. Barry shot three hog-deer, and I one hog-deer and one marsh-deer; at the latter I made some very decent shooting. We saw rhinoceros marks, but did not see the beasts.

April 27th.—We started pretty early this morning, and went through the forest along the base of the hills. Marks of bison and bears plentiful. We must have disturbed a herd of the former, as their scent was perceptible, and their droppings quite fresh. We followed up two rhinoceros, but they had gone up the dry bed of a nullah, where we could not follow. We then went towards the plains, and came up to two rhinoceros and a buffalo in one mud-hole. Killed one rhinoceros and hit the other badly. We followed up, but soon lost the tracks of our beast in that of numerous others. The whole place at times must be full of rhinoceros, but they have been so molested that at early morn they betake themselves to the tree-jungle, where they are quite safe from us. Presently we came near the spot where we had killed the first rhinoceros on the 25th. The smell was so abominable that I kept to windward, and though passing within a few yards of it, took no particular notice of it, until I heard Barry call out, "Look out—tiger!" I spun round in the howdah, and had just time to see an animal bound from the rhinoceros, and make tracks. He was going away straight from me, tail on end. I had one

of the heavy No. 10 rifles in hand, with heavy charges for rhinoceros, and a steel-tipped bullet. I took a snap-shot, and shot the tiger through the hip, doubling him up and making him roar lustily. There was a deep nullah close at hand densely covered with long grass from 15 to 20 feet high; into this the tiger crawled, and we knew not what to do. Going into the nullah was absurd, as we could not see a yard, and how to get the brute out we knew not. I would have given something for fireworks just then. However we trampled down the grass all round, the tiger snarling and pretending to charge us the while, until we had a pretty clear space. We then fired shot after shot to drive him out of his lair, but budge beyond a few feet he would not, and all our hathees were in a precious funk. At last a shell must have burst near his nose, for he partially ran up the opposite bank. We fired at the moving grass, and a lucky shell taking him behind the shoulder did for him. He turned out a fine male ten feet long. To drive out this tiger and to kill him had taken us at least two hours; had we had fireworks, five minutes would have done it. We then breakfasted, and went along the base of numerous ghars, and came upon a good-sized rhinoceros, killed him outright, and afterwards hit another, but lost it. The tiger was sitting on the carcass of the rhinoceros, eating away at the shoulder, whence we had removed the shield the day we killed it. If there were no other instances on record, this one would be sufficient to prove that tigers are not particular in what they eat, and that the theory of their eating only what they themselves kill is a fallacy.

April 28th.—As it threatened to rain all the morning, we did not go out till afternoon; and then along the dry bed of a portion of the Monass in one hour we shot seven hog-deer and one marsh-deer. I got five out of eight.

April 29th.—We were to make a move inland along the

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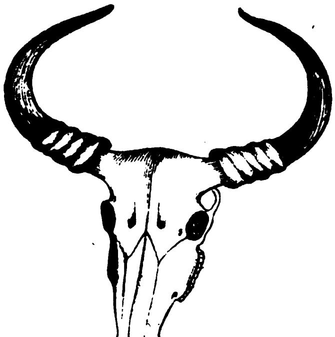

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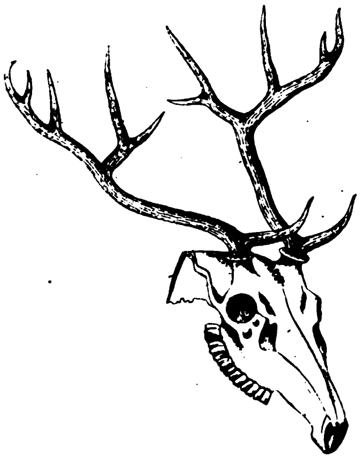

1 _ Panolia Eldi
The Burmese or Brow antlered Deer

2 _ Axis maculatus
The Spotted Deer

3 _ Bos Sondaicus or
Burmese wild Bull.

4 _ Rucervus duvaucellii
The Swamp Deer

base of the hills, but gave it up at the last moment, as we could not get enough coolies to take our traps along, and all the people funked going where we wanted them to follow us. We, however, went some way through the forest along the foot of the hills. Marks of bison and bears again most plentiful. We must have been close to them several times, but they hid themselves most effectually. Presently up jumped a herd of about thirty spotted deer, and amongst them some superb bucks. I called out to Barry, who was nearest to them, to fire, but as he did not, I took a shot at one of the bucks, but am sorry to say missed it. In one second they had scattered, and though we jumped off the elephant and tried to follow them, it was no use, and all we saw was an occasional glimpse of a spotted hide bounding along. Though I had shot a spotted deer near this last year, I thought it was one that had wandered from the other side of the Monass. I had no idea that they were to be found in such numbers on this bank. What beautiful creatures the spotted deer or axis are to be sure! We followed up the fresh track of a rhinoceros; came upon it in a mud-hole at the edge of a ghar, and hit it four or five times; but it got into the entangled jungle, and we could not go after it. We sent Sookur on a small pad elephant with one of my rifles, but though he saw it several times, the beast had enough life to keep out of shot, and soon got into such jungle that neither man on foot nor the small pad elephant could follow. In the open plain out of a mud-hole up jumped a huge buffalo with one horn only, but that was an immense one. He meant mischief, but Barry broke the hind-leg, and I one of the fore ones; so there was nothing for the poor devil but to stand still and glare at us till a well-placed shot laid it low. I never saw a bigger buffalo. It was a pity it only had one horn; had the head been perfect it would have been worth having; as it was we left it. Going homewards, near

where we killed the tiger I came upon a rhinoceros, and gave it two shots; it ran 500 yards, and then fell dead. Barry shot a hog-deer and hit a marsh-deer fairly in the shoulder, but he had not enough powder, and the ball did no great harm. We saw several other buffaloes, but they would not let us get within shot.

April 30th.—A blank day. We went round the way we came home yesterday, but the country had been disturbed too much, and we saw no large game at all. I bagged a barking deer—the first for some years past—and I also rolled over a buck sambur; but the cartridges were badly made, there was not enough penetration, and the poor brute, though hard hit, got away. We had no time to waste in following him up. All we saw during the day was one herd of buffaloes, and they were too chary to let us get within shot. We saw no spotted deer either.

May 1st.—Went straight to Daukagoun. I shot two hog-deer *en route*; got there at 12. In the evening Barry had a dance with two old women, and uncommonly well he got through his part too. I laughed till I cried. A good deal of rain about.

May 2nd.—Rain all night and throughout the day. I got on to a pad elephant, went straight into Burpetah, and got there by 12. Barry came on by easy marches.

May 3rd.—Barry came in, having shot a boar and three sucking-pigs *en route.* I had to return to Gowhatty, so went off.

May 30th.—Got back to Burpetah for a few days, and went out this morning with Barry. He had two good shots at marsh-deer, but missed. It came on to pour with rain—I never saw heavier in my life; so we turned homewards. I unloaded all my rifles and covered them over with waterproof. Barry came upon two or three buffaloes lying in a bheel, and hit one. We took up the tracks, but as they led

from home we left them. Scarcely had we gone 100 yards when a bull buffalo charged down on me; he missed me, however, and as he passed I gave him a shot in the shoulder. He pulled up, and my hathee spun round, giving him a tempting invitation to charge, which he took advantage of. Down he came, but I put the contents of the left barrel into his neck, on which he pulled up; the hathee still continued to bolt. I seized the only rifle I had loaded, when down the buffalo came again. Down I dropped him again; he picked himself up and came at me once more. My last shot caught him in the neck and stopped him for one second, but the next he closed, and sent my hathee flying. Before I could reload he turned off and went very groggily into heavy grass-jungle, into which my elephant would not follow alone, and my comrade would not back me up. So we had to leave this plucky brute; but although I never heard anything more of it, I fancy he could not have lived, as the four bullets he got from me at close quarters were all Forsyth's shells. I should have liked to have got the animal, as he seemed to have very fine horns. He did not injure my elephant after all.

June 1st.—Hunted up the buffalo; saw heaps of blood where he had been lying down, but did not find him, as I had fully expected. Got to Baikee and breakfasted there. In the evening Barry and Campbell went home by the road, I through the jungle. Followed rhinoceros tracks, but lost the beasts themselves; saw where they had been lying, but they had wandered away. Came upon buffaloes and hit one, but my elephant right-about-faced and bolted. I got a fine marsh-buck just as it was dark. Reached Burpetah at 8 P.M.

June 2nd.—Busy all day preparing for a start for the Monass, though it is rather late in the season to do so.

June 3rd.—Started for Baikee: got there at 3 P.M. Saw nothing *en route.*

June 4th.—Started about 9 A.M., after an early breakfast. Got to Daukagoun at 4 P.M.; rain almost all the way. Got a pea-fowl only *en route.* Halt here, as the people report heaps of rhinoceros about.

June 5th.—Beat up to the Mairu Monass; lots of fresh marks, but no rhinoceros. Shot three marsh-deer; saw some buffaloes, but could not get near them. The whole country getting flooded.

June 6th.—Started for Matagoorie; fortunately took some tins and beer with me. I had to cross about a dozen rivers, and a branch of the Monass itself, which I did with the greatest difficulty; all the streams full, and every appearance of the monsoon having set in. Yet in 1867 I was in these very Dooars till the 22nd June, and saw nothing like the present flood. I got to camp with one servant by the evening, but none of my other traps turned up till midday of the 7th.

June 7th.—I went over the old ground, and came across a rhinoceros, but no sooner was my elephant within 200 yards of it than it bolted through the forest, and would not stop under half-a-mile. My mahout Sookur had warned me the beast was unsafe to ride, but I did not believe him. I again came upon another rhinoceros, and a similar bolt was the result. I got three hog-deer near the camp, but as for shooting rhinoceros it was absurd, and I gave it up.

June 8th.—The branch of the Monass all but unfordable. I went into the churs and shot five hog-deer, and one marsh-deer, and one of the pigmy hog; and I am very sorry now I did not preserve its skin and skeleton, as it is the only one I ever saw or killed. It is a perfect boar with well-developed tusks, but not larger than a sucking-pig.

June 9th.—Found a stray boat; left in her at 8 A.M., and got to Burpetah at 8 P.M.; rain all day, and I had to sit in a pool of water all day. Thus ended my shooting-trip in 1873.

CHAPTER VII.

GUNS, RIFLES, FISHING-TACKLE, AND CAMP LIFE.

EVERY man given to shooting is sure to have his pet gun-maker, and I have had mine; but at the same time there is scarcely a maker of note whose guns or rifles I have not possessed at times. When I went out as a griff I bought from Blissett of High Holborn a double-gun and rifle fitted to the same stock—a very stupid arrangement; they were cheap guns, fair enough at the price, but I was glad to dispose of them. Since then I have had guns and rifles by Westley Richards, Purdey, Moore, Egg, Nock, Sam Smith, and Blanch; some of these were made to order for me, others I bought in India; they were all excellent, but in 1855 Colonel Grant Allan let me have a two-groove No. 10 double rifle by Lang. It had been made for Major Gill, of Ellora Caves fame, as far back as 1839, but such had been the care taken of it, and so well was it constructed, that when I got it it was as good as new, and one of the truest-shooting weapons I ever possessed. I fell in love with it, and by writing to the late Joseph Lang and giving its number, I got one made exactly like it—this was before the introduction of breech-loaders. These two rifles were my mainstays from 1855 to 1873; up

to 200 yards they were very accurate, and I won many rifle-matches with them. The groove—a broad belt—was so perfect I could load with the greatest ease, and with four to five drachms of powder I could drive a ball right through a rhinoceros or buffalo. When breech-loaders first came into use I got Westley Richards to make me a gun and a double rifle with Whitworth's grooving. The gun was all that could be desired, but the rifle kicked and was uncertain in its shooting. I made a hurried trip to England in 1866, and haunted all the gunmakers' shops in London, and eventually decided on going back to Lang. I bought a snap-action lever-gun from him then, and he has made for me since two howdah-rifles—a No. 10 and an express—and for friends many others; all of these were turned out with the skill characteristic of this well-known firm. I always took four rifles in the howdah; and for the first shot, or when I was anxious to shoot with extra force and accuracy, I invariably used one of the old muzzle-loaders. I parted with these when I went home sick in 1874; but these rifles—one nearly forty years in use—are still as good as ever, and in constant use.

The art of gunmaking has made such rapid strides, that where, as in former days, there was but one gunmaker, old Joe Manton, nowadays there are so many to choose from that it is difficult to give any one firm the *pas* over the others. The Birmingham makers, too, are treading closely on the heels of their London brethren, and many turn out rifles and guns which no London maker can beat either in shooting or in beautiful workmanship; but for many years it has been well known that, with a very few exceptions, most of the London makers procured their weapons in the rough from Birmingham, and finished them off themselves. It all depends on a man's pocket whom he should employ. The London makers have heavy rent to pay for their premises, and they employ workmen at high wages to carefully

finish off their guns; they must thus charge more than the wholesale Birmingham makers, who have all appliances at their command, and can turn out a gun or rifle, if they like, just as accurate and well-finished as the best London weapon at a considerably less cost. If a man, therefore, can afford to pay a pretty high price, let him go either to Lang or Purdey, and he may be sure he will be served well: the same may be said of Westley Richards, Holland, and most of the London makers; but if he wishes to obtain a first-class weapon at a moderate price, let him go to W. and C. Scott, Premier Gunworks, Birmingham, or to Tolly, and either will supply him with a weapon fit to trust a man's life to, and as beautifully got up as the best London article, for very much less. There is one thing to be thought of when buying a gun—that is, the selling it again. In India a gun with a well-known name will sell for its full value or cost price; not so a weapon perhaps fully as good, but with a less known name on it. So as illness and other causes may necessitate a man's departure from India, and as rifles are useless in the "auld countrie," and as the art of gunnery is daily advancing, it is better to sell off all old weapons, and the difference between the price obtained for a gun by a well-known maker and that by a less known one will more than counterbalance the difference in price between the two on first purchase, and the expensive rifle turn out the cheapest in the long run. The rifles that realise the best prices in India are Purdey's, Westley Richards's, MacDougall's, Lang's, Rigby's, Dickson's, and Henry's; Greener's, Reilly's, and Blissett's have their advocates, but the price has a good deal to say to that, I fancy. In former days, before breech-loaders were introduced, no rifles fetched such high prices as Sam Smith's; but I fear that well-known firm is no longer in existence. Very few makers will make rifles with snap-action. Westley Richards has done so for years past with marked success, but

most of the London makers say the snap-action will not last, and so decline to make rifles on that principle; but I am sure that either Purdey's or Westley Richards's top lever-action will last for years. I have a gun now with Purdey's snap-action as firm as when I bought it eight years ago, and I have fired, I should say, not less than 12,000 shots out of it, and very frequently ball. Another objection they have to it is the front-action lock, and insist on using the hideous back-action lock, because, they say, the stock of the gun is weakened by the former more than by the latter; but the real reason is, I believe, that back-action locks are cheaper and cost less to fit on to a gun or rifle than the front-action ones, which require more work to fit into the socket of a gun. I can only say that I would not nowadays accept a rifle that had not the snap-action and front-action locks. Only those can appreciate the advantage of a snap-action who, surrounded by wild beasts and expecting to be charged from various quarters, require to load quickly, and when a moment's delay in closing your rifle may cause your elephant to be cut, and perhaps hereafter rendered useless for sport. I have had six or seven rhinoceros round me, and two or three of them charging, and it was only by the steadiness of my elephant and my large and heavy battery that I saved myself and animal from coming to grief. I had no time to reload, and emptied five rifles in almost as many seconds, and it was not till my last shot I rolled over the most pertinacious of my opponents. For howdah-shooting short rifles are requisite; the barrels should be just long enough to rest about an inch over the front bar of the howdah—if they project more they are apt to come in contact with creepers, lower branches of trees, and the like, and to be thrown out of the howdah and to be broken.

Four weapons in a howdah are enough—two No. 12 bore, one an express, and one a smooth-bore capable of throwing

a ball pretty accurately. In Assam I always used No. 10's, but I think No. 12 is quite large enough, and cartridges of this size can always be obtained, whereas the larger size are seldom sent out to India. Many people think two rifles are sufficient, but they will find out the fallacy when in a difficulty. Let any man try to load a breech-loader gun with his elephant shaking from side to side, endeavouring to dislodge a tiger, or running at his best with a buffalo prodding him behind, and he will find it is as much as he can do to hold on to his howdah, and that loading is all but impossible; and if this difficulty be increased by having breech-action that will not close of itself or snap, he had better resign himself to his fate, and trust to luck to extricate him. A man by throwing down his discharged rifle and seizing another can just manage to fire at a charging brute before it can close; but even with the quickest action I do not think he could extricate his empty cartridges and insert others in time to ward off an attack. So it is necessary in dangerous shooting to have at least four rifles; there is not room in a howdah for more, but I frequently took one in my hand besides the four in the rack—two on each side of me—but I often found it a bore in a long day's shooting having to hold a gun the whole time. Rifles used for dangerous game should be capable of burning six drachms of powder without undue recoil; but do not get heavier weapons than you have strength to wield easily; far better reduce your charge and have a gun you can use without exertion. You will kill twice as much with the latter as the former.

The reason I liked the two-groove rifle was that I could use hardened bullets without injuring the groove or stripping the bullet by heavy charges; but the trouble of cleaning these guns after a heavy day's work is so great that I have now discarded them, though I still think they are unrivalled for killing big game. Steel-tipped conicals are capital for heavy game, but shells are useless.

For tigers and bears the hollow bullet answers nearly as well as a shell, and I have killed lately twelve bison—seven of them with an express with one ball each at distances varying from 35 to 200 yards, and the other five with a hollow ball from a twelve-bore with four drachms of powder—with these results I can recommend nothing better. Certainly the shock of an explosion of a shell inside any beast paralyses it at once, but with pachydermata, the penetration before explosion is not sufficient to cause much injury.

All the sights—fore and back—of a rifle should be screwed into the rib to prevent the possibility of shifting or of being lost, as has happened to me before now.

The back-sights should fold down, but there should be a notch in the stock where the rib fits in as a guide to the eye in quick shooting. Most of the game killed off elephants is slain within fifty to eighty yards; so if your rifle carries point-blank up to that distance with a low trajectory, it will answer for all purposes. For shooting deer on foot, of course a rifle should be accurately sighted up to 200 or 250 yards, and for Himalayan sport perhaps up to 400 yards; but, with the exception of antelope, game can seldom be seen in the jungles further than 200 to 250 yards. Tigers are generally shot within from twenty to fifty yards, and I believe a smooth-bore and a spherical shell is the best for them, because a man can always shoot better with a gun he is accustomed to shoot small game with than with any heavier weapon which he seldom uses.

Accurate shooting off an elephant's back is impossible. However still apparently an elephant may be, there is always some movement sufficient to cause oscillation, and the only plan is to adopt snap-shooting, which can only be learnt by long practice. It is impossible to dwell on an aim whilst in the howdah or on the pad. On foot, of course, it is very different; then a man can take correct and steady aim, and if he misses he has only himself to blame; but off an ele-

phant it is mere chance, unless you have got into the knack, whether you miss or hit. However excellent as a shot a man may be on foot, when he first begins to shoot off an elephant he will be all abroad, and by long practice alone he will get into the swing, and be able to balance himself sufficiently to shoot whilst standing upright in a howdah without requiring to hold on. I could always shoot twice as well sitting on a pad astride behind the mahout as I could out of a howdah; but you can only shoot to your front whilst on a pad, whilst in a howdah you can shoot all round, and your vision extends further, but you are so elevated you are apt to shoot too high. Generally all you can see of a beast in the long grass is its back or head and horns, and, the hand obeying the eye, a hasty shot is taken at the only part visible, and a miss is the result, as the ball is nearly sure to go over the object fired at. Rebounding locks are a great comfort, and every first-class gun should have them. A gun or a rifle which suits one man will not suit another. Every man should be measured for the length and bend of his stock. Accurate shooting in quick firing has a good deal to do with the correct fitting of a gun, and the way it comes up to the shoulder. Of course in time a man will learn to shoot with any weapon, but it is scarcely fair to expect a short-necked, short-armed man to shoot with a weapon made for a long-necked, long-armed giant. It is easy to be certain whether a gun suits you. Put up several small marks and take rapid aim at them one after the other, and if your sight be true each time, the gun suits you; if not, then either get a new gun or have your stock altered. A gun should be well balanced, and, as before stated, not too heavy for the strength of the man who has to use it. Never touch your breech-loading barrels with water; when you get home take the weapon to pieces, and with your cleaning-rod drive a tightly-fitting dry rag through the barrels several times, changing the rag once or twice—the barrels

should then be as bright as a mirror—then oil the inside and outside of the barrels well with Rangoon oil, or, if you cannot get that, with kerosine, and put them out in the blazing sun for an hour or two. Never put your gun by dirty. If you follow this advice your gun will remain free from rust, and may be put by for a month at a time without being looked at without fear. Oil the stock, locks, and triggers well, and leave them in the sun too for a short while. Avoid taking off the locks and triggers too frequently; once a year or once in six months ought to be sufficient. If you take them off too frequently they will get loose in their sockets, and will always get out of order and rusty. Some few people like stiff triggers; I cannot shoot with them myself. I do not think that locks can be too fine—this I think the great criterion of excellence in a weapon. However good the barrels may be, if the locks do not work well good shooting cannot be expected. Every howdah should have waterproof flaps to throw over the guns if it comes on to rain, and each gun should also have its own waterproof cover. Every part of a howdah should fit well together, and there should be no creaking. The box in front to hold cartridges should be divided into compartments for the different-sized cartridges, and each partition should be lined with felt to prevent the cartridges rattling. Always carry a loading-rod with you, and a bullet a size or two smaller than the bore you are using. If your cartridge stick, by dropping the bullet down you can generally expel it, or if that fails recourse must be had to the loading-rod. I do not think all the gyms sent with a gun or a rifle to extract cartridges always answer. A good shikar knife is indispensable; a small hand-axe is also very useful for various purposes, notably in cutting off heads to sever the vertebræ. I have tried the choke-bore, and had a pair of barrels made to fit my old stock by Messrs. W. and C. Scott, who, I believe, are the oldest firm in England who have adopted this mode of boring; but I cannot say that I see

any very great advantage in them. My old gun shoots just as far. I use them alternately and perceive no difference in them. I can shoot as well with the one as with the other. I do not like cheek-pieces on rifle-stocks; they often inflict the very blow they are supposed to prevent. Khakie-coloured cloth is the best for shooting purposes, or if you get a suit made of white *char-sootie* or four-thread in the bazaar and get it dyed it will answer all purposes. The bark of the babool is largely used for this purpose.

There is no excuse now-a-days for any one to keep a gun loaded; it is unpardonable carelessness. I have never carried a pistol myself, but see no reason why a revolver should not form a part of every man's equipment. Notwithstanding that Mansfield Parkyns says that during his wanderings in Abyssinia he never used any "covering to his head except the scanty head of hair which God had given him, and an occasional pat of butter when he could get it," and that he does not consider a hat essential, I am of opinion that a good covering to the head is absolutely necessary. Pith is the best and cheapest material for a helmet, but if you get wet frequently it soon spoils. There are excellent hats made at home now-a-days, that answer nearly as well as pith, and though they cost a good deal they last very much longer. Your hat should of course be covered with similar coloured cloth to the rest of your suit. For howdah shooting, either sambur skin, or white, easy-fitting shoes are the best; if you wear shoes put on light ankle-gaiters, or the gad-flies and musquitoes will punish your feet and ankles very much, as they swarm in the jungles in the hot weather and attack man and beast alike. Teach one of your servants thoroughly to clean and to look after your guns, and never allow any one else to touch them. I always kept one man purposely for this, and my guns were always beautifully clean. Cartridges should not be kept loaded too long, and I do not think it is worth

while to reload cartridge-cases, provided you are in a position to get others. Whilst the new cartridge seldom misses fire, those reloaded are very apt to do so, and the trouble and bother of reloading is not worth the amount you save, for many cartridges are very cheap; the blue ones answer for all small game shooting, just as well as the best green ones, but I prefer the latter for dangerous shooting, as a miss-fire might cost a man his life. I think the cartridges ought to be made half as long again, to allow the use of Schultz's wood-powder. Black powder has the reputation of shooting the hardest, but it fouls a gun very much, the recoil is very heavy, and often the smoke from the first barrel prevents your using the second. I have used Schultz's powder now for some years, and cannot imagine any one using black powder in preference. It is so clean, it scarcely soils a gun; there is little recoil, and less smoke; and if rammed well down it shoots, I think, quite as hard as black; but for rifle-shooting Eley's and Joyce's cartridges will not admit of a sufficiency of Schultz's powder being used, which I consider a great drawback, but I dare say as this powder finds favour with the public the cartridges will be made to suit it. I have tried Reeve's gun-felt cartridges and found them useless. The charges of Schultz's powder, in comparison with black, are as follows :—

Schultz.			Black.	
By weight.	By measure.	Equivalent to	By weight.	By measure.
42 grains.	4½ drachms.	=	84 grains.	3 drachms.
45½ ,,	4⅝ ,,	=	91 ,,	3 ,,
49 ,,	5¼ ,,	=	98 ,,	3½ ,,
52½ ,,	5⅝ ,,	=	105 ,,	3¾ ,,
56 ,,	6 ,,	=	112 ,,	4 ,,
59½ ,,	6⅜ ,,	=	119 ,,	4 ,,
63 ,,	6¾ ,,	=	126 ,,	4½ ,,
66½ ,,	7¼ ,,	=	133 ,,	4¾ ,,
70 ,,	7½ ,,	=	140 ,,	5 ,,

General rule for obtaining the equivalent for a given quantity of black :—Take half the weight, or 1½ times the measure of the black. N.B. The measure for Schultz's powder means shaken-down measure, *i.e.* give the measure two or more taps before levelling the top. Ram well down in the cartridge : the harder it is rammed the stronger it shoots. If the powder gets damp, dry it in a blazing hot sun on a metal plate, and it will resume its original strength.. Always see to the loading of cartridges required for dangerous shooting yourself: a miss-fire at a snipe or partridge matters little, but it is very different when your life depends on the discharge of your gun. I do not see the use of counting the number of shot in a charge, but for those who like to do so the following table is pretty accurate :—

No of Shot in a Charge.—Soft Shot.					Chilled Shot.		
	1 oz.	1¼ oz.	1½ oz.	1 oz.	1 oz.	1¼ oz.	1½ oz.
10	1,700	2,125	2,550	B B =60			
9	1,000	1,250	1,550	A =50			
8	606	750	900	A A =40	601	751	900
7	350	437	525	A A A =32	347	440	530
6	270	337	405	S S S G=17	268	340	410
5	220	275	330	S S G =15	218	270	332
4	180	225	270	S G =11	170	230	275
3	130	162	195	M G = 9	123	170	201
2	110	137	165	L G = 5	105	141	171
1	80	100	120		78	108	124

Chilled shot, which is advocated by Greener and others, I have not tested nor fired; it is very nearly equal in size to Walker's and Parker's soft shot. Its advocates say it makes a better pattern and gives greater penetration.

To test gunpowder: Good gunpowder exploded on a sheet of white paper leaves no residuum. Inferior powder so tested leaves a deposit which crumbles under the fingers. Good powder may be exploded in the bare hand without a

sense of burning. If gunpowder blackens white paper, it contains too much charcoal; if it leaves yellow stains, too much sulphur. Examined in the light of the sun it should exhibit no shining particles; when this is the case it is an evidence that the salt is not well crushed nor sufficiently well combined with the sulphur and charcoal. It should not be black in colour, which denotes too much charcoal, when it readily absorbs humidity. It should be of a uniform slate colour without and within; large-grained powder, if good, is less susceptible of damp.

Angular gunpowder, and those which are not too smooth and bright, inflame more readily than hard, round, smooth powder, but the former are much more liable to bind on over-tight compression, when their readiness to ignite is impeded.

On the 9th of April 1870, the following appeared in the pages of *Land and Water*:—

"A New Gunpowder, Invented by F. Holm, Professor of Chemistry.—This powder is of double the strength of the best sporting powder, and costs 9*d*. or 10*d*. the pound in making, materials and labour included. It requires for a full charge only half the quantity by weight to produce the same effects as common powder. The raw materials are easy to procure in all countries. Its fabrication is very simple and free from danger. In ten hours a workman can make 4 cwt. of gunpowder, or mix 10 cwt. of the two ingredients used in its manufacture. It makes but little smoke, and leaves but little residue, which is dry and not greasy like that of the common gunpowder now in use. Not being affected by the influence of a dry or damp temperature, it does not require a special depôt—it may be kept anywhere. It may be transported by land or water under conditions of inappreciable security, because the two parts of which the powder is composed are not inflammable by contact with fire or red-hot

iron, and therefore it arrives at its destination; a simple mixture in proportionate parts is all that is necessary to obtain the gunpowder as required for use. It explodes as well on water as under water, and on being thrown upon water it floats on the surface without sustaining any appreciable change. It does not heat the gun nor impair the metal. It causes but little recoil, and produces a great regularity in the initial velocity. It has no rending power, but can be made so for blasting purposes by a slight change, and therefore there is no danger in its use—no bursting of a gun, even by over-loading. It is not inflammable by being rubbed between two hard substances, nor under repeated strokes of a hammer. Cartridges made of this powder may be, without inconvenience, placed in water for several hours and used at once for firing: the water does not deteriorate it nor deprive it of its special qualities. Composed, as is above stated, of two different parts, the elements of which are found everywhere, a heavy stock and large supplies are avoided, assured as we may be of being enabled in a short time to supply a demand of any extent. Having a complete control over the strength of the powder its collistic power can be increased or decreased by a different degree of pressure, so that it can be used for all kinds of heavy guns. Lastly, it produces no explosion in the open air, burns slowly on being set fire to, thus abolishing all chance of catastrophes, always too frequent, caused by explosion of powder mills, magazines, and parks of artillery, powder shops, &c. This last solution of a problem so long looked for would of itself suffice immediately to interest all governments. As to the other properties of this gunpowder the mere statement of them brings with it such easy deductions for persons strange to these questions that I here place a limit to my programme, leaving the field open to the imagination of every one to appreciate all the merits and advantages of this new gunpowder."

Now what powder is meant by the foregoing description I know not. Schultz's answers in one or two particulars; but if I mistake not Schultz's was already before the public when this article appeared. It is now seven years since that was written, and we have heard nothing of this new and wonderful explosive since. It would indeed be valuable if it were introduced to the public extensively. I strongly suspect it is only a very strong puff of Schultz, which, however, costs 6*s.* to 7*s.* a pound, and not 10*d.* as stated here.

Most gunmakers have adopted Forsyth's principle of grooving to obtain a low trajectory. The lower this is, of course, the less need there is for back-sighting; whether the animal be a buffalo, bison, rhinoceros, tiger, or deer, fire to hit the point of the shoulder if you get a broadside shot. If an animal be running away a raking shot is deadly. If charging, the chest, head, or top of the neck, near the junction with the head. If you can hit any animal just behind the ear in a forward direction the shot is instantaneously fatal. If you can hit the hip-point most animals are disabled; a ball high up in the shoulder will bring down most animals in a very short time, if it does not floor them at once, as it generally does. Shells are deadly for tigers, bears, and most of the deer tribe. Steel-tipped bullets, hollow bullets, and round bullets for the larger animals. Solid bullets, either spherical or steel-tipped, for elephants. If a deer get up within twenty yards it can be killed with No. 2 shot. I have frequently killed them with No. 4.

FISHING.

For your tackle go to the best manufacturer. There are no doubt many vendors of fishing apparatus who can supply you with excellent tackle, but the one in most repute in India is Farlow in the Strand, who certainly understands the

requirements of the fisherman in India thoroughly, and who supplies the very best materials at a moderate cost. Have two rods—a very light and flexible one for fly-fishing, and a stiffer one for trolling. It is inconvenient to have the same rod for both purposes, and besides, the trolling-rod is too heavy for a day's fly-fishing; each rod should have several spare tops. A winch to hold 100 yards of fine line will do for the fly-rod, but one capable of holding 200 yards of strong line is needed for the larger rod. The lines should be waterproof and plaited, and should not kink or get twisted. Three dozen flies (artificial) of sizes will be ample, those made from the hackles of the *Sunaratee* jungle-cock are the most prized; half-a-dozen artificial baits, also of sizes; hooks on lines, for attaching live or dead bait; and a dozen spoon-baits, none smaller than a dessert-spoon, and going up in size to a large gravy-spoon, are the best and most killing of all bait for mahseer. Casts of single and double twisted gut for fly-fishing, and treble gut twisted lines for trolling, are required; the latter have brass swivels to prevent their kinking as the spoon spins round; a dozen of each will suffice. Twenty-four split rings, twenty-four extra swivels, and a dozen weights for trolling are requisite, and three dozen treble hooks. The gaff is nearly useless in mahseer fishing, as their scales are so large and tough that it will not penetrate, and I have lost many a fish by its use; the best weapon is a light three- or two-pronged spear, which can be thrown and will pierce through even the tough hide of a bull mahseer of fifty pounds in weight. In trolling, a leather cup attached to a belt to be worn round the waist to hold the butt of your rod is a great comfort. It ought to have a double swivel, and be capable of being moved up or down, or from side to side. I made them up from recollections of what I had seen fishermen use in England more than thirty years ago; yet Hood, of the Bengal army, a capital fisherman and

sportsman, says they were invented by his father a few years ago. There is nothing new under the sun.

An outfit such as I have described above ought not to cost more than £25. For fly-fishing choose rough water, throwing the fly down stream and drawing it across stream. For trolling get into a boat, if you can find one. Weight your spoon, artificial or live-bait, sufficiently to cause it to sink near the bottom, for there the largest fish take up their station; throw out about thirty yards of line, and then have your boat propelled as fast as possible up stream: the faster your boat goes the better will your bait spin, and the greater your chances of attracting a fish. If you can't get a boat don't weight your line so heavily; go where the stream runs fastest, throw your bait well out, and let it be carried down some way before you check it, then wind up slowly, and the chances are you will hook a fish ere long; but this is far more fatiguing, and requires more patience, than the boat work. On striking a fish pull up the boat at once, and if you can land to play the fish so much the better. Mahseer take from a quarter of an hour to two hours and more to land; be very patient after the first rush.[1] Keep a gentle strain on your line, with one finger on it, to feel its every movement, and on a fish making a rush do not check it, but let him drag the line out freely, but never allow it to be slack for a second, and after giving him the butt gradually wind up; he will probably allow himself to be dragged some thirty yards or more, then will make another rush, and now and then they throw themselves right out of the water, but not often; this soon tells on them, and their rushes before long get feebler and feebler, till at last the fish is brought to the surface and begins to turn over; even then great circumspection is required. Do not frighten your fish, or be in too

[1] Nightingale at sunset, *i.e.* 6.30, hooked a mahseer in the Godavery. He landed him about 2 A.M. He was a sixty pounder.

great a hurry to handle him, as even in the last gasp a fish will make a sudden effort to escape if suddenly alarmed, or missed by the gaff or spear, and if you are not attentive to its every movement you may lose your victim at the last moment. I know nothing more exciting than to feel the pull of a strong fish at the end of your line. If you can keep half the head of your fish out of water it will drown in a few seconds. After a big fish is safely deposited in the bottom of your boat give it a smart rap, either with a hammer or stone, on the head, to kill it, or its struggles may injure your tackle, or the hooks may be forced into the legs or feet of your boatmen, as has happened to me when I first began fishing. Jerdon told me there were some nineteen kinds of mahseer. I never saw more than two, or at the most three. Though styled the Indian salmon, a mahseer belongs to the barbels or carp, but it is a fish that affords fine sport, and it is also very handsome. The Assamese call the largest mahseer, which has a huge mouth, the *assul*, or true mahseer; the other, which has a smaller mouth and a different shaped head, they call the *boza*. I don't know the name of the third. There is also in the same stream a silvery trout-like fish with small spots, and also a scaleless fish, allied to the cat-fish, which the Burmese call the Nga Meen, and the Bengalees the Bassah, that readily takes either the fly or spoon, and it is the very best fresh-water fish I know for eating. They grow up to 14 lbs., but one of 7 lbs. is the best for the table. After being hooked they do not afford much sport, as they succumb almost immediately. Mahseer are very fair eating; they have very few small bones; they make a capital curry. Kippered they are also very good—as good then as salmon. The best time for fishing for mahseer is from the early dawn to about eleven and again from three to dark. The very big fish remain in the deep water in the gorges, and I fancy might be caught by bottom and float fishing. Green gram, I am told, is a very

killing bait, and so is *atta*, or flour; this is made into large balls, and thrown down on the bed in some deep pool, and I have heard of fish from 60 to 80 lbs. weight being caught off Gowhatty by the lascars of steamers anchoring there, whereas I have fished there over and over again, with spoon, artificial, and live-bait, without getting a single nibble. If by keeping your finger on the line when trolling you feel no vibration be sure your tackle has fouled under water, and that it is not spinning, so pull up at once and see what is amiss. It is very difficult to get reliable treble hooks. I have had them so often break and straighten that I nearly gave them up once as a bad job, but Farlow makes them much better now; the spoons are made of copper, electro-plated in the inside. The dimensions of the largest mahseer I ever killed are as follows:—

1 fish	41 lbs.	in weight,	4 feet 3 inches	length,	2 feet 3 inches girth.
1 „	32 lbs.	„	3 „ 9	„	2 feet girth.
1 „	44 lbs.	„	4 „ 5	„	2 feet 4 inches girth.

The fish that gave me the most trouble to kill was one 28 lbs. in weight.

CAMP LIFE.

I can rough it as well as most men when I am forced to do so, or at a pinch; but the pleasures of sport are greatly enhanced if you have a comfortable tent or shed to go to, a table to sit at, a chair, and a comfortable bed, after your day's fatigues are over; and all these can be taken with you into camp at a very little extra cost. Never go anywhere without good musquito-curtains. If you are near a river free from alligators a swim morning and evening is very refreshing and adds to a man's health. Whatever may be the failings of Indians, a want of cleanliness is not one. Pitch under a tree as near water as you can, and not too close to a village; but

before starting on your trip see everything packed yourself, and have each box numbered, and note down its contents in a pocket-book; to each box have hasps and letter padlocks, or if you have a servant you can trust, hand the keys over to him, and make him personally responsible, making him keep a daily account of all stores that are expended. If you are not careful your servants waste so much and drink so much more, that you have to take far more than you need or you run out of stores before your time, which is very annoying. Madras servants have their good points, but as a rule they cannot resist liquor, and as they eat what master eats, your curry stuff, ghee, and meats of all sort disappear at a marvellous rate. If you have elephants, get long narrow boxes and have them evenly weighted to sling on the pad. If bullocks, have smaller boxes, also balanced for slinging; but if you have to trust to coolies alone, get light weights, or you will have no end of trouble in getting your coolies to carry your loads; the outside the generality of coolies can take is about sixty pounds between two. In Burmah you cannot get coolies at all unless you are with the civil officer of the district, and then only with difficulty. In Assam the Cacharees carry loads, but the Hindoos will not; and as the mouzadars are all Hindoos, they send miles and miles away and impress the poor Cacharees, sparing their own caste. In the northern division of Madras travelling is much easier, but still no great numbers of coolies can be got together; so the lighter a man moves the better. When you intend to go for a two months' trip into the far interior, take all you want and form a depôt in charge of a man, and send back occasionally as you require stores; do not attempt to move more things than are requisite for a fortnight at a time, unless you can take them in carts. Waterproof sheets are essential to put over your cot and to roll your bedding in. In Burmah there are zyats or rest-houses nearly everywhere; if there is

not one, a Burman will turn out and give up his house to you willingly, and think himself well paid if you give him a little tobacco or something to drink. As their houses are well raised off the ground and very clean, you can without fear occupy one; or they will soon rig you up a comfortable bamboo house for a few rupees. Tents are useless, and not wanted in Burmah. In Assam there are no rest-houses, and the Assamese huts are filthy, and the people bigoted; at times there is what they call a *nam ghur* or place of worship, and if this be away from the principal villages, the people will not object to your putting up in one, but they do not like it. You can get sheds built, but they are miserable things; but unless you have elephants you cannot take tents, so you must be content with such accommodation as you can find. For shooting in the hill districts in the northern division, Madras Presidency, you must take a small tent about with you, as there are no huts fit to put up in, with one or two exceptions where the Collector has built sheds. Camp tables, chairs, &c., can be bought nearly everywhere. A small table and two light chairs, together with your jungle wash-hand-stand and basin one coolie can take; two your bedding. A cawady load, that is, two light baskets slung on a pole over a man's shoulder, will take all your plates, knives, food for the day, &c.; and another will carry all the implements your cook requires, and eight or ten other coolies ought to carry all you want for ten days, living comfortably, with wine and beer to drink, and tins, &c., for an emergency. If you live well in the jungles you run less chance of catching fever than if you live poorly. If you get wet change directly you reach camp. It does not much matter whilst you are on the move. Go to bed early and be up and dressed before daybreak. Always drink a cup of hot coffee or tea before going out. Some advocate eating too, but that I could never manage so early in the morning. If you go out for the

day, take your breakfast with you; one of your shikarees can carry it in a haversack without inconvenience. Always carry a gun or rifle: do not be unarmed at any price. You can never tell when you may see a beast, and if you have not a weapon in your hand you may lose a chance the like of which you may not get again. In a very short time a man gets so used to carrying his own rifle, that he misses it if he has it not by him. I cannot walk half so well without a rifle as I can with one. When you go into the jungles take quinine, chlorodyne, and some citrate of magnesia, and purgative pills with you. In Burmah especially the people will often do more for you if you give them a nauseous draught of physic than for money. They, with all orientals, imagine that every European must be a doctor born. I must say I agree with the adage, that a man at forty is either able to physic himself or is a fool; and particularly in India Europeans are so thrown upon their own resources, that they soon learn to treat properly the ordinary ills a man is heir to; but the less physic a man takes the better. Exercise and a moderate diet will keep a man in better health than all the nostrums emanating from the College of Physicians. No man can wander about the jungles of India and be invariably free from fever, but generally the fault is his own if he contracts fever and ague. It may arise from biliousness, as it very often does; but real jungle-fever is not only contracted by inhaling malaria, but from a man, wet through with perspiration, sitting in a draught in his shirt-sleeves, and allowing not only himself to cool, but his clothes to dry on his back; but if directly a man reaches his camp he strips himself of his wet clothes, jumps into a bath, and then either re-dresses himself or puts on light, airy costume, he need not be afraid, and he will be no worse for his fatigue and daily wanderings. Sleep under musquito-curtains; these will ward off miasma at night. It is a mistake fagging all day, either on foot or on

elephants. After ten o'clock in the hot weather most game retires to rest in impenetrable jungle, and you gain nothing by going out after it. Search for your game from 5 A.M. to 10 or 11, then rest till 2 or 3 under the shade of a tree, and recommence your exertions, and you will lose nothing by having rested. Shoes with serrated gutta-percha soles to prevent slipping are the best for stalking; for wet shooting, that is, if you go after big game in the rains, good English hob-nailed shoes are requisite. Avoid stimulants in the sun, and do not smoke excessively. After your day's fatigue is over make a hearty meal, and drink whatever pleases you most. There is no harm in a man partaking of a bottle of beer or moselle or champagne, followed by a glass or two of sherry and a night-cap of grog before retiring to rest. This all depends on a man's taste, and whether he can afford it or not. A patent digester or a Warren's digester is a capital cooking pot, very useful for stews in the jungle. Your cooking-pots should fit one into the other; block-tin ones are the best with shifting handles. A ham or a tin or two of Crosse and Blackwell's bacon (choose the very thin tins, which contain the streaky belly part), a few tins of preserved vegetables, such as mashed turnips, peas, French beans, and carrots, are always good. A few tins of lobster are useful for converting into a curry when you are in a hurry, and although potted meats are an abomination, always take a few, because you may be unlucky and some day be forced to fall back upon them, though I cannot conceive any one eating them of their own free will. The black Leicestershire mushrooms are the only ones fit to eat, and there is no sauce but Worcestershire fit for anything, unless it be Lazenby's or Harvey's sauce, which is more fitted for fish; and anchovy sauce for the same purpose or for toast. Sardines and Oxford sausages are also useful.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPORT IN THE HILLY DISTRICTS OF THE NORTHERN DIVISION OF MADRAS.—GOODUM.—ANNANTAGHERRY, ETC.

THESE hilly tracts have acquired, most unjustly I think, the name of being very deadly. In 1852 I had organised a party to go into them, but Mr. Prendergast, the Collector, would not let me go. He said they were most deadly, and that if I wanted to die I had better go to Burmah, or commit suicide, and that so far from assisting me he would throw every obstacle in my way. Neither he nor I in those days had any idea that I should so soon be sent to Burmah and remain there so many years; and Colonel MacMaster, in talking of them, says "they" (meaning himself and comrades) "were chasing niggers and catching fever." I had always longed to explore them, and had been but a very short time at Vizianagram when I obtained ten days' leave and made my first acquaintance with them.

Vizianagram, though only some eight miles from the sea, is the most hot and sultry place I have ever been to. It is situated in a hollow, surrounded by bare, rocky hills, and I was very glad to get out of it, even for a few days. Within a reasonable distance of it there are a few antelopes and spotted deer to be found, but very little small game.

July 8th.—I obtained ten days' leave, and started for the hills at 3 P.M. I drove out the first eleven miles, and riding four more, reached my camp at a place called Tatapoodi. This is a very good place for spotted deer and small game. Some twenty years ago bison were shot here, and some eight or ten years ago a swamp-deer was killed, the last of its race in these parts, for there are none there now.

9th.—Started for the hills at 5 A.M. I sent my servants and traps in a cart along the government road, whilst I took a short cut through the hills in search of sport. I heard a few pea-fowl, but saw nothing. My servants saw several herds of spotted deer. I reached Cossipooram at 7.30 A.M., but my cart did not come up till past 9. It took us some time to get coolies, and we made a final start up the ghat at 12.

The first portion of the road, about five miles, is pretty fair; the ascent then commences. There was a good road up this ghat many years ago, but it is nearly obliterated in many parts, and in others it is so bad as to be scarcely passable. I had lent to me a pony by H.H. the Maharajah of Vizianagram, but the beast was such a screw I was glad to get off him and walk; as I had been and was still suffering from severe diarrhœa I found the climb very fatiguing, but the higher I ascended the pleasanter became the climate, The flora changed from that of the plains to what I had been accustomed to in the Cossyah and Jyntiah Hills. The same terrestrial orchids, flowering shrubs and trees, first scattered here and there, soon became plentiful, and on looking back the plains of Vizianagram, with tanks and bheels dotted about, reminded me very much of the scenery looking down from Cherra Poonjee on to the plains of Sylhet. Not knowing how far my destination, Annatagherry, might be, I halted on the top of the first considerable range, at a small village, Railwal. My aneroid barometer showed an

elevation of 2,400 feet above Vizianagram. I pitched my Bechoba tent, but did not put up the *kanats*, or sides, and I was awakened in the night feeling bitterly cold! Fortunately I had brought with me a large blanket to sleep upon in lieu of a mattress. This I cut into two halves, sleeping on one and covering myself with the other. Here, within twelve hours' easy journey of Vizianagram I was glad to put over me a blanket, whilst at that vile hole sleep, even under a punkah, was almost impossible. This portion of the hills is very pretty, slightly undulating, and patches of different kinds of cultivation add additional beauty to the lights and shadows of the surrounding hills and forests. The water was very cold.

10*th*.—Got up at 3.30 A.M. Got things off by 5 A.M. Road, with the exception of a bit here and there, very fair, showing engineering skill in its formation. Pity, when once this road had been constructed, that it had not been kept up, for if this place was easily accessible it would be such a boon for those grilling in the plains to come to. I took it easy, for my diarrhœa still continued, and I felt as weak as a rat. Reached Annantagherry at 7, and pitched my camp in a nice open plain, a few hundred feet square, on the banks of a mountain stream, at an elevation of 2,800 feet. Immediately to the front and to the right were far higher hills, partially covered with coffee.

Here the climate was really lovely, cooler and pleasanter than at Shillong at the same season. This time in pitching my tent I put up the *kanats* and made myself comfortable: my servants were in a shed adjoining, which I had built for them. Villagers had been warned of our coming, and two parties were out tracking.

Six miles beyond where we were encamped is Galicondah,[1] 3,500 feet high. The situation is not good, as it is in a valley through which the nightly wind, spoken of elsewhere, blows

[1] Teeloogoo for Hill of Storms.

down into the plains in a perfect tornado. This was tried, many years ago, as a sanatarium, but of course it failed, as all sleeping within the influence of that wind got jungle fever, and many died. It was also extensively cultivated with coffee, and there is still a considerable garden there now, but as no care has been taken of the plants, very many have died out, and more have run into jungle. Annantagherry, though much lower, is away from the influence of this pestilential wind, and I believe it is perfectly free from fever. Soon after pitching camp heavy rain set in and continued for several hours. The trackers returned about 12 and reported having marked down bison about two miles off. So about 2 I started, but feeling very weak and out of sorts. We had a good deal of going up and down hills, the highest point reached being 3,300 feet. The coffee we passed through was left to take care of itself. It had not been pruned nor hoed, nor had the jungles been cleared for some years past, so it is gradually lapsing into jungle, and will soon die out. Some of the plants in the clearer parts of the hill showed signs of a vigorous growth, and I believe the coffee they produce is excellent, but how it lives at all is a puzzle, as these hills are covered with rocks and stones, and show little signs of any good soil. A great deal more jungle had been cut away than had been planted, and the hill-sides were now covered with the second growth, which is always more jungly, and creepers and thorny bushes spring up where none existed before—these, combined with the loose stones lying about on the surface, and differing in size from a football to a marble, render stalking all but impossible.

After going a good two miles, as we were descending into a densely wooded valley, half-way up the side of the opposite hill, and under the shade of a few scraggy trees, appeared a bison, chewing the cud and lazily flapping off the flies with his tail. We were a good 600 yards off, and apparently he

had not heard us, and the wind was blowing from him to us, so we right-about faced, intending to make a long detour, and to approach him from a favourable quarter, but he slowly began to ascend the hill and to go down wind. Nothing I could say would induce the shikarees to carry out my views; follow in his wake they would, and I knew that it was folly to do so, but as this was the first time I had been out with these men I let them have their own way. So, though I knew it was a useless fag, I followed the brute up and down hill for two hours, getting a glimpse of him only once, and then he went off at a trot, and we never sighted him again. As I was dead beat I was glad to sit down for an hour before trudging to camp, which we reached about dark. I was glad to get hot water to bathe in, and, notwithstanding my blanket, I was very cold all night.

11*th.*—I was up and dressed by 4.30 A.M., but the guides did not come till 5.30 A.M. We then went over the same jungle as yesterday, and searched about for the bull till 9 A.M., but did not see any signs of him, so we went back to camp and sent out men in various directions looking for tracks. These returned at 3 P.M. with fresh droppings, both of bison and sambur, and said they had marked down a herd into some jungle near a village called Soba. At 4.30 P.M., just as I had bathed and made myself comfortable, a villager rushed in and reported that the bull was grazing amongst the coffee not half a mile off, so I dressed and went after him. There he was, sure enough, and leaving all the people watching him, I took one man, with a spare gun, and made a long circuit to get above him. This took me nearly an hour to do, and when I reached the place where he ought to have been he was not visible. I took up his tracks, but as he had gone down hill and wind and through the most tangled places, I soon gave him up and went home. Owing to this attack of diarrhœa I was so weak that I was utterly unfit to undergo

O 2

the exertion necessary to follow up bison successfully. I left off all solid food, beer, &c., and confined myself to drinking three pints of milk, mixed with eggs and sherry, in pint doses three times a day, and soon found myself getting better, but during the whole trip I was too weak to be successful.

12th.—I started with one shikaree at 5 A.M., leaving the other to follow with the beaters, for finding stalking impossible I had determined to try a beat, though as a rule I dislike that mode of sport very much. It disturbs the country so, and the chances are the game goes away by any pass in preference to the one you are posted at, or it will break back. I had a good six-mile walk, and descended 500 feet, and the country, though not so pleasant to live in, looked more favourable for sport. The beaters turned up at 8 A.M. They posted me half-way up the side of a hill and sent men also to guard other passes. After an hour's beat we heard a rustling and a pit-a-pat coming towards us, and on looking over the bushes we had placed as a screen, within twenty yards were three bison, crowding together, and hesitating whether to advance or not. I took a careful shot at the chest of the nearest; it fell over on to the next one, which exposed its shoulders, and I fired a shell which told loudly; the two floundered about and seemed about to fall, but recovering, all three ran down the hill. I took the express and again hit one, but whether one of those previously hit or not I don't know; they ran back towards the beaters, two of them very groggy. The beat continued, and a bull bison ran along the base of the hill; I ran down to cut him off, but he was too fast for me, and got away without a shot. As the coolies objected to enter the jungle into which the wounded bison had retired, I went down, and taking up the tracks, along which the blood lay in pools, I followed up. In one place we picked up a bit of flesh which looked like a bit of liver, and on approaching a watercourse the bison charged back

and sent the coolies flying. The place where they had been standing was covered with blood. Further on the jungle was very nasty, and as we could not see a yard in our front we had to advance cautiously. The animals allowed us to pass and then broke back. I was too weak to follow them up, so lying down under a tree I sent the shikarees after them. The beaters refused to beat any more, as they were afraid of the wounded bison. One of them had rolled down a whole hill-side, and had lain down five or six times within the mile, yet the nature of the jungle was such that progress was very slow, and the noise made so great, that the animal had strength to get up and retreat still further without allowing itself to be seen. One of the two dodged and got back to the jungle whence it had been driven in the morning and lay down. How I failed to bag all three bison, and that with one ball each, I can't imagine. I was perfectly cool, and the distance not more than twenty yards, and though I wounded two to the death, I failed to bag them, then and there, as I ought to have done.

It rained heavily all day, and I was glad to crawl home disgusted with my own bad shooting.

Although there are no painted partridges about Vizianagram, yet in these hills they were calling in every direction, and the whole country reminded me very much of that about Nongpah *en route* to Shillong.

13*th.*—Started in pouring rain for Soba and the country beyond to look up the wounded bison. We had a steep descent, and then over undulating ground for six miles. When we got into the forest we easily took up the trail of the wounded bison, and sent men round to beat it towards me; and, peering about, I saw the marks of a large herd, which could have passed the place but a little while before I took up my position, and heard the bison moving about within fifty yards of me in a dense patch. Presently I

heard it lie down. I was just going to crawl in after it, when one of the beaters came running back and said there was a large herd of bison close by, and if I would go a little further up the river they would beat them up towards me. So, thinking the wounded one would be quite safe where it was, off I went. In the first beat the coolies failed to induce the herd to come my way. I then shifted my quarters about half a mile off, but that did not answer, and for two hours I was running backwards and forwards endeavouring to guard *three* passes till I was nearly dead. At last, losing patience, I went straight into the jungle where they were; and just as I got to an open spot, a good-sized young *bull,* as I thought, ran out and stopped for a moment. I took a careful shot and fired a shell into his shoulder low down. On receiving it the bison ran back, and a herd of eight bison of all sizes ran out. They were so mixed up together that it was difficult to distinguish at first a bull from the cows, and when I did make out one to be much larger than the rest, they had got some way and were entering the opposite jungle. I fired well forward, my ball fell just in front of the bull, and very nearly brought him down as he swerved suddenly to the right to avoid the ball, and all but fell over in so doing. The one I had fired at had brought up the rear, and, after staggering about, fell down and died. I then tried two more beats, and went after the wounded one, but the rush of the herd and my shots had disturbed it, and its marks were obliterated by theirs, and only a drop or two of blood could be seen here and there. So, much disgusted, I had to leave this one to die.

I then went back to the dead bison, and found it was not a bull, but a cow about four years old, but certainly by far the smallest bison I had ever killed. Those in Burmah were perfect monsters in comparison, and I noticed marked differences between them. The nose of this was not nearly so

Roman, the head far shorter, the dorsal ridge not so prominent and not extending so far back as of those killed in Burmah. It was altogether a prettier, but far smaller animal. On opening it I found my shell had penetrated the heart, yet this animal ran some 200 yards, and had enough life in it for two or three minutes to have killed a dozen men.

I trudged home quietly, and got there at 4.30 P.M. On talking to one of my shikarees, he said all the bisons on these hills were much smaller than those found near the Godavery and in the Wynaad and in the Anamallies, and I should say this was the case, for all those I saw in this and the subsequent trip were decidedly small, the largest probably not above eighteen hands, and in Burmah I have killed them all but twenty-one hands! A pure gyal I had in Assam was fully as large, if not larger, than this cow; and at first I thought this one might be a gyal, but half a look at its frontal development, surmounted by the semi-cylindric crest, which is always such a prominent object in the head of a gaur, convinced me that though perhaps belonging to a smaller variety, it was a true *Bos gaurus*. She was just fifteen hands high.

14*th*.—Tried after the solitary bull, but it rained so heavily I could not get the coolies to beat properly, so gave it up and returned to the tent, packed up my traps, went down the ghat to Cassipooram and back to Vizianagram the next day. One of the trackers followed after me, and reported having picked up one of the bison. This was the one that broke back, and was not nearly so badly wounded as the other, so that ought to have been recovered too, but I made a sad bungle of it altogether.

Guddum Hills.

Persse, formerly of the 9th, and one of the best shots in India and I had agreed to take a trip together, but neither of

us could get leave when we wanted it, but Persse got two months' leave from the 1st August, and I got a month from the 15th of the same month. Persse came up to Vizianagram, and killed various spotted-deer and antelope, but he was not as lucky as he usually is. He started for Nursapatam on Thursday, the 10th; and as the Rajah was kind enough to lend us a carriage to take us out to Santiam, MacCartie of the Civil Service and I went with him. We arrived at our destination about 9 A.M., breakfasted, and then went to beat a long hill for bears. Two bears were started. Persse wounded one badly, but lost it for the time; I broke the jaw of another, which a shikaree potted as it passed under the tree in which he was perched. We got soaking wet, and in the evening MacCartie and I drove back to the station, and Persse went on to Nursapatam, where I agreed to meet him on the following Sunday.

Saturday, 12th August.—Left Vizianagram with MacCartie at 3.30 P.M.; drove to Santiam Police Station, twenty-four miles distant; got there at 6 P.M. MacCartie went on to Waltair. I got on to one of his elephants and reached Sabarum at 9.30 P.M.; got into a Palkee, and, starting at 10 P.M., reached Nursapatam at 8.30 A.M.—the distance forty miles. Persse did not arrive till 10.30 A.M. He had very little sport *en route*, having bagged but a spotted doe and two duck. His elephants did not arrive till past 12. Sent them off again at 6 to Kondescenta, at the foot of the ghat.

Monday, 14th.—Started at a quarter to 4 A.M.; reached Kondescenta at 6.30 A.M. We sent on our kit first, and breakfasted here, starting again at a quarter to 9. This is the worst ghat I ever travelled over—far worse than anything in Assam or Burmah; there was not the faintest pretence of a road. It was merely going up the almost perpendicular bed of a mountain torrent. The elephant could scarcely go at all, and we ourselves did not reach Lumsinghi,

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only nine miles off, till past 2. On the road saw marks of bison, and on following them up started a doe sambur. Thermometer at Nursapatam 85°, at Lumsinhgi at 5 P.M. 76°; altitude by aneroid, 3,150 feet. Nice cloudy weather. We put up in the police-station. This village reminds me very much of Cossyah villages, being equally dirty and with dense jungle all round, and built on the face of a hill. Our traps came up at dark. We dined at 4 P.M., and made inquiries about game. A local shikaree was produced who said bison and spotted deer and sambur abounded; but we determined to go on further.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—Started at 5 A.M. for Chintapilly, close to Anterla of the maps; the road wonderfully level for the hills, and with the exception of going down and up several nasty nullahs, we scarcely ascended or descended. These are very nasty nullahs to cross, with clayey bottoms and sides, and very steep.

About two miles from Chintapilly Persse turned off the beaten path. I was about a quarter of a mile ahead, and went on, not knowing his intention of trying for game. Presently I heard several shots, and ascertained afterwards that Persse, on descending into the bed of the nullah, came upon two bears. As they bolted up the bank he fired at the leading one, which fell back on the one behind, and the two rolled down almost on the top of Persse and his men. Persse dropped his gun and took to his heels, the bears after him; but after running a little way he met a man with his spare rifle, and, turning round, killed the leading bear—a large female; the other turned round and fled. Chintapilly is very prettily situated, with undulations all round and higher hills in the distance. There is a small village here and a capital rest-house, and when my companion was here before, about two years ago, bison could be seen feeding about all round; but we were out at the very worst season, in the

depth of the rains, the grass was very high, and the jungle dense. All these hills have numerous salt-licks, where a whitish earth composed of sodium is found, and of which all the bovine and deer tribe are very fond. We went after bison at 3.30, and kept together for about a mile. We then separated, Persse following up fresh marks, and I going to the left in the hopes of getting a shot after he had had his. Persse soon came upon the herd, and killed one and wounded another; and though I heard them galloping away, I saw none. I came upon fresh tracks, and went along them for a long while, but saw nothing. I then heard Persse fire again, and three or four spotted deer came towards me. I picked out the buck and dropped him on his hocks, dead. I then went towards where I had heard Persse's last shots, and found he had killed a fine cow. There were several men skinning it, so I sent one of them back to help to carry my buck home; and my pattern-man volunteering to show me the way home, I, like a fool, followed him, and, after an hour's trudge, I found myself at the very spot whence we had started. So I got one of the villagers to pilot me, and reached the bungalow within half an hour. The grass is very high, and the whole country densely covered with a vigorous undergrowth.

Wednesday, 16*th*.—We started at a quarter to 6; we kept together for a mile, then Persse went to the right and I to the left. I walked a good five miles without seeing anything; no fresh signs at any of the licks, but beyond the place where Goodrich, the collector, had killed a leviathan bull last year I disturbed a bison, but it was gone almost before it was seen. We then went towards Anterla, and meeting an old man, he promised to show me lots of bison, and said he would come for me at 3 P.M. Going homewards I saw a bison, and tried hard to stalk it, but it and a herd with it went up a fearful hill covered with grass six to eight feet high. I went after

them and reached the top nearly dead, but though they had left their cards behind them, and were evidently but a little in advance of me, I did not see the ghost of one. I reached camp at 12.30, after six and a half hours' incessant walking. Persse had got nothing, but he had seen the fresh tracks of a buffalo—a strange beast to meet in these parts.

At 4 P.M. we went out again—Persse to his old ground and I to where Fraser, the Police Superintendent, had killed a bull last year. I saw lots of marks, but no game, and got back at 7 P.M. thoroughly done up. Persse had bagged a cow and wounded another.

Thursday, 17*th*.—I started at a quarter to 5, passed Persse's cow which he had killed last evening, and went two or three miles further to a favourite salt-lick without seeing a thing. As my pattern-man was thoroughly done with yesterday's trudge, I had taken a mahout to hal-lal any game I might shoot. This man was behind, and on passing a low hill covered with bamboos he called out that he could see two bison. We all pulled up. I took the binoculars and examined the hill carefully, but neither I nor any of those with me could see any living creature, but as the man persisted in his statement, leaving all but one gun-carrier behind, I carefully approached the hill, and after a while made out a bison feeding at the foot of the hill and one half-way up. I sat down behind a tree and waited, as the shoulder of the nearest bison was protected by a clump of bamboos. In a few minutes it had fed clear, and I got a shoulder shot, but the distance was fully 100 yards off. The bullet sped true, the bison staggered, and spun round, and ran right towards me, followed by the other. I fired another shot, but missed. Taking up the express, and seeing the one already hit about to fall, I let fly at the other, which ran forwards fifty yards, and fell dead! We had the bison first hit hal-lal-ed, but the second was stone dead. To my disgust I found they were

both fine large cows, of the same variety as those I had shot at Soba, near Galicondah. Leaving the bison, we went home by another route, and saw innumerable forms of sambur, but no game. At 11 o'clock Persse and I started on elephants to fetch the bisons' trophies to camp and also intending to try for more beyond. We reached the kills at 1, and rested under a tree, when Persse went one way and I another. I went through a beautiful country; I saw the marks of *the* buffalo, and many fresh tracks of bison, but did not come across a living thing.

Friday, 18th.—All this trip I was suffering from my late complaint, diarrhœa, and was quite unfit to go through such exercise as I was taking daily. At times I felt so done up, I thought I should have to give in and go back home, but after a night's rest I always felt fit to start afresh; but this morning, as I knew I should have a good deal of climbing to do, I went on an elephant as far as Anterla; hit off the tracks of a large herd of bison and followed them up, but they gave me a long chase. I went two ranges beyond Anterla; the herd had crossed a plain and eaten all the paddy; and I heard a shot fired and thought it was Persse, but ascertained afterwards it was a Peeler going his rounds, who had come across the herd I had been following for hours, and had killed one cow and disturbed all the rest. Forsyth in his excellent book on the *Highlands of Central India,* says bison do not eat grain cultivated by villagers, but here was a case in point. I went to one lick where the sambur must assemble nightly in hundreds. Our guides picked up a villager, and they kept too much to the open. It was getting hot, and I was sure the bison had taken shelter under the tree-forest, and just as I was turning to enter a belt of trees, the mahout—the same as the one who was out with me yesterday—said he had heard, he thought, bison or some large animals move in the forest we were entering. I had

scarcely gone fifty yards when an exclamation from the mahout made me look up, and there was a bull bison staring me in the face. Before I could take the rifle off my shoulder, the bull turned and went off full score, and I thought I had missed it, but as I got *one* drop of blood I fancy I must have hit it very slightly. A cow had evidently joined him, and the two went together some way, when the bull went down the hill into some dense grass whilst the cow kept straight on. We followed the latter, and had to go over numerous hills and down dales before we saw anything. Then in the distance we saw a herd of bison: they did not see us, but I fear they must have winded us, as they began to move up hill. I took a long shot at the biggest, and as I saw my shot strike up the dust beyond imagined I had missed. The whole herd went off, luckily in our direction, that is, in the same direction as we were going; and on following them up came on blood, and followed it up. We sat down for some time to allow the bison to get well ahead and to settle down, and then resumed our trudge. It was a good three hours before we sighted the herd again; we then saw them in the open, and although we were under trees and, as I thought, hidden, they had evidently heard us, as they were all staring in our direction: so kneeling down I took a shot at the chest of the nearest—the result *nil;* but again we found blood. We had a long tramp to get to the elephants, and then went home, which we reached at 3 P.M. Persse voted for leaving the hills—the rain incessant, and he funks getting wet. I preferred remaining, but as he was so anxious to go I gave in. We had sent men from Nursapatam to go to a place called Looroogudum, and they ought to have been here yesterday, but no news of them.

I forgot to say that on the 17th, before shooting the two bison, I came upon the solitary buffalo—a bull—the only one

in these parts. He had a fair head, but as I had shot so many both in Burmah and Assam I let him go, for some one who has not shot one to kill. He got up out of a swampy bit, within fifty yards, and ran tail on for his life. My shikarees were much disgusted with me for not firing at it, as a buffalo is considered a great prize on the Madras side. There are no buffaloes on these hills east of Darahcondah, so this brute must have wandered fully thirty miles from his usual haunts, or have been driven out of a herd, and have sought out for himself fresh pastures. I fancy a full-grown buffalo would weigh more than a bison: he is not so tall, but his bulk is immense.

Whilst Persse went direct to Lumsinghi, I started very early to look for bison, and sent my pony on to a village called Ravarintad, about five miles off, with my breakfast, to wait for me. I went towards where I had killed on the 17th. The men kept a great deal too much to the open, so I took a line of my own, and entered a tree-forest. In this, whilst I was taking temporary rest, I thought I saw a pair of horns, but before I could get hold of the binoculars they had disappeared. I went to the spot, and there, sure enough, was the fresh mark of a large bull. I took up the trail and followed it carefully. The brute had gone through a good deal of entangled forest, but as it had only a couple of minutes' start of us, we followed. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and this proved no exception. We went miles, and then came to a hill covered with bamboos, up which he had evidently clambered; here we sat down to rest, for I was very weak and in a bad state of health. We sat for a quarter of an hour, and on starting there was a dispute between my two men as to which way the bison had gone. I was a little to the left, and, hearing a noise ahead, I endeavoured to quiet the men, but they did not hear me, and continued their wrangle. From behind a

bamboo clump out came an immense pair of horns. I thought it was the buffalo, and damned him for coming in the way, but in a moment out came the head, neck, and shoulders of one of the largest horned bison I ever saw! Before I could throw the rifle forward, with a snort he had disappeared! How I cursed my own stupidity in not coming to the ready when I first saw the horns! I think I could have floored him where he stood, as he was not more than fifty yards from me, but the opportunity was gone. I followed and followed up hill and down dale, but never saw him more. I disturbed a herd of sambur. I saw several does scuttling away. My shikarees said there was a fine stag amongst them, but I did not see him. The rain came down in buckets, and as I had a long march before me, I turned toward Ravarintad, and got there at 1.15, expecting to find my pony and breakfast there, but the villainous syce, fearing to remain there, although he had a coolie with him, and the country was quite open, had gone on. So, tired as I was, I had to trudge on. My shoes were cutting into my feet, the road was a mass of mud and water, whilst overhead the rain was pouring down a perfect flood. I walked and walked, till I got within sight of Lumsinghi at 4.15 P.M., and there I found my horsekeeper and my breakfast. This was more than I could stand, and taught the man a lesson. I was very glad to find myself at the police-station, and to go to bed.

Sunday, 20th.—Persse went down the ghat; I went with the local shikaree to the salt-lick, where he said bison and sambur were plentiful. I found the distance a good six miles off, instead of three as the guide made out. I left before it was light, at a quarter past 4. About half-past 6 I reached the lick. There were no fresh marks; the newest about two days old, but as it was a large bull's, and the beast seemed in the habit of coming and going the same way, I followed up in the hope of coming across him in the tree-forest, but I

eventually lost the track, and seeing no signs of bison, and coming across a herd of spotted does, I shot one for the pot, and got back to the station at 10.30 A.M. I then breakfasted, and started down the ghat at 11, and reached Kondescenta at 1.30 P.M., where I found Persse, who had killed a jungle sheep *en route.* I also started a sambur and a barking deer, but did not get a shot. We left again at 3.30 P.M., and got to Nursapatam at 6 P.M.

Monday, 21st.—Persse went after spotted deer, but saw none; I after antelope. I hit a buck, but lost it in some khets, or fields of high corn. There were too many people about cultivating to make it safe to shoot ball, so I would not risk another shot. In the afternoon Persse went after antelope, but did not get any.

Tuesday, 22nd.—I did not go out. Persse did, and brought home a buck antelope in the morning, and again in the afternoon. We agreed to separate, he going towards Tornee and I back to the hills. Our shikarees returned from Soaragoodum; they reported that there was no game there, but at another place, not far off, called Lodode, they had come upon a herd of bison, and had seen one old bull. I sent my traps on to Kondescenta.

Wednesday, 23rd.—I started at 3 A.M., and got to camp at a quarter to 6; so, having plenty of time before me, went to look at a salt-lick, about two miles off, where the people report bison and sambur. The marks were very plentiful, and as some of the visitants seemed very old bulls, I determined to have a haul here; so keeping a few things, and sending the rest on to Lumsinghi, I pitched my tent on the banks of a stream about half a mile from the lick. It rained for the greater part of the day, but cleared up towards the afternoon; the people persuaded me to sit up in a mart over the lick, and although the night was quite dark, I, like a fool, consented to do so. No sooner had we got there than it

began to pour down, and as we were sitting in a hollow we soon had a foot of water round us. Several bison came, but they smelt us, snorted, and went off before we could get a glimpse of them. Getting tired of this, about 11 I went back to camp.

Thursday, 24th.—Sending my traps up the ghât, I went after the bison, and took up a large track, but the bull had gone through awful jungle, through which it was impossible to go along noiselessly. We heard it ahead, and I think we might have come upon it in time, but unfortunately a wretched woodcutter began to hack away at a tree; the bull took fright and went off full score. We still followed on, and about 10 came in sight of a herd, but they had sighted us too, and went off, over the hills and far awày, so I walked back to my camp, breakfasted, and started up the ghât. Before I had gone half-way it began to rain cats and dogs, and we got to the station at 4 P.M., more like drowned rats than anything else. Fortunately my waterproof sheets had kept my bedding dry. I found nothing here; my officious pattern-man had taken everything on, so I had not even a suit of clothes. I gave all my shivering followers a tot of brandy all round, lighted a huge fire, and tried to dry my clothes sufficiently to put on in the morning.

Friday, 25th.—My clothes were not half dry, but I had to put them on all the same. We started at 7 for Gungaree, about six miles off, near the lick I had visited on Sunday the 20th, and got there at a quarter to 9. The country here is exceedingly pretty, alternately wood and plain, and very level for the hills, and would form an admirable site for a Sanatarium. I visited the salt lick, and there were dozens of marks, quite fresh, and amongst them some very large ones, so I determined to halt here and hunt the neighbourhood. The local shikaree Nokanah was with me, and I sent him on to a village about eight miles off, where the people report

there are many bison. It rained until about 1, and then cleared up a bit, so I ventured out, but had not been gone an hour when it recommenced to pour, and did not cease the whole afternoon. I got on to quite fresh tracks and followed them till they led up a steep hill. Here we had great difficulty in tracking; in fact, the people here are afraid of bison, and do not like following them in heavy jungle. I had to go up to the top of a hill 3,700 feet above the plains; I had put the rifles into their waterproof covers as the rain never ceased for one moment. In the long grass on the top of a hill the men pointed out two large ears. I said they were sambur's, the men that they were bison's. A smaller animal was also lying down, which I took to be the young of the larger. We never moved. I took the rifles out of their cases to be ready, and waited patiently; suddenly something frightened the two animals and they both ran right up to us; the young one we could have touched as it passed, the larger pulled up about ten yards off, and stared at us in amazement, but to the great disgust of my men I would not fire, and it recovering itself, followed its bulcha. The odd part is, when I first saw these animals I said they were sambur and the men bison. Now I insisted they were a pair of young bison, and the men that they were sambur. Nothing can be more dissimilar; there is not a point of resemblance between them. Bison have long tails—sambur very short ones. The young one that just passed us had its long tail well raised in the air, and I believe if any one had tried as it passed it might have been seized by its caudal appendage. The other was just as distinct, both young bison, not worth shooting, yet my men swear they were sambur! We walked along the plateau, and one of our guides declared he saw a bison about 500 yards off, so I went off in that direction, but it was much further than I anticipated, and with a snort it had disappeared long before I got within shot

of it. We followed it up some way, but never saw it again. I got home thoroughly disgusted at dark.

Saturday, 26th.—Out very early. I visited four licks, all a long way apart, but only saw a doe sambur going away. I then climbed up to the top of the highest hill, 4,100 feet; but with the exception of one track of sambur, did not see the ghost of a sign of anything even. The day before the bison were here in dozens: to-day there was not one. I searched every likely-looking place, but finding nothing went to the tent. Nokanah returned and reported having seen lots of bison. In the afternoon I went out in a different direction, and through very nice forest. I saw one spotted buck but did not get a shot.

Sunday, 27th.—Sent the greater part of my traps to Chintapilli, but went to Borsinghi myself. I got there about 8, pitched my tent close to the village, and sent Nokanah and two villagers to look for bison tracks. They returned about 12, and Nokanah reported fresh marks all about. So went out in the afternoon and soon found out Nokanah had been telling me a lot of lies. He had never been to the village at all when I sent him from my last camp, but had been home instead, nor had he visited the licks this morning; in fact he proved himself to be the greatest liar I ever came across, so I gave him a toe behind and sent him back to his village. We went from lick to lick—not a fresh mark anywhere! We went over most beautiful country but did not see any signs, and as I was very weak I sent a man back to bring my pony to meet me. We went on and on without seeing anything; at last, near a nullah, heavily fringed with trees, I heard a snort, and saw a bison disappear down the side, and heard it and a whole herd scamper along the bed of the nullah, but one reascended the bank about 200 yards further down and stood. I took a careful sight with the Express and fired a raking shot. The ball hit, the

bison sprang forward, but evidently done for; he ran forward, staggering for about 100 yards, and then rolled over. The herd passed me about 100 yards, but I forgot to put the 200 yards sight down, so instead of hitting the one I fired at, I cut off a branch considerably over its back. The bull proved a very poor one, not worth bagging. Met my pony, and was thankful to mount it and get home.

Monday, 28th.—We started by torchlight, being anxious to get to one of the licks by daylight, which we did. I left my pony in an open patch where there was one hut. Early as we were, we were too late for the bison. The men wanted to follow up herds, but I preferred taking up the marks of an old bull. As long as I could follow the marks myself the men would do so too, but directly I was at fault they also pretended to lose it; they dread the solitary bulls, and nothing will induce them to keep on the track of one if it has entered heavy jungle. We followed up at least six fresh tracks of old solitary bulls and lost them all. I could have killed the shikarees with rage; it was so self-evident that they lost the tracks because they did not choose to follow them up. As a last resort I told them to take me to the furthest salt lick, and to go across country to it, and not along the pathways, as they wanted to do. The men were very reluctant to do so, but I insisted on it. When we got within half a mile of the lick bison marks became very plentiful. There was splendid cover for them, and the lick itself was fringed with bamboo. As we approached it we heard bison moving about in it. I sneaked down and soon saw a young bull, and further to the left a much bigger one. They had twigged me, so I could not advance further to find out whether there were any larger ones, and had to fire, so, aiming at the shoulder of the larger bison, I fired; down it went, and about twenty other bison ran up the other side. I went down into the lick; the bull stood up and looked at

me savagely, but the blood was pouring from its shoulder like water from the spout of a kettle, so leaving it I went on after the herd. I came upon them soon, but they heard me and bolted before I could see one, and went down a nullah with very nearly perpendicular sides, and a bed only a few feet broad. The fall was fully twenty feet, and I can't imagine how they got down, but they did, and ran along the bottom, and I could hear them for five minutes afterwards. I went back and found the bull dead. I reached my camp at 12. It rained all the morning: in fact I only saw the sun one day all the time I was in these hills. The rain was incessant, and as I had no nails in the soles of my shoes I was constantly slipping down and coming to grief. It is impossible to keep on one's feet in clayey soil if there is the least ascent or descent. From being wet through every day two pairs of my boots had gone to pieces, and I had only one pair, and that was in a very bad condition.

Tuesday, 29th.—Marched to Chintapilly, *viâ* Ramasinghi; walked the greater part of the way. There are lots of peafowl about here, and also jungle-fowl, painted partridges and quails. I had sent my shot gun back, and did not care to fire at them with ball. A peeler, No. 1100, accompanied me; he was a native of these parts, and knew the jungles well, and he said there were lots of bison at Ramasinghi. We went through a very game-looking country, but had many very nasty nullahs, swollen by the incessant rains, to cross. In one of these I got a very bad fall, my foot slipping on a rock and I going backwards on to it; I saved the rifle, but hurt my hip very badly, and took all the skin off my elbow. It is a curious fact, there seem to be no young women in these parts; the population seems to consist of men of all ages, of *old* women and young children, but I did not see a marriageable girl the whole time. How the population is kept up I can't imagine. We passed several villages,

inhabited as usual by old women and children, and we had to cross some considerable spurs. One was 4,300 feet high, and we were considerably below the top, which must have been at least 300 feet more. On descending this we came to Ramasinghi, which consists of *one* house. I pitched my tent here, and left it in charge of the villagers, about three men, four old women, and some half dozen children. One of the villagers came with me, and he, the peeler, and I, went to look at the different licks. No one had ever shot here, but it was near this I had seen the leviathan bull on the 19th. I was rather late to find bison out, as it was past 10 before we left Ramasinghi. The licks were the best I have seen, well wooded, and appeared to be much frequented. We crossed the first, a considerable nullah, and went along parallel to it, and heard a bison move along the bed. We hurried forward, re-crossed it, and after ascending the bank the peeler drew back and pointed; I stepped forward, and there, within ten yards, was an immense bull, just getting into a trot preparatory to a bolt. The jungle was bamboo, but pretty open. The bull half-way down the bank, broadside on; I threw up the Express, and took a quick aim and fired. The bison rushed forward and I after him; at a bend he reascended the bank, and had I remained still I should have got good shots at twenty yards; as it was, I could not see him from where I was, but as he stood close to the peeler I told him to fire, but before he could do so the bull disappeared in a thicket, and though we followed him up we did not see him again, nor did we get a drop of blood! I must have either made a clean miss or he must have bled inwardly. Even if I had shut my eyes when I fired I can't conceive how I could have missed such a monster at such close quarters; but he got away, and more's the pity! We then went a long way without seeing or hearing anything, but getting into an open forest we heard a slight noise to the

right, and going towards it I saw a solitary bison feeding. As I was stalking it carefully it disappeared; I thought it had gone deeper into the forest, but on getting closer saw that it had lain down. It is wonderful how difficult it is to see anything of a bison, if it lies down, beyond the horns. I got to within fifteen or sixteen paces, but all I could see were his horns and forehead, but whether he was facing me or sideways I could not tell. The grass was four feet long, and quite sufficient to hide the whole of his body. I fired for the forehead, but up the bull jumped and ran off, apparently none the worse. My second shot caught him too far back. We followed, and saw at once that my first ball missing the brain had gone through the head and lower jaw, probably breaking the latter to bits, as blood and saliva were pouring from his mouth. His wound in the side, too, showed thick, clotted blood, and though we put him up several times we never saw him again, and as it was getting late, and we a long way from our camp, we left him, and I fear he died a lingering death. Making for a footpath, which serves as a road in these parts, leading to Chintapilly, a three-parts grown bull jumped up in front of the peeler. I jumped on one side to get a shot, the peeler dodged the same way, and I was very nearly blowing his brains out. The bison got away untouched. We got to the bungalow at half-past four in pelting rain. I had been on my legs and wet through the whole day from 4 A.M., so I had about enough of it, and thoroughly disgusted with myself for my bad shooting. This is the first time the Express has failed me, and I fancy the fault was mine for not holding it straight—but better luck next time.

Wednesday, 30th.—Rain all last night and all to-day. I am so sore from the bruises I received in my fall yesterday that I am glad of an excuse to stop at home; but unfortunately I have nothing to read, as I had sent all my books

back, they are so heavy to move about. I sent one of my shikarees out, and he returned in the evening and reported that a large solitary bull bison was wandering about in the jungles close by, and that he had seen the pugs of a tiger near the place where Persse killed his last cow. Tigers are scarce on these hills; there are very few leopards or panthers, no hyænas, and I heard no jackals; nor are there any wolves, but very few hares, and now and then jungle-fowl. Bison in great numbers, sambur pretty plentiful, a few spotted-deer, and the four-horned antelope. I heard no barking-deer. About thirty miles off there are buffaloes and marsh-deer.

Thursday, 31st.—It never left off raining till 3 P.M., and at 4 I went out with Persse's shikaree, the only man worth his salt in these parts. We came on to the tracks of the big bull near the first bheel, and followed it up. It had gone along the banks of the nullah, through bamboo forest and through long grass. At 5.30 P.M. we came upon it suddenly, but though not more than six or eight paces off, the grass and the bushes were so thick that all I could see was *one* horn, but that a whopper! I could not see a square inch of the animal, yet the shikaree urged me to fire. I took one step forward, a toss of the mighty head, the usual snort, and the beast disappeared. As I was under the impression he had not seen, but only smelt us, and as it was getting dark, we let him alone, and went back to camp, which we reached at dark.

Friday, 1st September.—Rained all night, but cleared up towards daylight, so we started for the nearest lick, and sure enough our friend of yesterday evening had been there very early, and could not be far ahead or much alarmed; so we went after him, but he led me a pretty chase. He must have heard us and known that we were searching for him; he had lain down here and there, but evidently not

for long, and had gone over the worst ground he could find up one of the steepest hills and down the other side, disturbing in so doing another bull. As it seemed hopeless following up the first, I took up the trail of the second, but neither had he any intention of being overtaken. I went on till 12, and then, dead beaten, went home and found two of the Anterla men with news of a large herd of bison near their village, who were devastating their paddy-fields, but I was too ill and too tired to go out again that day, so told them to come again to-morrow, or that I would meet them near their own village.

Saturday, 2nd. — Started early on my pony, and rode nearly to Anterla before I met the men who had brought news yesterday. They had not been to look for tracks, and were not sure whether the bison had gone or not. So we wandered about without seeing any fresh marks. We then got on to their trail, and found they were going up the Sambur Hill, which is 4,600 feet high. Along a spur of it, about halfway up, in grass varying from 6 to 8 feet high, we saw the herd feeding. I crawled after them, but they made as much, if not more, progress than we did, and at the end of half an hour I was no nearer.

Some young calves to our left, not seen by us, gave the alarm, and, galloping away, put the herd on the *qui vive*, and they all took up the hillside and disappeared in the distance.

Looking across the valley, we saw a solitary bison under a tree, but to get at him we had to make a long detour. In doing so we came upon a bear's cave, with evidence that Bruin was at home; but as there was no getting at him, we left him alone in the hope of making his acquaintance some other day. The bison never let us get within a quarter of a mile of him, and we saw him disappear and reappear in the long distance for some considerable time. I then went

to Anterla, breakfasted there, and visited two more salt licks, but saw nothing. A fine day for a wonder, the sun actually shining.

Sunday, 3rd.—Sent the greater part of my things to Lumsinghi, taking but a few with me to Ramasinghi. I went across country, but saw nothing till I reached the salt lick, beyond which on the 17th ult. I had killed two cows, and there I was saluted by a perfect babel of snorting and invisible bison bolting. At last a cow exposed herself, and the Express brought her down at once at a good eighty yards off. I then heard a struggling in the swampy bed of the lick, and ran forward to its edge, only in time to see two bison disappear on the other side, but got no shot. We followed the herd some way, but did not come across any game, so returned to the lick to examine the dead cow, and from the top of a hill I saw a bison walking along down below. This time I took the big rifle, the right barrel loaded with spherical and the left with a conical. I fired too low with the right; the left caught her in the ribs, but she ran on. There was no blood for the first 150 yards, and then only a drop here and there, so I did not follow up long. On examining the dead cow I found she was one I had wounded on the 18th ult. The last shot I had fired that day was at a cow standing chest on, and I found the ball, instead of hitting her fairly in the chest, had caught her outside on the left fore-arm, ploughing through the flesh and muscles for about a foot, and then making its exit. Not much harm had been done, and the wound was rapidly healing. When I wounded this beast on the 18th ult. it was a good fifteen miles off in quite another direction, so it shows bison wander about a good deal. I got to my tent at 10, and got letters urging me to return to Vizianagram; so as my only pair of boots had given way, I thought it time to make tracks homewards, but thought I would have one

more try, so about 4 P.M. I started under the guidance of the peeler and the old villager. At first they took us through frightful jungles, but I made them get out of that, and we then entered open tree-forest with grass about four to five feet high, and occasionally bushes. The peeler pointed out a bison about 100 yards off. Getting a bush between myself and it, I carefully advanced until I got to within twenty yards or so of it, and then sat down to get my breath. The bull was totally unconscious of my vicinity, and fed on quietly. I stood up; stepping on one side, I took two deliberate, raking shots with the Express. On receiving the shots the bull sprang forward about ten yards, his hind-quarters appeared to give under him, and he reeled as if about to fall. The second rifle had been handed to me, but I refrained from firing, saying, "He is done for," when the peeler ran up, let drive, and hit him behind. This seemed to give him new life; he recovered himself, and went off full score. We followed up a good way, but did not get a drop of blood, and I lost him. All this time, about 150 yards further, there was a large herd of bison feeding, and they took not the least notice of my shots or the noise we made in talking and following up the bull. We did not then know they were there. On returning from our unsuccessful search, we saw the herd tranquilly feeding. I crept up as near as I could, which was about eighty yards. and then sat down. Two cows kept looking intently in our direction, and I dared not move a yard closer to them. I had only a small bush to screen me. I suppose I sat there half an hour, but it was getting dark, and my hopes of seeing them feed on seemed as if they would not be realised, and these two cows never took their eyes off the place we were in. At last a large bull joined them, and gave me a shot about 100 yards off. Taking a careful aim, I fired for the shoulder with the Express, but the herd, including the bull,

bolted. Thinking I had again made a mess of it, I did not hurry after them, but the peeler did, called out blood, and, coming on the bull down on the ground, fired into his chest, the cotton he had used as a wadding sticking and burning in the wound! but the brute was quite dead—a really fine bull, not old, as his horns were not truncated, but they were long and massive, and he, for these hills, was of good bulk, and stood about 17½ hands high, which, Forsyth says, is about the size of the big bulls in the Mahadeo Hills, but which would be only the size of a middling cow in Burmah. We got to the tent at 7 P.M. A fine moonlight night.

Monday, 4th.—Started things for Lumsinghi, and had a last try for bison, but did not see one. Coming homewards the men pointed out what they called a jungle-sheep about fifty yards off, the whole of it hidden in the long grass, with the exception of its head and ears. Aiming well for what I guessed to be the shoulder, I fired, but the little brute went off, and my men fairly laughed at me for, as they thought, missing it. I went up to the place, and there was plenty of blood, but the puzzle was how such a little brute had gone away with a hollow bullet in it. Tracked it up for a quarter of a mile, then put it up again out of a bush, and, taking a snap shot, dropped it. I found my first shot had hit it just half an inch too low, and had all but cut off one of his front legs at its junction with the body; my second had hit it high up, and had cut the body all but in two. Jerdon says these animals are not worth eating; all I can say is, that the one Persse killed and mine were particularly juicy, and the only decent bit of meat we had the whole trip. They were both females of the four-horned antelope. We heard and saw the barking-deer going up the ghât to Lumsinghi, but not on the Hills.

I reached Lumsinghi that day, and Nursapatam the next day, and dâked back to Vizianagram.

It will be seen that the results of the trip were not much. The time of year was against us, the grass too high, and the jungle too dense, the rain incessant, and the big bulls too scattered. Had I been intent on slaughter alone, I might have killed a great many cows and calves, as they are not difficult to find. Of those I killed, I fired only at one knowing it to be a cow, the others I took for bulls: it is not easy to distinguish them in this long grass. Now my rifles were made for me by C. and D. Scott, have Purdy's snap top lever-action, are beautifully finished, and shoot not only strongly, but very accurately; in fact, no one could have turned out better weapons. The twelve-bore weighs 10 lbs. 4 ozs., the Express 577 weighs 10 lbs. 1 oz.; the former takes 5 drachms for a spherical, but only 4 for a conical (hollow); the Express 5½ drachms for the hollow conical, which is hardened, and weighs exactly 1 oz. With the twelve-bore I fired six shots with the following results:—

1 shot at 100 yards with a shell—result, death.
3 shots at long distances, at three bison—result, slight wounds each.
2 shots at 60 yards—hit, but lost.

With the Express.

1	shot at bison,	distance	50	yards—	result, death—	cow.
1	,,	,,	200	,,	,,	bull.
1	,,	,,	50	,,	,,	bull.
1	,,	,,	80	,,	,,	cow.
1	,,	,,	100	,,	,,	bull.

2 shots at spotted-deer, a stag and a doe, each 100 yards—death.
2 shots at a doe four-horned antelope, 50 yards—death.
1 shot at a bison, 10 yards—no result—bull.
2 shots at a bull bison, 20 yards—no result.
2 shots at a bull lying down—hard hit, but lost.
1 shot at an antelope, 120 yards—hit, but lost.

Thus it will be seen the Express did well at the longer distances, but either it, or more probably I, made some terribly bad shots at close quarters; but I fully believe it is capable of killing any animal, from an elephant downwards, if held straight.

A Trip up the Godavery to the Bison Hill.

Somewhere about twenty-five years ago—in 1852 I think—Cotton, the judge of Rajahmundry, Dansey of our 30th, and I went up the Godavery to the gorge and ascended a hill on the left bank going up, which our great engineer Sir A. Cotton had climbed, and where he proposed to form a Sanatarium. No one had been there after game; there were rumours of bison being there, but nobody then had shot any. We got the loan of a paddle-boat, and got to the entrance to the gorge in two days, going day and night. We climbed the hill early, and found it anything but an easy task; however when we got to the top we were amazed at the huge pats dropped by the bison everywhere. The place looked more like a farmyard than a hill in the midst of the wilderness. Cotton and I went one way and Dansey another. We saw nothing; he came across several herds of bison and wounded several, but only got one, a cow. We christened the hill Bison Hill, which name it has since borne, and where numerous bison have been slain. Douglas Scott of my corps and Peyton of the 9th a year or two afterwards killed a good many, and whilst the road up it was being constructed by the Sappers some time between 1856 and 1859 Elliot and other Sapper officers also killed a good many. Of late years they have not been much disturbed, only Mr. Horsfall, the judge here, having killed any. A few have also been killed by the District Engineer from time to time, and only last month Col. Beddome and Mr. Boileau, two forest officers, killed three in two days. So finding myself again in this neighbourhood, I determined to run up for a few days, and on the 6th March hiring a small steamer, I started for Papicondah, the village at the foot of the hill. We reached our destination on the evening of the 7th. Sinja Peddie, the head-man of these parts, was very civil,

and got us coolies; so next day we ascended the ghat. The path made by the Sappers never being used by the villagers, is overgrown with bamboos and trees falling across it, so it is of no use now—the only existing path being straight up the face of the hill, and a good pull—perhaps five miles from the village.

We reached the halting-place about 12, and soon made ourselves comfortable. The nearest water is down the hill-side, about half a mile off. The jungles have been but very slightly burnt, and the greater part of this hill-top, which is nearly level and extends about thirty miles to the west by south, is covered with dense grass, with a fair sprinkling of trees and now and then bamboo clump. The grass varies in size from 3 feet to 7 or 8. In the afternoon I went to the east by north, but saw nothing. I picked up a splendid sambur horn. I would give something to get the stag who had shed it. As the grass was too high to see over, I made a light ladder and took it about with me, planting it against trees, climbing up, and thus overlooking the mass of grass underneath.

March 9th.—I started to the south-west very early this morning. I had gone scarcely a quarter of a mile when I saw a herd of bison feeding in short grass on a slope opposite, and, leaving all but one man behind, I carefully advanced, but there were too many eyes about, and I could not circumvent them all. The result was a general stampede. I followed on their trail, and every now and then could hear them tearing along in front of me, but I could not see one. Whenever I came to a heavy bit of grass, I planted the ladder up against a tree, and either got up it myself or made one of the shikarees do so and look about. I had no man who knew these jungles with me. I had a peeler and a shikaree I had brought from Vizianagram, who had never been here before in his life, and two coolies; but as long as you keep to the

plateau, you cannot lose yourself, but having to force one's way through this heavy grass is very trying and very fatiguing. I had gone some way, when I saw some six or seven bison chewing the cud about 150 yards in front of me. I made all the men remain behind; I took the No. 12, and crept along through the long grass till I got to within 70 or 80 yards, when they began to snort and toss their heads, preparatory to a bolt; the largest however stood a moment, and I fired two shots; both told, but the herd went off. I advanced about 150 yards, and then, planting the ladder against a tree, I climbed up. I soon made out six standing about 100 yards from me, but where was the seventh? Whilst I was undecided whether to fire or not, I heard a crash to the left, and within fifty yards of the tree I was on was a bison struggling on his back in the last gasp. Leaving him, I went after the herd, but they had disappeared—where? was and is still to me a puzzle, because the formation of this plateau is most peculiar. It consists of laterite, and anything moving over it can be heard a very long way; the whole surface sounds hollow, and the reverberations of every footfall are distinguishable for half a mile and more. Besides this plateau has for the greater part of its length perpendicular sides over which nothing could go and live. Only here and there is a slope or shoulder leading to the valley beneath by which animals can make their way either to the lower country or to some neighbouring hill. The general height of Bison-Hill is 2,300 feet, but as there is very little cover on it, the heat during the day is very great. In our tent at two it was 91°, at five in the evening about 76°, and 65° at 5 A.M. I sent the peeler and a man to bring back coolies, for the bison's head and tongue, and went on myself. I had no one to show me the pathways through the long grass, so had to force my way along by sheer force. I must have gone fully sixteen or seventeen miles away from home and

back to-day. I disturbed several times game of all sorts, I could not tell what. Planting the ladder and constantly climbing it alone was tiring work, and there was not a drop of water on the hill. Wherever the old grass had been burnt and the new sprung up, bison and sambur marks were plentiful; but I was late, and the game had retired to the wooded valleys to rest in their shelter during the heat of the day. Very nearly at the end of the hill, I heard a noise, climbed a tree, and, after looking about a long time, I saw a bull bison under a tree on the *qui vive* about 150 yards off. I kept quite quiet in the hopes that he would lie down, but he evidently had winded us, for, snorting as usual, off he went, and I never saw him more. Going homewards I saw two four-horned antelope and a boar, but got no shots at either. I got home very late, dead beat.

19*th*.—Two shikarees had been sent by Linga Reddy; these men knew all the paths, and were a great comfort to me. We started at daybreak towards the north-east. Before long I saw a doe sambur and her young, but would not fire at them. We then went to the very end of the hill in this direction without seeing anything; we then went down and along a spur into a valley, and ascended to the top of a parallel hill every bit as high as our own. Some portions of the scenery here were lovely—undulating ground, covered with a rich grass about three feet long, and studded with either single or groups of trees planted by nature, rivalling any device of a modern landscape gardener. On the first flat we came on three doe sambur accompanied by a young one. My men, who won't eat bison, wanted me to shoot at them, but I only do so nowadays when food is absolutely necessary for the camp, which was not the case just now, as I had lots of sheep. As if they knew we did not want to molest them, these does allowed us to approach them to within sixty yards. We did not attempt to hide ourselves,

but walked up to them steadily. They at last trotted away, and we could see them going along for upwards of a mile; after a while we saw three more, but whether the same or others I do not know. There were bison marks, but not very numerous. So I set the jungle on fire and soon had a huge blaze. We then made for our own hill, and in a densely wooded valley we disturbed a large herd of bison. I got a fair shot at one and hit it hard; it ran with the herd, and then we heard it fall and kick about on the ground distinctly. To get at the place we had to make a long detour to avoid the tangled brushwood; we got lots and lots of blood, but never found the animal itself. On reaching our own hill two bison started, but the man with the ladder was behind, and before he came up they were gone. I then disturbed a sambur, but did not see it. I saw a deserted bear's den, and two four-horned antelope galloped away unfired at. I got to camp early. It is most difficult to walk through this long grass without coming to grief; the whole surface is a mass of detached stones, which are either undermined or loosened by porcupines; it is impossible to see them, and you either come a cropper over one, or it tips up and hits you a whack over the shins. How I did curse the fretful porcupine to be sure.

Sunday 11*th.*—I started very early for the south-west. Saw nothing till I got near where I shot the bull on the 9th; there the men pointed in front and said, "A big bull." I looked everywhere, but could see nothing—I was looking for the body of a bison. I then got the binoculars, still nothing visible; and the people seemed amazed at my not seeing what was so plain to them. At last I twigged a pair of horns just over the grass. I took one man and got within fifty yards, yet I could see nothing but the horns and the back of the head. I thought he was standing up in a patch of long grass, and though the horns seemed good, I thought

he must be a small one. I waited for him to move, but as he did not do so, I took a careful sight and fired. The ball sped true, as I heard the thud of the bullet distinctly; but the bison jumped up, and, firing again, I shot him through the thigh; he gave a few vigorous kicks, ran about 100 yards, then pulled up, and looked back for a second or two, and then went on again. We never sighted him again that day. Going on further, by climbing up the trees, I saw another bison, and fired at it; he ran towards us, but turned when about thirty yards off. I again fired, but he went on his way, and was joined by another. I dismounted and followed on foot—rather ticklish work in this high grass. We put them up once in this grass, and they there took down a cud, when I again hit one. Lots of blood on the trail, but the brutes ran along the hillside through the forest for nearly a mile, and then got into the long grass on the top again, where we left them, after setting the jungle on fire. We went back and got into grass not longer than three feet, and giving up all hopes of getting bison then, as it was 10 o'clock, I began to fire the grass, when suddenly I saw a herd coming towards us. We put out the fire, I seized the ladder, planted it against a tree, and fired into the shoulder of the largest, who nearly fell, but joined the herd. I gave it a second shot, and in stooping forward all the extra cartridges I had with me fell out of my pocket, and I had to get the other rifle. The herd, instead of running away, drew close up, facing us with a threatening appearance. They could not see us, although I was in the fork of a tree ten feet above the ground. I fired right and left and killed two; I then had to stop for fresh cartridges, which the people took some time to hand up to me. All this time the herd only crowded together, but at last went off; the one I had fired at first bringing up the rear very lame and falling more and more to the rear. I followed up, but did not get a shot again, as they

all went down a cud. I then walked home and rested for the day. During the night we heard bison feeding close to our tent, and on going out in the morning saw their footmarks.

12*th.*—I went after sambur; saw a stag and some does before I got very far. I stalked the stag, and got to within 120 yards, but it was scarcely daylight, and I made a disgraceful miss. I then went to the very end of the hill, saw another sambur, accompanied by a doe. I fired and knocked it down, but it picked itself up, stared at me for a second; I fired and missed, and then it ran away. I went down a cud, but saw nothing. Near the tent I saw an antelope (four-horned). I did not go out again to-day, although I meant to do so, as the people I sent to bring in the heads of the bison shot yesterday came upon the bull I had hit yesterday, very lame and looking seedy. I told them I would go after it, but to prevent my doing so they set all the jungles on fire.

13*th.*—I ordered coolies to go down the hill, but went out to see whether the big bull could be recovered. The jungles had been well burnt, and, of course, no game was to be found, but in one place up jumped a lot of vultures, and I made sure I had found my beast, but my disgust may be imagined when I found it was only the remains of the bull I had shot the first day, which we had come to in a roundabout away! I saw one doe sambur, but could not get a shot; and got home at 10. Found the coolies there, and went down the hill, got into a boat, and back to Rajahmundry.

I forgot to mention that the evening we reached Papicondah a tiger had attacked the finest bullock in the village, but had been driven off. As soon as I saw the poor brute I knew from its breathing its windpipe was severed, but nothing would persuade the men to picket him out for me, though I promised to give them his value if they would do so. The bullock died the next day.

From Rajahmundry, shortly after, my detachment was ordered to Vizianagram, but on the line of march I experienced a wonderful escape from what might have been the most fearful of deaths.

One night I was sleeping out in the open, and was awakened by feeling some brute gnawing away at my shoulder. This proved to be a mad jackall. Fortunately my nightshirt intervened between his teeth and my flesh, and thus my escape from the terrible consequences.

It now becomes my task, kind reader, to say adieu. If you have followed me in the many wanderings recorded in these pages, you will have seen something of the wildest parts of India and Burmah—been with me amongst the convicts on the Cocoa Islands, and with the Cossyas on their native hills—along the uninhabited districts lying below the Bhootan range of mountains, and many another wild scene—

> "With the death-fraught rifle in my hand,
> The only law of that desert land."

And yet with all this variety and exciting incidents of jungle life, I feel sure that here and there you will have found the record somewhat monotonous, but such must ever be the case where much is extracted from diaries; and yet a diary is the truest of all records, for however truly one may try to write of adventures by flood and fell, when those same have occurred at bygone times the memory is very apt to play one false.

Many a time must my companions, whose names are mentioned in this book, have seen me after a tedious day of shikar, set to work to write up the incidents of that day, and it is from these diaries that these records have been taken, and indeed many are the original pages torn out of the book and sent to the publishers without one word of addition as to what we had then done.

Whatever there may be in the way of failings in what I have written, and of course there must be much that one more accustomed to the pen than the rifle would have rendered in far better words, yet this much I do claim for this book, and that is, that whatever I have stated therein has been the Truth.

THE END.

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